APR 21 1930

May Harpers MAGAZINE

ROOSEVELT AND THE 1912 DISASTER

A Friend Remembers—and Interprets

By OWEN WISTER

The Futility of Farm Relief . . . . . **Joseph Stagg Lawrence**

Religion in Russia. *The Facts in the Case* . . *Philip S. Bernstein*

Our Substitute Lives . . . . . *Katharine Fullerton Gerould*

Two Flights in the Fog . . . . . *Myron M. Stearns*

An Air Mail Pilot's Experiences

Why Is Modern Youth Cynical? . . . . *Bertrand Russell*

Fisherman's Luck . . . . . *Brendan Lee*

Two Childhoods . . . . . *John Langdon-Davies*

A Father Reflects on Children and Schools

German Women in Politics . . . . . *Genevieve Parkhurst*

Can We Extend the Life Span? . . . . *Louis I. Dublin*

Stories by *Roark Bradford, Lee Foster Hartman, and Letitia Preston Randall*

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NEW YORK

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Harper's Magazine

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly: 40 cents a copy, $4.00 a year. Serial No. 960. Issue for May, 1930. Harper & Brothers Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York. *Copyrighted 1930 in United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.* *Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the United States of America*

☞ **Four weeks' advance notice, and the old address as well as the new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.**

Where To Shop

Spring along Fifth Avenue, the shops brimming with new and tempting things, the young people home for Easter vacation, your Spring wardrobe to consider, new house furnishings, a garden, outdoor sports, plans for the summer —

Jane Loring is ready to serve your every need during these busy Spring days, and wherever you are you may shop on "The Avenue" by availing yourself of her services. A note, a wire, a telephone call, or a personal visit, — all will receive her personal and prompt attention.

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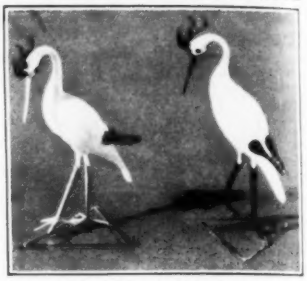
are the now fashionable styles of Engraving

Gifts for the Spring Bride

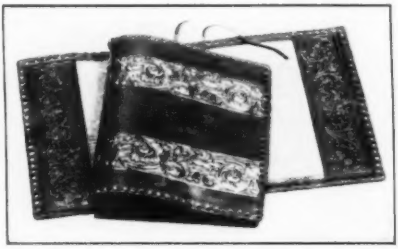


JAPANESE lacquer ware makes a distinctive wedding gift — it is beautiful, very practical, being impervious to liquids, and not at all likely to be duplicated. An importer has a recent shipment of these graceful cocktail cups, in black or red, with gold lining and a cock design for decoration, and of after-dinner coffee cups and saucers, also in black or red, with a variety of designs in gold. There are fish, butterflies, birds and flowers, and they are lovely in assorted lots. Priced at $15.00 for six, $25.00 a dozen, 4 or 8 may be bought for $2.50 each. Postpaid.

A VERY smart gift for a modern bride would be something in the way of blown glass table ornaments, such as these stunning cranes, done by a German artist and remarkable in their execution. With body of pale blue, black legs and beak, and orange comb, or white body with yellow legs and beak, and orange comb, 10″ high, they are priced at $5.00 each, $10.00 a pair, postpaid. There is no end to the subjects available — we saw quite a menagerie used on a glass reflector for a centerpiece at a dinner recently and the effect was delightful.

WE thought these little open salt or nut dishes of pewter, with removable glass linings of that lovely deep blue used with old silver, particularly charming. They are hand-wrought and the pewter has a nice dull sheen, while the three ball feet and the tiny pewter spoons add delightful finishing touches. Complete with two spoons, they are priced at $8.00 a pair, plus 25 cents for postage outside New York City.

THE telephone book, albeit so indispensable, has heretofore occupied a rather ignominious position in most homes, due to its lack of decorative possibilities to begin with, and then to its tendency to rapid deterioration. Decorative covers have brought the telephone book out of hiding, however, and placed it right out in sight, — in fact if you have one of these hand-made Italian leather covers you'll want it very much in evidence. Made of the finest quality leather, soft and pliable, with hand tooling or embossing, and lined with silk moiré, these covers are really exquisite. And the prices are extremely moderate — in red, rose, green, blue or brown with gold tooling, size 12″ x 9½″ x 2″, $10.50; with embossed classical designs, in brown only, 12″ x 9½″ x 2″, $8.50; 11½″ x 9½″ x 1″, $8.25; 11¼″ x 9¼″ x ½″, $7.25; 11″ x 7¾″ x 1″, $5.50. Postpaid. And there are a few odd sizes, in case your telephone book is very individual!



AN address book of Chinese gold brocade has a genuine white jade inlay on the cover and comes in stunning brocades, blue, red, green, black, lavender or gold. It is alphabetically indexed, is a generous size, 6″ x 7″, and makes a useful and unusual gift. $10.00. Postpaid.

Another attractive desk accessory from the Orient is a paper cutter of genuine tortoise shell. 5½″ long, it is flat and smooth, and very nice looking. $5.00. Postpaid.

THOSE beautiful crystal and silver picture frames may now be had in a double, folding style. They are made of a solid piece of rock crystal, you know, with a carved border around the picture and a sterling silver edge, and offer a superb setting for a favored photograph. A black velvet mat backs the picture, and these new double frames come in 2 sizes, for pictures 8″ x 10″, priced at $120.00, and for pictures 5″ x 7″, priced at $60.00. Postpaid.

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Fascinating little bracelet charms are priced from $6 to $14.

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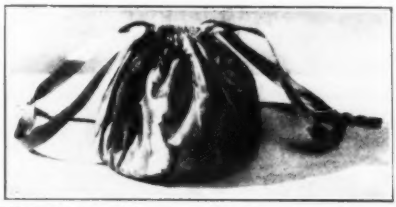
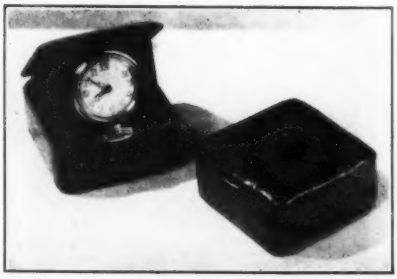
Jane Loring's Shopping Service

NOW that everyone is "dialing" his telephone calls, one of these silver pencils with the ball on the end to fit the openings on the dial, would be a most up-to-the-minute gift. And the pencil is very good-looking, sterling and of a pleasing simplicity of design. $9.00. Postpaid.



A SHOP which specializes in articles for comfort when travelling has had the bright idea of doing something about the spilled powder problem. You know how it is after your box has been joggled about in a suitcase — even if it doesn't spill in the case, most of it comes out in the lid when you open it. Hence the powder bag, made of good quality silk in light colors and rubber-lined, with a stiff bottom like a sewing bag and a ribbon to draw it firmly together at the top. Bag alone, $3.00, bag containing box of face powder (Coty, Rubinstein, Leigh, etc.) and puff, $4.00. Postpaid.



SOMETHING new in travelling clocks is one which folds neatly into the lid of a small, square jewel box. In brown alligator, suede-lined and with a gilt-faced clock, it is quite the smartest thing imaginable. The clock is a Swiss one and the whole thing is just 2" square. $15.50. Postage additional outside New York City.

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HANDBAGS

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Spring suits with their tailor-made chic are exacting in the demand that accompanying handbags be correspondingly void of ornamentation, though adequate. Altman's prove their alertness with a superb group.

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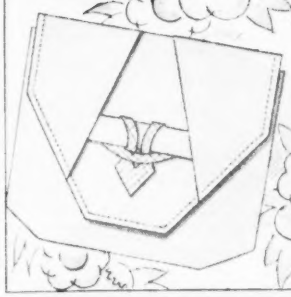

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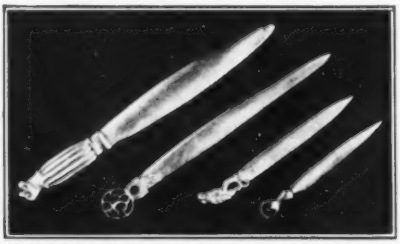
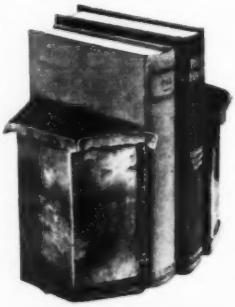
Jane Loring's Shopping Suggestions



TO order anything shown in this Section, or anything else for that matter, simply write *Jane Loring* of HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, telling her what you want and where you wish the things sent, and enclosing your check for the amount.

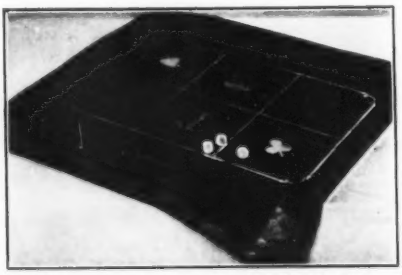
JUST ANDERSEN has designed a variety of paper cutters in pewter, which we think are exceptionally good-looking. They are flat and smooth and the larger sizes are heavy and masculine—the kind a man likes and that isn't always easy to find. The largest, 11½" long, is priced at $8.00; size 10¼", $5.50; 7⅞", $3.50; 5¾", $2.30. Postpaid.



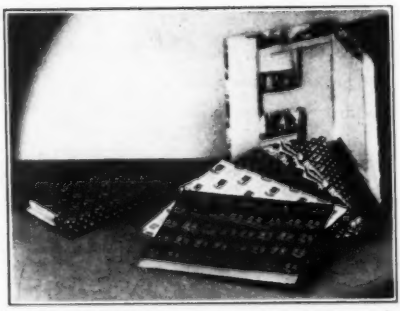
WE are very partial to odd candlesticks and thought these two brass ones most attractive — and surprisingly inexpensive. The low one with the flat base is a conventionalized lotus design, really very unusual, and the other is a little night stick. The lotus one is 6" in diameter and priced at $2.25; the night stick is 3½" in diameter and priced at $1.00. Postpaid.

A CRAFTSMAN we know of is doing some very interesting things with copper. Entirely hand-made, from original designs, his pieces are distinctive and artistic, and the copper glows with the rich colors of a flame. Among his most interesting pieces are these tea caddies, which in pairs, make unique book-ends! 5" x 4½" x 2½", $5.00 each or $10.00 per pair. Postpaid.

EVERY hostess likes to find something new and attractive for decorating her dining table and certainly nothing could be more charming than these dainty little Dresden figures to hold place cards. In both color and execution they are entirely delightful. 3" high, they are sold in sets of six for $12.00. Postpaid.



A NEW indoor game is "Crown and Anchor," which consists of a square of leatherette that conveniently fits on a card table. Its markings and some special dice provide the sport — directions come with it — and the stakes can be whatever you choose. $4.00. Postpaid.



AMY DREVENSTEDT is offering new note paper packets, in her inimitable original designs, which are altogether charming. For bridge prizes, small Bon Voyage or Hostess remembrances they offer a happy solution. The packets come in six designs, each containing 12 sheets of fine paper, with a self-plaid embossing, and envelopes with printed linings to match the cover designs. The "Thistle" and the "Scottie" packets contain gray paper, the "Primrose" and the "Cape Cod" contain ivory, and the "Bon Voyage" and the "Picardy Plaid" contain blue. $1.10 each. Also in a boxed portfolio, containing a quire of paper, $1.60. Postpaid.

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Interior Decorator and Designer
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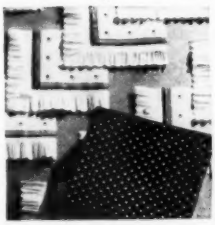
Lovely—*as fine linen*



These imported paper serviettes are in four colors.

48 IN A BOX
assorted

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BRIDGE . . . COCKTAILS

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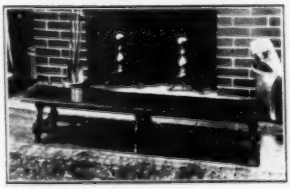
FIRESIDE BENCH



What better rendezvous for the children's story hour? Solid maple, hand-rubbed to a dull finish. Top 48 x 10; 8½ high. By express collect **$10.50**

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Welcome aids to save time and trouble—like the hundreds of other interesting things at 'THE HOUSE OF FINE HOUSEWARES'

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Now you can keep your celery, lettuce, tomatoes, radishes, and other green vegetables fresh and crisp with this hydrator. Restores new life to wilted vegetables. May be used in all mechanical refrigerators. Size 12 x 7¼ x 4" **$1.85**

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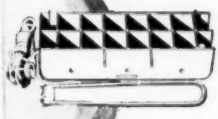
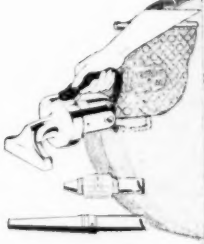
Just place Electricutter on ice, turn on current, and you get a dozen perfect ice cubes in five minutes! In dark porcelain enamel, complete with chipper . **$4.50**





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A wonderful hand-cleaner that operates easily and thoroughly. Saves the bother of replacing old-style cleaner attachments. Equipped with deodorizer for repelling moths, odors, etc., and blower for blowing out dust from corners. Price complete, **$14.50**

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Made in England of Chinese rushes; padded with water-proof bottom . each **$1.50**
Trowel or fork, 12 in. over-all . each **$.95**
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Dibbler, 13 in. **$.55**
Tools of Sheffield steel with varnished ash handles.

Send check, money order, C. O. D. instructions, or charge account references. Delivery prepaid within 100 miles—to points beyond, charges collect.

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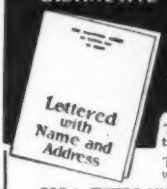

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Club Size 5 ⅛ x 6¾. 100 Single Sheets and 100 Envelopes embossed
and 100 plain sheets or 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes embossed
NAME & ADDRESS embossed like die-engraving in Black or Blue

BOX 2 WHITE SUPERFINE BOND PAPER
200 Sheets 6 x 7 and 100 envelopes
Name and Address printed in Blue Ink
Remit with order, shipped in a Week postpaid—add 25c West of Miss.

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Write for samples, also new monogram designs

12 Japanese Lilies—$5.00
1st Size Mammoth Bulbs!

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3 **Regale** (Regal Lily)—Long white trumpets touched with rose. Center, canary yellow. 3–4 feet **$1.50**
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3 **Magnificum**—A lovely autumn lily, satin white, thickly sprinkled with velvety black spots. 3–4 feet **$1.50**
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A $6.00 VALUE for $5.00

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Hohloma Tea Jar in red, gold, black and green pattern, $1.50

Filled with imported candy, $2.00

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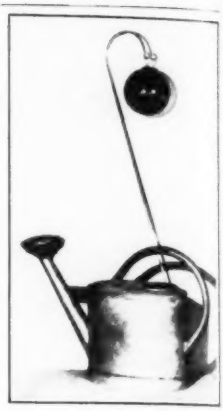
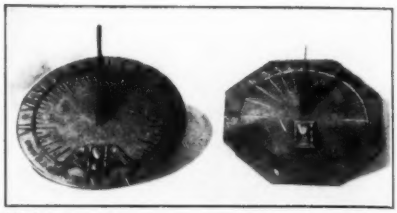
For Your Garden

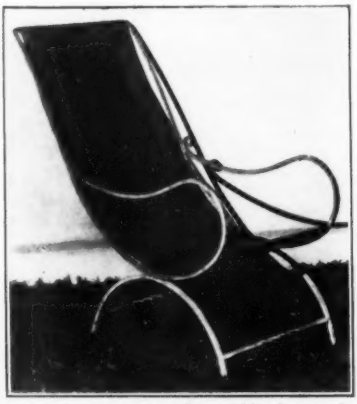


THE newest plant sticks are these with colored glass witch balls suspended from brass rods, and very lovely they are, swaying in the wind and reflecting the light. Rod, 29" high, ball 4" in diameter, in assorted colors, $1.75. Postpaid.

A French peasant watering pot — a copy of a Mediaeval design — comes in a dull pewter finish, with a brass nozzle and an unusual handle, and is decidedly decorative, as well as useful. We have shown the large size of this same pot before, but think this 3 quart size, standing 12" high and priced at $4.00, will appeal to many of you. Express charges collect.



SUNDIALS are charming accessories for the garden and we have chosen two that are nice looking and not expensive. Both are bronze, the round one bears the motto "Grow Old Along With Me — The Best Is Yet To Be," is 10½" in diameter and priced at $7.50; the octagonal one reads "My Face Marks the Sunny Hours — What Can You Say of Yours?" is 10" in diameter and priced at $6.00. There is also another round one, reading "Count None But Sunny Hours," 9¾" in diameter and priced at $5.00. 50 cents should be added for postage, outside New York City.



FOR sun-porch, terrace or garden, nothing is more decorative and serviceable than wrought iron furniture and this graceful and comfortable chair, hand-wrought and painted an antique green with seat of orange canvas, both waterproof and sunfast, is a very special offer at $30.00. You may order it in any color frame with seat of striped awning material for $35.00. Express charges collect.

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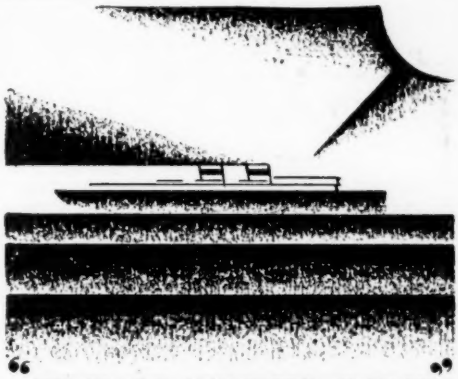

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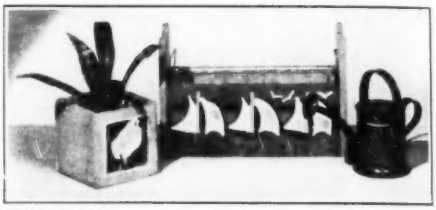

CHILDREN love to watch things grow, and of course it is all the more fun if they have their very own plants or flowers to tend and watch. These wooden boxes, painted green, have removable tin containers and are suitable for growing flowers from seeds or for pansies, ferns, etc. The small "chick" flower box, 4" square, is priced at $2.50; the larger "Ship" window box, 10" x 6¼" x 4", at $3.75, and the prices in each case include the little tin watering can. The plant is *not* included and 25 cents should be added for postage outside of New York City. Extra watering cans may be purchased for 50 cents each, plus 15 cents postage.

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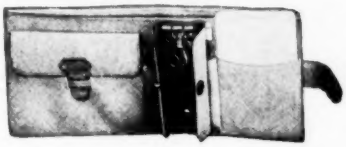

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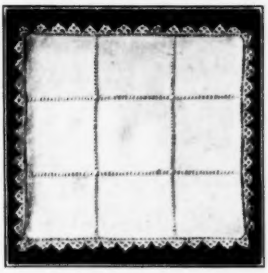

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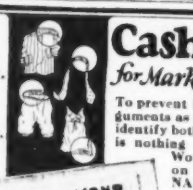

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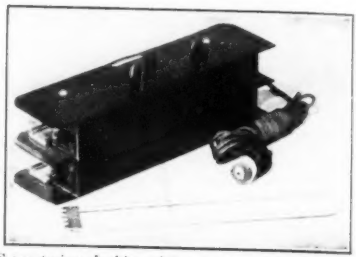
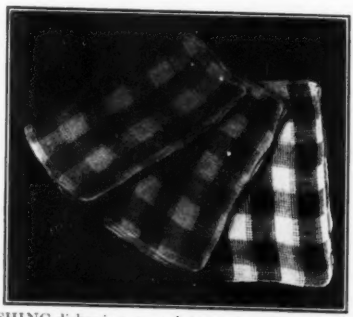
Household Hints

THE next time you serve tea at the bridge table, try these new *LaKreem* tea bags—you will find the tea a delightfully fragrant India Orange Pekoe, and the bags, with their tags decorated with bridge insignia, both convenient and novel. They come neatly packed in a decorated metal box, containing 100 tea bags, for $2.25. Postpaid. A good idea for a bridge prize, don't you think?



THIS mysterious looking object is the "*electricutter*," and its purpose in life is to give you ice cubes even if you don't happen to have an electric refrigerator. Impossible, you say? Not at all—just set the electricutter on top of the ice in your ice box, turn on the current, and in five minutes you will have a dozen crystal clear ice cubes! You will get the cubes almost as quickly by merely pre-heating the electricutter, and if you aren't in a hurry you may have the cubes in an hour without any heat or current. Complete with electric attachment and handle chipper, $4.50, plus 35 cents for postage outside of New York City.



WASHING dishes is not much fun at best, but dishcloths like these would certainly add to the general appearance of the proceeding. They are of the ordinary porous variety, 16" square, and are gayly checkered in blue, green, yellow, or red—to harmonize with your kitchen color scheme. What an improvement on the usual drab dishcloth! $1.25 a dozen, postpaid, all in one color or assorted.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

AMID all the excellent advice for the layman which Llewellyn Jones has packed into his new book, *How to Read Books*, occurs a passage warning the reader to keep an open mind when reading biography. He has been discussing the difference between the writing and rewriting of biography, and remarks: "The reader of biographies ought to be on the lookout for propaganda and sectional points of view. Oswald Garrison Villard has written a life of John Brown which shows Brown as the hero, almost a saint, that he is usually supposed to be. Lately, however, a biography by a Southerner has appeared in which John Brown is pictured as a horse thief. Possibly there are some cases where a foreign biographer might well be invited in." Mr. Jones also warns against the belief that the newer biography is necessarily iconoclastic or even scurrilous: "As a matter of fact the new biographies are as likely to replace reputations that the popular mind has blackened as to spoil saints." Biography, to his experienced eye, might more easily have been the subject of Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry—that it is a criticism of life, for, says he, whenever biography becomes more than the merest chronicle it is a direct criticism of life—"a sort of laboratory criticism."

Much that Mr. Jones writes in *How to Read Books* (published by W. W. Norton & Co.) may well be applied by the reader to help him keep his bearings in the present flood. Biography still comes in many guises—for the most part as popular biography. André Maurois's *Byron* is one of the best-rounded chronicles of this kind that I have read in recent months; it covers the subject, reflects the times in which Byron lived, and relates his poetry to his life, without quoting too much of it. (Appleton.) *The Stricken Deer* is another biography of a poet, the life of William Cowper, told by Lord David Cecil, but it is much less of an interpretation, and one does not trace the personality of the author in the chronicle. This is the more formal, objective biography of a scholarly epoch. (Bobbs-Merrill.) *Brawny Wycherley* by Willard Connely is written with a lighter touch; anecdotes enliven its pages, but the author has not yielded to the temptation to jazz his subject-matter. (Scribner.) *Makers of Modern Europe* deals with personalities that were known or studied by the author, Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian minister of foreign affairs. His point of view naturally influences his observation, so too does the political work in which he was engaged. He comments on Lloyd George, Briand, Francis Joseph of Austria, the Empress Eugénie, Venizelos, Bonar Law, Pius X and Benedict XV, Poincaré, Lenin, Stalin and Trotzky, and the late Lord Balfour. (Bobbs-Merrill.) *Benedict Arnold, the Proud Warrior* by Charles Coleman Sellers belongs to that long list of biographies of unusual Americans that is being published by Minton, Balch & Co. It is not an exhaustive inquiry into new sources, but chiefly a retelling of the general's career, so that the layman may come to it with the expectation of being introduced to Arnold and discovering the chief episodes in his tempestuous life. More special pleading enters into *A Gentleman Rebel*, the story of

Among the New Books

Anthony Wayne by John Hyde Preston, who is not only a partisan of the redoubtable general but has told his story in a breathless narrative style which breaks with the formal historical writing of the past. Mr. Preston has done much investigation into sources. His portrait of Wayne is that of a courageous, if impetuous, patriot throughout. (Farrar & Rinehart.) A real contribution to American historical documentation is *The Complete Journal of Townsend Harris*, who was first American consul general and minister to Japan. It has been prepared by Mario Emilio Cosenza, professor of classical languages in the College of the City of New York, and is published for the Japan society by Doubleday, Doran & Co. This opens original documents to the historical student and is thus perhaps the only completely original biographical work that we have this month.

ROBERT NEUMANN
Author of "Flood"

A RECORD OF DARING AVIATORS

The surprising growth of aviation brings with it innumerable tales associated with flying; the airplane has supplanted the locomotive and the steamship as a setting for adventure. *Jump!* by Don Glassman is a book of hairbreadth escapes, humorously referred to as "Tales of the Caterpillar Club." They have to do with jumping out of an airplane in time of danger, whether under fire or during an accident. Colonel Lindbergh was one of those who had to jump in the course of his air mail piloting in 1926, when a snowstorm worked havoc with his plane. He went overboard at an altitude of 13,000 feet and landed on a barbed-wire fence. Fortunately the barbs did not pierce his uniform. On the descent he had the presence of mind to turn his 500-foot spotlight downward. The landing was made at Covell, Ill. During the Great War the lives of aviators were usually sacrificed if a plane fell. Parachutes were installed shortly before the Armistice. Since that time devices for saving life have been constantly improved, and many recent experiments have to do with saving passengers on the large commercial planes that hold as many persons as a transcontinental bus. Mr. Glassman, who became interested in aviation as a newspaper man, has not only described many exploits but has traced the history of the parachute. His book may be scientific, but it is by no means stilted. Take, for instance, this passage, from the description of the end of a bomb-thrower somewhere near Columbus, Ohio: "The battleship wailed loud and long. Her sides rocked and sagged. Colossal as she was, the engine disturbance made her quake; 10,000 pounds of welded, riveted and sewn substance fluttered like an autumn leaf. She dipped broad wings and it was easy to see her wounded vitals. She crumpled, this bomb-hurler, and perished over a graveyard where men are buried, a victim of self-slaughter. . . . As that steel-plated heart lay torn open, gashed and dripping, her vascular fluids oozed out. All over the countryside they heard her reverberating moans. An awful sight, this dreadnought tumbling ignominiously." I don't know what the humanists will make of this jargon, but it seems to indicate that aviation will have a language all its own. (Simon & Schuster.)

POEMS BY STEPHEN CRANE

The Collected Poems of Stephen Crane is the title of a volume just issued separately by Alfred A. Knopf. The poems were edited a few years ago by Wilson Follett when he prepared the collected edition of Crane's works. Here the reader will discover anew the famous lines from "The Black Riders" and "War Is Kind" which many regard as among the best free verse, although written long before that became a movement. Included are three poems not found in a Crane

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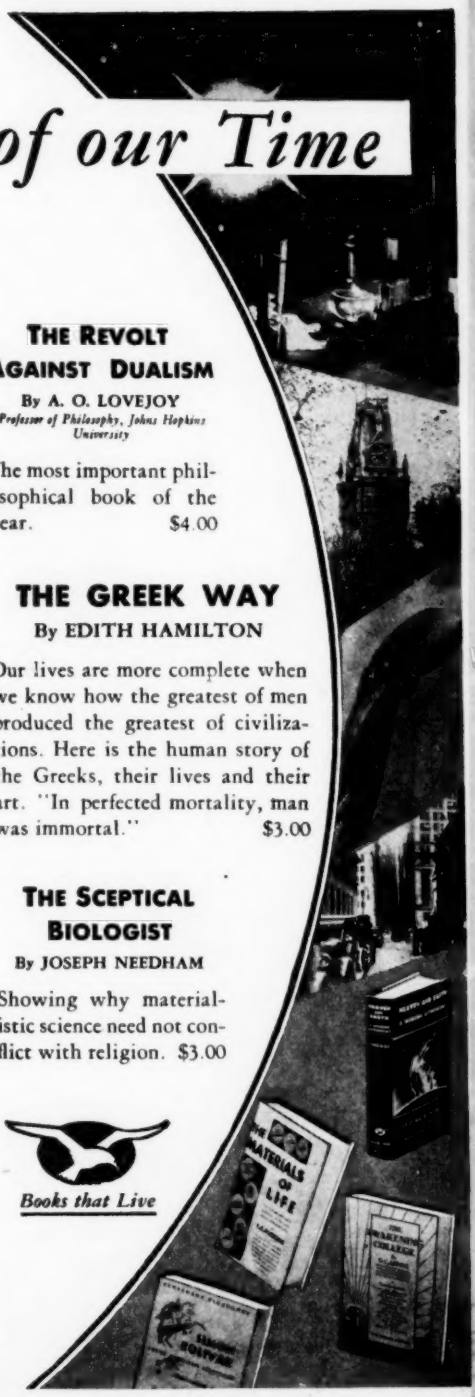

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Among the New Books

collection until this was printed. They were discovered in a bundle of Crane's papers in Jacksonville in 1928 by the assistant librarian of the library there and were printed in the April, 1929, issue of the *Bookman*.

"THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA"

Strange, outlandish narratives have clustered around the house of Hapsburg. The truth was easily as disturbing as the far-fetched tales of romancers. Karl Tschuppik, in *The Empress Elizabeth of Austria*, appears to write with a degree of conservatism, and yet his narrative is filled with dramatic events. Many tales have been written about Francis Joseph and his unfortunate son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, but few have touched on the personality of the queen and mother. Tschuppik has portrayed her as a woman of great sympathy and breadth of understanding, who saw through the emptiness of court familiarity but was unable to encourage a more liberal spirit. She understood Francis Joseph, recognized his needs and his limitations, and suffered under his lack of nobility. She also understood the malady of her eldest son—"it was wasted youth" writes the biographer; and his account of the fatal event at Mayerling, where Rudolph perished, seems to cast some blame at least on the severity of the Austrian court and the demand of the Emperor that the Crown Prince dismiss the girl in whom he was infatuated. Elizabeth was a cultured woman whose mind was far from the petty bourgeois life of Vienna, and who, as a consequence, was never understood by the Viennese. The author says of her: "Here was Elizabeth, a woman with a natural sense of enjoyment, optimistic, spiritually alert, sympathetic, intelligent, far-seeing, with no eye for the trivialities of life, but always seeking the essential, quick to help and quick to understand—a woman with all these qualities, condemned to the life of a doll. . . . She was clever and fastidious and was in no danger of becoming absorbed in maternity. Elizabeth withdrew into the deepest recesses of her self." Most dramatic is the story of how Elizabeth fought with her mother-in-law for the right to educate her children and gained it only after she had fled the court and had been conceded her rights by Francis Joseph in his hour of political distress. The author relates that it was Elizabeth who introduced Katherine Schratt, the actress, to the Emperor, knowing well that she would give him the companionship that he needed and that Elizabeth had never been able to give him. (Brentano's.)

CLAIRE SPENCER
Author of "Gallows' Orchard"

SLEEP

In a wide-awake era like the present a book called *Sleep: Why We Need It and How to Get It* seems a necessity. The authors, Donald A. Laird and Charles G. Muller, are two Colgate men who took up the study of sleep in the laboratory and reached conclusions that may be of help to their fellowmen. It seems that the average man needs eight hours of sleep, although exceptional persons have been able to adapt themselves to more or less. The authors have described devices for inducing sleep and added advice which is practical and which meets the needs of stubborn cases of insomnia. Intense concentration can overcome sleep, but the body will claim its rest later on, as became evident in the case of Lindbergh, who made his trip from New York to Paris without blinking an eye, but who felt the normal claims of fatigue after he landed. "Even mild sleep starvation will bring marked losses physically and mentally," say the authors. The advice in this book seems to be based on common sense. Regular hours, relaxation, shifting of worries, healthy habits and fine sleeping apartments have a place in inducing sleep that repairs

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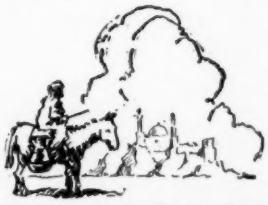

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and rebuilds. Incidentally all those who blame coffee for their restlessness find little support in this book. Coffee, say the authors, does not seem to affect the sleeper one way or another. (John Day Co.)

"GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY"

Clemenceau's *Grandeur and Misery of Victory* contains some of the most vigorous writing that has come from the pen of the old leader. It was finished immediately before his death and contains his defense of his war policy, an explanation of his relations with Marshal Foch, a denunciation of the dilatory tactics of French politicians, including Poincaré, and a sharp estimate of America's part in the War and in the peace negotiations. The last is from the point of view of an extreme patriot who saw the United States come into the War when the Allies were bled white and who resented the slow building of an army while Frenchmen died in enormous numbers at the front. In these chapters Clemenceau is the fighting tiger, holding fast to every advantage in order that France may regain its ancient strength. At the same time he has a poor opinion of his countrymen, and of the politicians who came after him, and who sacrificed so much at the conferences on reparations.

Thus this volume becomes much more important to posterity than the memoirs entitled *Clemenceau* by Jean Martet. The latter touched on many points of controversy, but chiefly gave the Tiger's opinions in conversation. *Grandeur and Misery of Victory* presents his arguments. His chapters on Foch are most revealing. He respected him, admired his courage, but felt that he did not act decisively enough. When he tried to force the issue, he found that Poincaré had moved to deprive him of some of his authority over Foch as premier. Clemenceau tells how he made Foch commander-in-chief when the stress of events finally brought about the acquiescence of the British. His most important chapters, from our standpoint, deal with America's entry into the War, the negotiations by President Wilson, the guarantees proposed for France, and the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles by the Senate of the United States. He had a high opinion of Wilson and Colonel House, but he thought the attempt of the American statesmen to create a new Europe merely because they had profited by the general exhaustion of the Allies was completely out of place. He writes most bitterly of the guarantees proposed for the security of France and of the hope held out by President Wilson that the Senate might approve a defensive treaty with France; realist that he was, Clemenceau saw small possibility of achieving this end. "Mr. Wilson, a pragmatic idealist," he writes, "put all his hopes in the League of Nations adjusted to the postulates of an American policy that failed in the Washington Senate merely because the president refused to consent to a few harmless compromises." He regards the eventual understanding between the United States and Germany as a separate treaty of peace, made possible by advantages not won separately but in concert with the Allied armies, hence "an American mutilation"—in his words: "You usurp the rights won by the soldiers of Europe on the battlefield during four interminable years to make defeated Germany recognize the 'advantages, privileges, indemnities, reparations, or rights' gained with our blood, after the destruction of our possessions. That was a high emprise of downright materialism the like of which had never been seen." This small excerpt alone should suggest to American readers not only the vigor of Clemenceau's style but the pertinence of his opinions to America. He was always a patriot, more jealous of the rights and possessions of France than many Frenchmen. In this day, when American idealism has come to a rather sorry end, he will be listened to much more respectfully than he was in the days of the conference. His whole book is the exposition of a practical point of view in diplomacy; as a controversial document his book will play an important part in historical writings of the future. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

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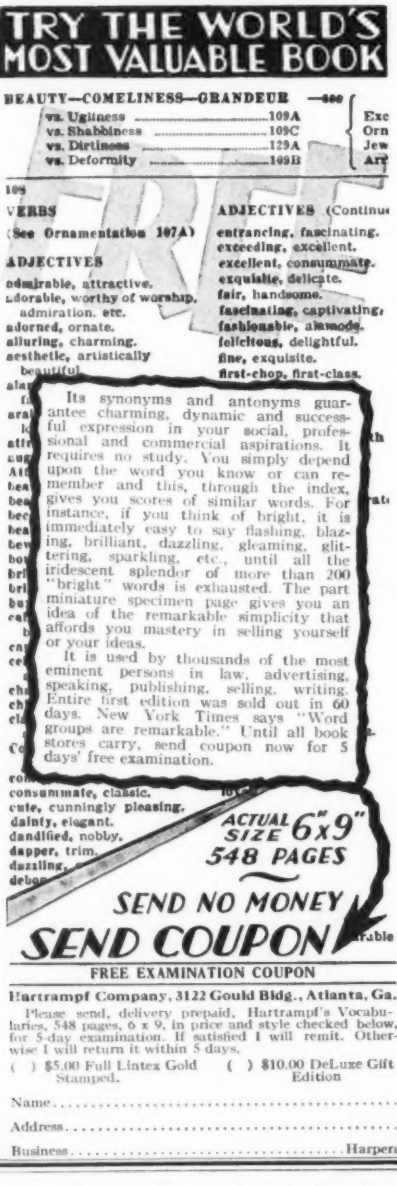
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usually crystallized after we see lives as a whole, apart from the daily routine of events) the time came when the friends of Susannah Pease felt that they could look at her career as a closed book. Something was needed, even in a blameless life, a life poised, tranquil, and self-sufficient, to cast it into a pattern for literary use. Something more than throwing tulip bulbs into Lake Michigan, although even that gesture stood in bold relief against the monotonous strategy of gang wars. Susannah Pease furnished the episode, and then—was it vanity, or was it wisdom of men, which convinced her that one cannot play with destiny? (Farrar and Rinehart.)

"MEDDLERS"

H. I. Brock has discovered that the United States of America is in a bad way. It is run by a minority of meddlers, who meddle with everything that gives the individual a chance to be himself. Books, plays, beverages, photographs, statues, ways of life and ways of thought, are being affected by meddlers. So he sits down and writes a book about it, called *Meddlers*, and suggests that something ought to be done. There ought to be a general house-cleaning of the statute books and overhauling of obsolete laws that deprive the citizen of part of his independence, and that permit minorities to function. There ought to be, in other words, a wholesale injection of common sense into government. Mr. Brock sees America as the land of barbed-wire entanglements. These entanglements are laws which are not needed and which are not obeyed but which cannot be got rid of. As a result the decent citizen gets less protection than the criminal; he is exploited from pillar to post, and cannot get redress. "If a man who takes a drink of synthetic gin or a man who has in his possession a copy of a book by Giovanni Boccaccio is no less liable to arrest and punishment as a felon than a fellow who breaks into your house, shoots you full of holes, and tramples the baby to death in his eagerness to get away with the silver," writes Mr. Brock, "then what price felony? What price law? What price decency? What price horse sense and that of the damnedest plainest sort?" Alas, for meddlers! (Ives Washburn.)

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with the land rush of 1889, she describes the development of a frontier settlement in which all types of land-hungry men had a place. As usual, her characters play out their lives against a curtain rich and luxuriant in events; there is nothing thin about the episodes in Miss Ferber's writings. Sometimes the events seem to get the better of Yancey Cravat and his wife Sabra, who alternately edit the town newspaper in Osage, Oklahoma, yet we never lose sight of his tall figure or of her positive personality. They seem to grow with the community, developing their points of view as Osage progresses from a group of wooden shacks to a modern city of hotels and motion picture palaces. *Cimarron* proves again Miss Ferber's unerring sense of news values. The Oklahoma land rush of 1889 has long been awaiting the imaginative historian. The whole story of Oklahoma, with the parceling out of lands, the clash of the sooners and the boomers, the drilling for oil and the rise of cities of great wealth, has all the elements of an American rhapsody. Oklahoma is part of the American laboratory. Miss Ferber remarks in her preface that "only the more fantastic and improbable events contained in this book are true." To have set down everything would have led her readers to accuse her of unbridled exaggeration. "In many cases material entirely true was discarded as unfit for use because it was so melodramatic, so absurd, as to be too strange for the realm of fiction." This is primarily a story rich in events, filled with action, and developing native material which has been overlooked by less competent writers for many years. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

BOOKS ON THE STOCK MARKET

It is characteristic that advice should come in floods after the catastrophe; hence the great number of books dealing with stocks and bonds, investment practices, and the theory of the stock market. Even fiction has turned to the crash, and Arthur Train is one of the first of the well-known writers to exploit this theme in a novel, *Paper Profits*, just issued by Horace Liveright. He takes a happy husband and wife whose earnings in the market are so large that the husband begins to lose his sense of proportion and pulls away from anchors that should have held him safe in tempestuous waters. The emotions that arise from the dealings on the market, the ups and downs of stock purchases on margin have a place in Mr. Train's spirited

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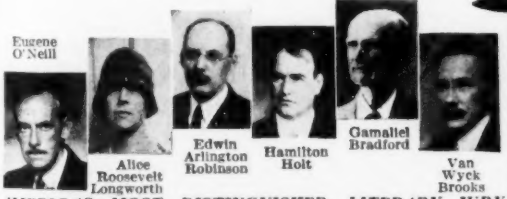

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

In the March number of this column we asked for the publisher of a book which we could not locate. Miss Marion B. Forsythe, Potsdam, N. Y., has very kindly responded to our plea. The book comes in three parts. It is called *New Regional Geographies, Book I, The Americas; Book II, Asia and Australia; Book III, Africa and Europe.* Their author is Leonard Brooks and they are published by the University of London Press. As we cannot locate an American distributor, we are unable to quote the price of these volumes and can only suggest that our correspondent write to Barnes and Noble, 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, to learn if these books can be obtained through this firm. . . . From Columbia, S. C., Annie R. Dillingham writes to ask answers to three questions. Number one is for the publisher of the Little Leather Library. The nearest to this which we can find is The Little Leather Classics, at one time published by the George H. Doran Co. This edition is now out of print. We were more successful with questions number two and three; the former being the publisher and price of the war cartoons of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather. Bobbs-Merrill Co., 724 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind., puts out this book, *Carry On, Sergeant,* which sells for $2.50. The novels of Mary Webb are re-

Leon Trotsky,

lifelong revolutionary, ex-chief of the army of Soviet Russia, leader with Lenin in the upheaval that levelled an empire and startled the world, now in exile on a tiny Turkish island, here tells his amazing life story. Of it Emil Ludwig says: "A great writer has here set forth his fantastic life in such a way as to make me wonder why people still read novels, or even write them. The book begins like Hamsun, and closes like a third act. . . ."

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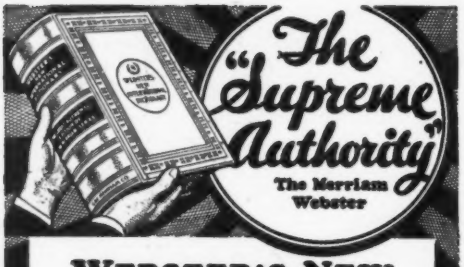

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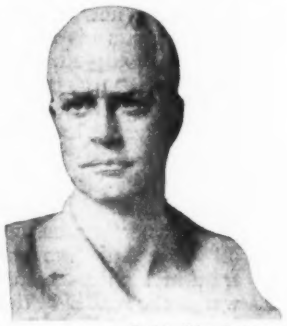
an American writer of sea stories we suggest that James B. Connolly will greatly interest C. Michalson, Chicago, Ill. Some of this author's titles are: *Steel Decks*, *Running Free*, *Head Winds*, *Crested Seas*, *Hiker Joy*, *The U-Boat Hunters*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, publishes all of these books at $2.00 per volume. . . . *The Universe Around Us* by James Jeans is put out by the Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, $4.50. This was requested by Robert Hummer, Kankakee, Ill. . . . We cannot locate any title of a book by Jacob Wasserman beginning "*The Love or Loves of . . .*" Some of this author's titles are: *World's Illusion*, two volumes, $5.00, Harcourt, Brace Co., New York City, *Faber* and *Gold*, $2.50 each, also Harcourt, Brace books, and *Wedlock*, $2.50, Horace Liveright, 61 West 48th St., New York City. This request came from M. J. Appleman, Chicago, Ill. . . . We are also sorry to state that no books are listed by Owney Fred Sweet, as asked for by Mrs. E. W. Slater, Jewell, Iowa. . . . The four books from the French are all to be found in English translations other than the Everyman Edition as requested by Mrs. William H. Grimm, Centralia, Wash. Choderlos de Laclos's book, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is in the Broadway translations, translated by Richard Aldington, and known as *Dangerous Acquaintances*, $3.75, E. P. Dutton Co., 286 Fourth Ave., New York City. *Les Diaboliques* by Barbey D'Aurevilly is in the Blue Jade Library, $3.00, Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City. *Le Père Goriot* and *Eugénie Grandet* by Honoré de Balzac can be found in two editions, both selling for $2.00 each volume and published by Little, Brown Co.



Bust by Edoardo Simone

COLONEL JENNINGS C. WISE
Author of "The Great Crusade"

The Summer Camp

How It Develops a Constructive Mental Attitude

by Rosalie P. Sanderlin

THERE is no factor which plays such an important part in the lives of people as their "mental attitude." It is largely their attitude toward life which makes them happy or unhappy, successful or unsuccessful. A right mental attitude is more or less of a habit, and like all other good habits should be developed at an early age. Since boys and girls attend camp during the formative period of their development, the organized camp has an exceptional opportunity to create and develop within them the proper mental attitude.

Many children do not have a right or healthy mental attitude toward themselves. They may possess latent ability, but because they have not been given an opportunity for expression of this ability, they have begun to regard themselves as incapable of doing things, and, as a result, have sown the seeds of an inferiority complex at an early date. There is nothing which destroys such a complex so quickly and so efficiently as athletics, provided they are managed in the proper way. In a summer camp, athletics are conducted for the benefit of the whole group, and not for the purpose of featuring "star athletes." Because of this fact, the timid and retiring child does not hesitate to take part in the various group activities in camp as he so often does where "winning teams" are emphasized. Through his participation in team games he is encouraged to realize that he is a vital and a necessary part of this group. With this realization there comes a new confidence in himself and a greater readiness to participate in the various activities which the camp offers. He is led into greater accomplishments, and when he once recognizes his ability to do things, his attitude toward himself changes from a negative to a positive one.

Up to the time when the average child first goes to camp, his thoughts are apt to have been largely of himself. He has developed an "individual" rather than a "social" consciousness. The summer camp is in reality a miniature community closely bound together and having its own vital aspects of personal and community adjustments. In this situation the child's attitude toward life broadens. He learns that he is not merely an individual, but that he is a part of a great whole, and that, as such, he cannot be a "social sponge" — absorbing all and giving nothing. Realizing this fact, his hitherto selfish attitude is now supplanted by a community spirit — a spirit which effaces self and which is wholeheartedly helpful. In the development of this proper "mental attitude" the summer camp has definitely taken its place as an important factor in the education of the youth of today.

By consulting the following pages, or by writing to the Camp Information Bureau of Harpers Magazine, information may be secured regarding the better camps and summer schools for girls and boys.

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VOLUME 160 MAY 1930

Harpers Magazine

ROOSEVELT AND THE 1912 DISASTER

A FRIEND REMEMBERS—AND INTERPRETS

BY OWEN WISTER

Mr. Wister has been gathering together his memories of his long and intimate association with Theodore Roosevelt. We publish herewith the first of two articles drawn from this record of friendship. It deals with a series of events which have been more fiercely debated, perhaps, than anything else in Roosevelt's career.—*The Editors.*

WHEN Roosevelt landed in New York on June 18, 1910, he was already disenchanted by what had been going on during the year of his absence in Africa. His successor in the Presidency seemed to be drifting farther and farther from conservation of national resources, or any other conservation, except of what had come to be known as the stand-pat group in the Republican party; he seemed to be as wax in the hands of Big Business, and his sincere belief in the Roosevelt policies seemed to have been changed to an implicit faith in all the people who had been so eagerly waiting for Roosevelt to be out of their way. Nevertheless, Roosevelt gave out, in the first words that he uttered on his arrival, that he meant to remain nothing more than a citizen. He said, in his reply to Mayor Gaynor's speech of welcome, that it was peculiarly the duty of one who had been President of the United States to help to solve our problems "in private life as much as in public life."

Just nine days afterwards, he said, "I had intended to keep absolutely clear from any kind of public or political question after coming home . . . until I met the Governor this morning . . . and after a very brief conversation, I put up my hands and agreed to help him."

A very brief conversation—and the Rubicon crossed! Not at all in his own interest; wholly against it. For Roosevelt's Rubicon flowed between the territory of his privacy at Sagamore Hill; his ease, his liberty to go and come as he wished, to do what he liked, to hunt game, to write books, to see his friends, to be domestic and at his own disposal—flowed between this and more controversy, more campaigns, more speeches,

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more miles of travel in sleeping cars, more of everything he had told himself he was going to drop. In all his life I see no decision more crucial than this one; and he crossed the Rubicon. He had told himself that he was henceforth to be a private citizen, and this he sincerely meant. Then, "after a very brief conversation," good-by to privacy! In a character of such determination as Roosevelt's to change a meditated plan of life so utterly in a few minutes' talk is a very striking act. This, with all the events which flowed from it inevitably as fate, has been accounted for differently by friends and enemies. I am at variance with both.

Many a man has told himself something that he thought he meant, and when the time came has found that he did not mean it. I do not agree with Roosevelt's enemies that ambition had anything to do with his sudden change of plan—then or thereafter; nobody can read his letters and hold such an opinion; nor do I think with his friends that the choice he made that morning after his brief conversation with the Governor was a piece of obvious duty, the performance of a plain obligation—though he put it that way to himself and believed it just as sincerely as he had believed until that moment that he had done with politics. My explanation of it is, that below every motive attributed by him, or by friend or enemy, to his action lay the strongest element in his character.

Pierpont Morgan once said, "A man always has two reasons for what he does—a good one, and the real one."

The lynx-eyed Winty Chanler saw that brief conversation taking place, though he could not hear a word of it. He was with Dr. William S. Thayer in the rear of Sanders Theatre, at Harvard. It was June 29th, Commencement day, and they were attending the exercises. On the platform with other personages sat Roosevelt, then president of the Alumni, and Hughes, the Governor of New York. This was the first time Hughes had seen Roosevelt since his homecoming. He turned to Roosevelt and spoke to him with great earnestness, beating one hand into the other to emphasize his words; and Roosevelt listened with increasing attention and animation.

"Look at them!" said Chanler to Thayer. "Do you know what Hughes is saying? He's telling Roosevelt that the Republican party is in a bad way in New York, and that Roosevelt's duty is to jump in and back the direct primary bill. And Theodore is going to do it."

The exercises took place, and the company went to lunch. At that lunch Roosevelt made his announcement that he had "put up his hands," and agreed to help Hughes in New York. He telegraphed that day to Senator Davenport, Progressive leader for the bill against William Barnes, head of the Stand-pat Republicans in New York, that he would support the bill.

I would not go so far as to argue that a generous impulse to stand by those now who had stood by him in other days did not count with Roosevelt in making this decision. Of course it did. But what had Hughes told him that he did not know already? Before he sailed home, he had learned from Pinchot how ill his friends the Progressives were faring; he knew that the Administration had fallen into the hands of his opponents, that Cannon, and Aldrich, and Payne, and all their friends were having their way, and that his way had been abandoned wherever it could be—yet with this knowledge, his first word to the country on landing at New York had been that he was out of politics. He had refused to listen to the appeals that he resume his leadership of the Progressive party, which various people had made to him during the nine days before the Harvard Commencement. I think that the "real reason" for his change of mind on the platform of Sanders Theatre was the same reason that a duck takes to the water. Among all his bents, historical, zoölogical, whatever,

he was the preacher militant perpetual, and to be in a fight for his beliefs was to be in his true native element. In the appeals made to him before he met Hughes, the water had not come quite so close to the duck. Hughes had dragged him to the edge of a definite pond, and into the pond he plumped. What a small pond after all—one bill in one State—for an ex-President to notice! And then the pond flowed speedily into a brook, and the brook speedily into a river, and down the river he went toward a sea that neither he nor friend nor enemy dreamed of.

II

All this is perfectly clear now, as simple as a detective story—when you have finished it. Some shake their heads over it to-day as if they had foreseen all from the beginning. I certainly foresaw not even the near future; I was very glad that he was going to take a hand in public affairs again. Public affairs, ever since his back had been turned on them, had begun by bewildering me, and ended by filling me with much stronger emotions. I was not alone in my joy. By August some two thousand requests had come that he make a speech in some two thousand places. Did this sign of discontent convey no warning to Senator Aldrich, and Payne, and Crane, and Speaker Cannon, and the Administration in general? Did the fact that their unquestionably excellent and desirable bill, providing for what we know now as the Federal Reserve Bank, was rejected because they had so disgusted public opinion in general that nothing they proposed was acceptable any longer—did this signify nothing to them? Apparently everything outside their own designs was insignificant to them; and so they too went sailing down the river to the sea.

The point as to what Roosevelt's real reason was for the step he had taken must not be labored too far. I think the preacher militant in him drove him to leap before he looked into the New York fight; after he had leaped, he saw what was ahead without a particle of illusion, he even saw obscurely what his mind by no means yet accepted, the inevitable break with the friend he had left behind him in the White House. His letters show this unanswerably, and they also dispose of the idea that personal ambition had anything to do with his course. No honest mind could read the letters and retain such a notion.

"The fight is very disagreeable," he writes Cabot Lodge, September 21, 1910. "Twenty years ago I should not have minded it in the least . . . but it is not the kind of fight into which an ex-President should be required to go. I could not help myself . . ."

"I have been cordially helping the election of a Republican Congress," he writes Root a little later, "having definitely split with the Insurgents on this point . . . though I am bitterly disappointed with Taft . . . very possibly circumstances will be such that I shall support Taft for the Presidency next time. . . ."

In those words one sees the coming events cast their shadow before. They cast a much sharper shadow a month later, when the Democrats carried any number of other States, as well as New York. But Speaker Cannon, Senator Aldrich, Payne, and Crane, and the rest of that company in Washington seemed to discern nothing ominous in this. I have often come from a long American journey to Washington to find how little my impressions of the general popular feeling in the country corresponded with the notions of it which even the political leaders entertained. Can it be that in Washington some special atmosphere prevails which blinds officeholders to the true state of things? Half-way to the end of Taft's administration the country was already in a temper to vote any Republican candidate for the Presidency down, ex-

cepting Roosevelt. But of Roosevelt they were afraid, those people in Washington—afraid instantly. His announcement at Harvard that he would support Governor Hughes and his direct primary bill may be likened to the dropping of a hat which starts a race. They began the race in their newspapers. Attacks upon Roosevelt were appearing in a very few weeks. Speaker Cannon's press, and Senator Aldrich's press, and every Stand-pat press were busy by August, 1910—in less than five weeks after Harvard Commencement. Two hypnotic suggestions were either crudely or ingeniously imbedded in every specimen of this propaganda that I saw for the next two years; one was that Roosevelt was a dangerous and ambitious demagogue, and the other was that he had solemnly promised the American people never again to run for President.

He had promised nobody anything. After his election he had made a voluntary statement. This the propaganda distorted. Plenty of active minds in Wall Street and elsewhere required no hypnotizing; but upon passive minds it stamped the grotesque myth that the American people had said to Roosevelt, "We'll vote for you this once if you'll promise never to run again." That is the English of the myth; but passive minds don't reason things out. So, through hearing about the broken promise every day for many days, simple citizens lost touch with fact and grew to thinking of a voluntary statement made after election as if it had been an exacted promise given before election. A man of honor keeps a promise; but what law binds him never to change his mind? To-day, when I hear the old song sung that when Roosevelt returned from Africa his personal ambition led him to break his promise to the American people, I am apt to say: "That is odd, because in order to nominate Taft in 1912 they had to steal seventy-four delegates instructed for Roosevelt by the American people, and people as a rule don't enjoy being lied to."

Let us look a little more at his own mind during that period.

"As for the nomination, I should regard it from my personal standpoint as little short of a calamity." This is from a letter to his friend Joseph Bucklin Bishop in 1911, when discontent with the Administration was deep and wide.

Somewhat earlier, to William Allen White: ". . . I think the American people feel a little tired of me, a feeling with which I cordially sympathize. . . . I feel most strongly that I never again should take any public position unless it could be made perfectly clear that I was taking it not for my own sake, but because the people thought it would be to their advantage to have me do so."

He was not at all deceived by the situation he had created for himself by his capitulation to Governor Hughes. Oscar King Davis, to whom I think he gave his intimate and hearty trust, reports in his admirable and graphic book a talk held with Roosevelt in his office at the *Outlook* about the propaganda that was being so busily manufactured, even by August, 1910.

"There are only two elevators in this building," said Roosevelt, "and I must use one or other of them. If I go down by the side elevator, that is evidence of furtiveness. If I go down in front, that is proof of ostentation."

And it is in his letter to William Allen White, in December, when the campaign was over, with the Democrats victorious in many places, and he could rest from his speech making, that he says:

"I have been almost ashamed of the fact that in spite of my concern and indignation over Stimson's defeat, I have been unable to keep from being thoroughly happy since election." Henry L. Stimson had run for Governor of New York on the Republican ticket. The letter continues; he is writing from Sagamore Hill:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I have been out here in our own home, with our books and pictures and bronzes, and big wood fires and horses to ride, and the knowl-

edge that our children are doing well. I do not think that I have had such a pleasant five weeks for a great many years. In fact I know I have not."

Mrs. Roosevelt had married the whirlwind, and for a while it was not blowing!

Is it not plain what he wanted to do? Is it not plain that his mind during the recent campaign had not been at ease over the position into which he had got himself? Just after the campaign was over he wrote in a letter to Bishop:

"They have no business to expect me to take command of a ship simply because the ship is sinking."

Does not that sound like a cry from the heart?

"My anxieties are in this order . . . not to be nominated if it can be honorably avoided . . . and . . . if nominated, to have it . . . clear that it is because . . . the public wishes me to serve them for their purpose . . ."

That is Roosevelt at the end of 1911, writing to Bishop in a private letter.

Ambition!

And all the while a college President was making quite a stir at Princeton.

III

It is here that a letter properly belongs, written by Roosevelt in reply to one I had sent him after reading what is still known as his Osawatomie speech. This letter is unluckily missing. It was not long; the wonder is that he found time in the rush of that 1910 campaign to write at all. He told me that he was glad I liked that speech, because it was a statement of his "American creed"—those two are the only words I can recall from the letter. The greater wonder is that he could go through those weeks, and many worse weeks that were to come, and speak so vigorously when his heart was but half in it. Three weeks after the address at Osawatomie he writes Lodge in a way that makes the mood he was in even plainer than what I have already quoted from his letters. He says:

"This whole political business now is bitterly distasteful to me."

I fancy that Cabot Lodge, for reasons quite different, enjoyed this fight Roosevelt was making even less than Roosevelt did. Lodge, whose personal sympathies were with Roosevelt, was politically with the Administration, and he could not possibly have failed to see that his friend was helping the popular mind to turn more and more against the Administration. Did Roosevelt see it as clearly? Did he see as early as 1910 that he was heading straight for the worst hole he had ever got into, or was ever going to get into? That remark in his letter to Root, written about the same time, that he might "very possibly" support Taft at the next election, looks as if his mind was refusing to acknowledge to itself what was quite certainly bound to happen. I suppose that he was keeping out of his thought as hard as he could the idea of a personal break with the friend he had chosen and persuaded to be his successor in the White House. I only imagine this; but I more than imagine how he looked back upon that time of distress, and the error of his choice, and its consequences. I was at lunch one day long after, at Sagamore Hill, and talk had touched upon those years. I spoke out my undisguised feeling about the successor he had given us. To say that Roosevelt winced is a little too strong; but his face filled with that look of pain that I knew so well. He did not take my head off for my bluntness; he was silent a moment, before he leaned forward and said, almost as if in apology for his choice:

"He was such a good lieutenant!"

Some things Roosevelt was perfectly clear about. He knew that too many of his enthusiastic followers now belonged to that element which he had years earlier described as the "lunatic fringe"; that he was powerless to disavow these ragged thinkers who were enlisting in his army; and that, worse still, some of those temperate citizens who had been his cordial adherents

hitherto, were falling out of his ranks. He had no faith in the Democrats, he believed that the welfare of the country was much safer in Republican hands; yet he saw in the Republican ranks men so unbalanced in their violence as to constitute another lunatic fringe, exactly as wild in its demands as were the star gazers who had tagged on to him. In short, he forced himself onward, unhappy, haunted by doubts as to the validity of his own position, yet able to keep up his momentum because all the combative elements in him, the preacher militant, the canny political strategist, were aroused; and they saw him through.

One symptom of his disturbed state is the phraseology which began to appear in his addresses. Their most salient characteristic had always been the balance of their statements, such as that the door of the White House should swing open as easily to the poor as to the rich, and not one bit easier. A masterly power of proportion, of stating the common sense in any controversy where something was to be said on both sides, this, with his buoyant and fearless outspokenness, had won him the hearts and the heads of all sorts and conditions of men. He now at times misrepresented himself, made use of phrases that overstated what he really meant. The hurricane of controversy put him into mental haste, deprived him not only of the leisure, but of the critical serenity with which he was in the habit of going over a public address beforehand, and pruning down any overemphatic statements that went beyond the limit of his meaning.

"I had no business to take that position in the fashion that I did. A public man is to be condemned if he fails to make his point clear . . . and it was a blunder of some gravity not to do it."

That is what he wrote Lodge. He had never had to make such an admission as this before; often enough he had hammered his thoughts hard to drive them home, but now he was hitting them out of shape. Acerbity on the part of everybody grew worse and worse; past matters were raked up and flung at him, incidents about which the general mind had forgotten the details—if it had ever known them. He had caused the panic of 1907, and would cause another. He had been false to his own doctrine about the trusts, when he allowed the Steel Trust to purchase the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, and so permitted a "combination in restraint of trade" just like the Northern Securities, which he had stopped. Nobody remembered the truth. Two courts later sustained his action as perfectly consistent. One declared that the transaction was as he had stated it, "made in fair business course"; the Supreme Court laid additional emphasis on this, adding: "The law does not make mere size an offense." Nobody does remember in such times of excitement. They create mob thought. A phrase, a fact, is wrenched from its context, caught up and hurled about and, regardless of its being utterly senseless, does just as much damage as if it were pregnant with significance. To use a misused term, politics creates a *complex* in human beings which delivers them to the mercy of prejudices more blind and violent than any save those which are created by the religious *complex*.

It is later in the progress of this acerbity and tumult that Roosevelt again failed through haste to make his point clear. It was so little clear that I fancy he never recovered from the political injury which it did him; and if one thing more than any other startled his friends and lost him adherents, it was this particular phrase that he used. Two other novelties had raised considerable outcry—the "initiative" and the "referendum." Does the reader understand these methods of reaching what was called "social justice"? You hardly ever hear them mentioned any more, and they are very rarely put into use. They were short cuts by which popular will or popular discontent could override the established forms of legislation or redress, and get something or

stop something that it wanted without delay. To put it boldly and briefly, they express American impatience. It was a kick at the legal thwarting of what might be very desirable, but was far more likely to be an ephemeral whim. It was ephemeral whims that the makers of the Constitution had clearly foreseen, wisely dreaded, and carefully provided against. Roosevelt would have said that the initiative and referendum were engines of popular power to be used only on very special occasions. He did say so; but not often or emphatically enough to reassure his friends and confute his enemies. But the "recall of judicial decisions" was a phrase which struck at the very root of our system. It was the climax. People said that Roosevelt was simply running amuck. In this case, too, he had misrepresented himself and, according to his own confession in the letter to Lodge, "a public man is to be condemned if he fails to make his meaning clear."

And so he thought, and so he said in another way to his friend Thomas Robins five years later. He had come to Philadelphia to address the Railroad Trainmen's Union in June, 1917. After the speech, when he and Robins were alone, Robins said:

"What you proposed in 1912, I believe, lost you the Republican nomination for the Presidency. It was really Constitutional revision by popular vote in the states: in other words, revision by the same power that approved the Constitution. Who gave it the name of 'Recall of Judicial Decisions'?"

"I did, for my sins!" exclaimed Roosevelt. "The label did not describe the commodity; it was inaccurate and unlucky."

Yet in the heat of all this battle he was not in too much of a hurry to step out of politics and talk morals. There is something comic as well as endearing in the preacher militant and the old-fashioned mid-Victorian emerging suddenly in Roosevelt the progressive when he spoke at Reno.

"I don't care what you do with those of your own State who seek divorces, but keep citizens out of other States who want divorces out of Nevada. Don't allow yourselves to be deceived by the argument that such a colony brings money to your city. You can't afford to have that kind of money brought here."

Equally endearing and comic is his astonishment on the first election day after women had obtained the vote. His conventions had finally come round to female suffrage, bowing to the course of human events. The November day arrived, and he entered his car to go to the polls at Oyster Bay. Mrs. Roosevelt got into the car with him.

"Why Eedie, why are you coming?"

"I'm going to vote, of course, Theodore."

"Going to *vote!*" . . .

He sat back in the car, silent for some time. Female suffrage as a just principle, as a Constitutional Amendment, was one thing; the sight of his own wife casting a ballot took his breath away. This old-fashioned, conventional streak in him lived in a compartment shut entirely off from initiative, referendum, recall, and from his whole progressive political make-up; and so it remained as long as he lived.

IV

By the end of 1911 the hurricane was blowing ever and ever more fiercely. Roosevelt was exaggerated alike by the lunatic fringe of friends and enemies, whose language did not fall far short of making him out in their papers every morning both the savior of the nation and the enemy of mankind. The lunatic fringe of his enemies was by now in hysterical alarm lest he break into the White House again. Hence their violent language. Behind them, silent, were the masters of that party, Aldrich, Payne, Boies Penrose, and the rest, with their eyes upon the Republican Convention, less than a year ahead. They were going to see to it that Taft was

renominated. It may be that they had already picked on Elihu Root as chairman of the convention. No skill equal to theirs was to be found in the camp of their opponents. The Progressives were counting simply on the preponderating will of the people. The people wanted no more of the oligarchy of wealth; they wanted the thing called "social justice," a fairer distribution of the dollars earned by an ordered and harmonious collaboration of brains and hands, and laws to alleviate hardship which the courts should not declare unconstitutional. Roosevelt would do this for them. The lunatic fringe on their side promised he would shower blessings upon the country in such quantity and of such a kind as truly none but a supernatural power could have wrought. That was the trouble; a great deal too much was promised in his name. He was not a magician; he was merely a man whose extraordinary gifts made him seem able to work miracles. And he still battled on through that autumn, preaching his doctrines, overstating himself in the exasperation of the effort he was making, affording his enemies grounds for their denunciations that were only too plausible and, worst of all, steadily estranging many good people who had until now given him their confidence and sympathy.

If only he had kept silent during those years! But the duck had taken to the water, and it had carried him from the original pond down into a raging river. Even now he did not see what was coming, though it lay right ahead.

None of this gave much comfort to me. I made him as public a gesture of affection and faith as I was able, in a second and much longer dedication to him of *The Virginian*, handsomely republished just then, with a quantity of new illustrations. He was passing into an eclipse with many of my own friends, people of his kind and mine, not because of his politics, not because they were afraid of their pockets; he had done something which they felt "isn't done."

How was it possible to go on opposing the course of the Administration without the thing becoming eventually personal? You can easily differ politically with a man you have never known and make no enemy of him; you can differ with a friend, as Roosevelt constantly did with Lodge, without any hurt to friendship; but with the very friend whom you put in your own place against his inclination —how can you attack his official acts while he still holds the office which you persuaded him to accept?

"It isn't done."

This is what I felt, even in the silence of friends who abstained from saying it, and it was what I had to answer and defend when it was said.

Matters quickly came to a head in the new year. The President's chronic and unsuspecting amiability had been surprised in the early days of Roosevelt's public divergence; as this continued and grew more outspoken and more unmeasured in its expression, the President grew ruffled, then at length outraged. But the worst had not come yet. The two were at swords' points, but they were not actual competitors for the next Presidential nomination by the Republican party. Roosevelt was far from any wish to enter those lists. Senator La Follette had been the possible candidate for the Progressives. That Roosevelt himself should be was no new suggestion; it had often been made to him during the recent months, and he invariably repelled it. It was as late as December 13, 1911, that he had written Bishop he would regard his nomination, from a personal standpoint, as "little short of a calamity." Later still, January 29, 1912, he writes:

"Very possibly I will have to speak at the open primaries. I hope not, however. . . . If I speak it looks as if I were making myself a candidate. . . ."

Just four days later, Senator La Follette laid to rest his own chances forever. What he did makes one of those spectacular and supreme dramatic moments that set in with the assassination of McKinley, and became, before they

stopped, momentous not merely for the United States, but the world.

On February 2, 1912, the Periodical Publishers gave a great dinner in Philadelphia. I was a guest of *The Saturday Evening Post*. I listened to speeches by Weir Mitchell and by Woodrow Wilson, no longer a college president, but now Governor of New Jersey, and whispered about as destined to fill a greater office. He spoke with flawless art; his dignity and upstanding presence commanded attention, while his voice made every symmetrical sentence melodious. The whole company, easily eight hundred men, sat under the spell.

Then the turn was La Follette's. I had admired him from a distance so heartily that I had gone once to the Senate and begged for a word with him. When he came I said that it was merely to shake his hand—that, in spite of being a Philadelphian, I was a Progressive, merely a private citizen, who desired to express my admiration of his course. His face as I was speaking was not what I had expected. I had looked for rugged, belligerent candor. Craft was what I saw, and coldness, not warmth. It was an instantaneous disillusion, much more effective than some previous words of Roosevelt one day at Sagamore Hill. Roosevelt had said that La Follette had never been of real support in his Progressive measures in the Senate. La Follette thanked me and said we should win out. Looking back, I see the explanation of his coldness: I had told him of my admiration for Roosevelt.

And now La Follette rose to address those eight hundred men. Before he began, he made Woodrow Wilson a bow. I have never seen such a performance on such an occasion. The sentence of salute with which he accompanied it was spoken in a tone just like the bow; the two together were a mocking defiance.

I wondered in stupefaction. I didn't discern then that it was La Follette's political instinct, scenting a competitor. My stupefaction did not end with that. With manuscript in hand, he began to speak. He was going to tell, he said, the true story of money in the United States; by whom it was actually earned, into whose hands it had invariably gone, by what means it had been stolen from those to whom it rightfully belonged. He prefaced this with an attack on journalism and journalists. As he was the guest of journalists, this was an unusual beginning.

Presently those at our table had begun to look at one another. Next, I saw the faces at neighboring tables staring in the same surprise. We were soon listening to not even a pretense of accurate financial history, but a harangue of distorted denunciation, aimed apparently at us all. The speaker's voice grew acid and raucous, his statements had ceased to be even caricatures of reality. I could not understand why he should take the trouble to utter such absurdities before an audience that he must be aware knew better, until it was explained to me that this speech was made for home consumption, where it would appear in all the papers and save his paying for publicity.

But he had not counted on what was rapidly overtaking him. He was not worth listening to, even as a curiosity, and people began to leave the room by the glass doors at the end opposite him. He shook his fist at them and said, "There go some of the fellows I'm hitting. They don't want to hear about themselves."

The chairman called him to order and told him that personal abuse would not be permitted.

He continued his speech, and a new astonishment came over us; whole passages were being repeated. At first one was not sure, then it was obvious. And the repetitions made havoc with his coherence. In fact, all consecutive meaning departed. It was noticed by those sitting closer to the speaker's table that La Follette was not laying the finished pages of his address down but shuffling them among what were still to

be delivered. At half-past eleven I went home. He had been speaking since ten. The hall was half empty.

Next day, I learned that he had spoken until half-past twelve, and then sank forward on the table. He had been under a great strain of suspense owing to a domestic anxiety, a surgical operation on one of his family, as I recollect. A nervous collapse followed. La Follette dropped from the list of possible Progressive candidates.

Eight days after that the Republican governors of seven States wrote Roosevelt, asking him to be their man. They put it on the ground of duty to the American people, thwarted in all their hopes by the Administration.

This brought out the not unnaturally indignant Taft in a speech at New York. He alluded to extremists; such persons were not Progressives; such people were "political emotionalists or neurotics."

This could not have been more damaging to himself if an enemy had said it. Who was the neurotic? If, after the letter of the seven governors, any desire to keep out of it still held Roosevelt back, "neurotic" settled him.

So did these two old friends reach the personal break which was bound to come, once Roosevelt had stepped out of private life to champion, no matter how impersonally at first, the cause he had confided to Taft's inappropriate hands, which Aldrich and the others had taken good care should slide out of those hands to the ground.

Roosevelt put "his hat in the ring." Within nine days he made a speech at Columbus that drove more of his former friends away from him. Next, he sent his acceptance to the seven governors. It is strange to note how temperate, how reasonable, many passages in his speeches at that time seem to-day. For example, he said in New York, shortly after his Columbus speech:

"If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely *set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us.*"

Not many would disagree with that to-day. My italics emphasize his unchanged hostility to the extremes of Labor and of Capital, the balanced, measured attitude which had always brought him the enmity of the Gomperses and the Haywoods, alike with that of the Harrimans and the Aldriches, and the love and confidence of the people at large. He did not lose the people at large in 1912. Enough of them all over the country wished him enthusiastically to be the next President; but he had alarmed too many trained and thoughtful minds, who saw our institutions steadily and saw them whole. To these minds, Roosevelt's utterances during this tempestuous period sounded constantly as if his intention were to wade to "social justice" through the wreck of every Constitutional barrier that stood in the way of his impatience. His phrase, the "recall of judicial decisions," sounded his final knell as definitely, I think, as the remark of the now thoroughly upset Taft about "even a cornered rat" fighting, finished him by bringing upon him the deadly laugh of ridicule. He hadn't a chance of election, even if the machinery of conventions, as worked by Penrose and Aldrich, should force upon the will of the majority his nomination by a skilful, unscrupulous, and determined few. And this machinery was going to be worked by Penrose and Aldrich, with the last turn of its wheels engineered by Elihu Root.

Let me do those men justice. In their place, with their perfectly wise and well-founded value for the system of government so slowly and thoroughly forged for us at the beginning, and quite aside from their determination to uphold a vicious and dangerous oligarchy, I should have been so concerned at the intemperance with which Roosevelt only too often defined his aims that I should have been afraid of him. I was not in their place, I was not afraid of him; I had heard him

run away with himself in private; and now the roughness of his public phrases in my opinion corresponded as little with what his deliberate acts were likely to be as it always had. I was not much enamored of the initiative and referendum, still less with the recall; I classed them with those quack medicines of which Americans are so fond, but I doubted their being administered in the prodigal doses that Roosevelt sounded as if he were prescribing. I am certain that in the intensity of that campaign and the exasperation at finding himself enmeshed in it against his inclination, though absolutely in consequence of every step he had taken, he lost his sense of proportion, and had no idea how much farther his words went than his intentions. Once in the White House he invited me to look on while a Japanese expert taught him the tricks of jiujitsu. Did I catch the way one of them was done? he inquired. I hadn't; the motions of the wrestling had been too quick. He would show me, he said. He took hold of me, told me how to put my arms in defense, and then he showed me. It may have taken thirty seconds. After that illustration my Adam's apple was sore for three days. Swallowing hurt. Of course he never knew it, and of course I never told him. In 1912 he had no notion of how it hurt to swallow some of the things he was saying.

But more than his political doctrines, his break with Taft damaged him with many friends of mine. To hear him called ambitious, which I knew very well that he was not, save in the same sense that Washington was ambitious, could only be met by amicable contradiction. None of us ever quarrelled about it; appearances seemed to favor it; and until his letters after his death proved how little it was true, there could be no proof. It was more difficult to answer the charge of disloyalty to an old friend for whose predicament he was responsible. He owed it to the friend to keep silence and stand off, no matter what his thoughts were.

In my secret heart I wished that he had never spoken, but I went about maintaining that it was the only thing he could possibly do: what was friendship when the welfare of the nation, as he saw it, was being betrayed? Could he allow that to go on, and not speak? So I contended, so I replied to letters. Worse, however, than what I had to hear, was what I sometimes overheard. Not aware I was within earshot, an old and dear friend said:

"If I met Roosevelt in the street I would not speak to him. I would not permit him inside my house."

This was the eclipse into which Roosevelt passed in 1912, and out of which by 1917 he was destined so wholly and splendidly to emerge.

"During the days of the Bull Moose aberration," said Dr. Fred Shattuck as I was driving in Boston with him in 1916, "I considered Roosevelt the most dangerous influence in the country. And I would vote for him as President tomorrow." Shattuck was not hasty-minded, his wisdom is remembered in Boston. His remark expresses the opinion of many thousands.

It was an exciting but not a happy time for anyone who had taken part in the White House years, and could never forget the Familiars, their laughter, their good will, and the mutual regard between Roosevelt the President and Taft his Secretary.

V

White and Van Valkenburg were now the leaders of our small, ardent, and widely frowned-on Roosevelt group in Philadelphia. White had come to me and said that I must introduce Roosevelt when he made his speech at our Metropolitan Opera House. I was very glad of this chance to show my allegiance by something more conspicuous than the re-dedication of *The Virginian*.

It was to come in some seven days. I set to work to think up something with a point and short, that I could say in three minutes or so to very much the largest

crowd I had ever faced. On the day itself, a day of heavy clouds, a devoted three of us met Roosevelt at Coatesville on his way east through the State in his special train. He was indeed the buzz saw that Winty Chanler had called him at the White House table. His greeting was enough to reward one doubly for the small part I was playing. I went through a whirling introduction to people I had never heard of, who had never heard of me, and whose names I totally failed to grasp and retain.

We moved eastward out of Coatesville. Roosevelt shut himself in with papers and secretaries. I had my little speech with me, ready for criticism. White and Robins pronounced it too short. So we worked together to add a couple of minutes to it, while the train rolled on; and at the stations along its course, crowds to the right of us, crowds to the left of us volleyed and thundered. They demanded the buzz saw—a look at him, a word from him. He gave it often, bursting out of his busy seclusion and back into it again, all in a breath. The energy, the action, the hammered words, the blaze of genial, jocund power, the prompt and marvelous application of some special sentence to some special place—I can call it nothing but gigantic.

One lull in this tempest came with dinner in a small room, high up in the hotel at Philadelphia. It was at this meal that Roosevelt's manner of drinking was illustrated as well and typically as ever I saw it. The rest of us had something before sitting down, and at table some champagne. Roosevelt took none of it. He asked if he might have some white wine. A bottle of sauterne was brought him. "Thank you!" he interrupted his stream of talk to say to the waiter and resumed his talk instantly. Throughout the meal he discoursed to us steadily—I don't remember any words from any of us but a syllable of assent or something now and then—and so to the coffee. We got up to start for the Metropolitan Opera House. There near his plate on the table was the bottle with its cork half drawn. The bottle was full. His glass was dry. He had forgotten all about the white wine he had asked for.

Up the street to the Opera House more crowds volleyed and thundered, and outside the place itself was a swimming sea of people who could not get in. Inside, back of the stage, music started. I marched forward in a sort of daze, was aware of palms and flags and chairs and a table and a white welter of faces gazing and hands clapping from floor to roof; then a wilder crash of applause as Roosevelt pranced into full sight—for he did literally swing and step to the music—then silence, and my turn.

An inspiration flashed on me. "The weather was dark this morning," I began, "but to-night the sun is shining."

It went off well. They were with me, and I gave them no time to become impatient. When I turned to Roosevelt, he was not prepared for the gesture I made. Being an amateur at this game, I walked to him and shook hands; he looked at me a little at a loss; I sat down at once. I had wanted to emphasize in the sight of that crowd what my feeling was for him.

He made one happy improvisation during his speech. A voice from the gallery called out something indistinguishable.

"What was that?" asked Roosevelt, looking up.

No reply.

"What did you say?" Roosevelt repeated.

Again silence.

"Well," said Roosevelt, "a Bull Moose can make various sounds."

It was in Milwaukee a few months later that he made another happy improvisation. On his way to make an address he had just been shot in the street by an assassin; but he would not stop. On the platform he drew his manuscript from his pocket and found the hole made by the bullet which it had deflected from his heart. He held up the perforated wad of manuscript.

"It takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose!" he told them—and spoke to the finish.

The bullet put an end to his speaking tour, but not to any inch of Roosevelt. In bed at the hospital in Chicago next day, he dictated to Beveridge a message to his party:

"It matters little about me," it began. "Always the cause is there," it ended.

This is his letter to us in Philadelphia, written the day after our meeting at the Metropolitan Opera House.

April 11, 1912.

En Route
Pullman Private Car "Convoy"

My Dear Doctor:

I wish you would show this letter to Messrs. Wister, Robins, and Morris.

In the first place, I wish you to understand that I appreciate all that you four men have done for me and all that your support has meant to me.

In the next place, I feel I ought to tell you that Mr. Van Valkenburg informs me that it is you four men to whom most is owing for the success of the great meeting last night, and indeed for the success of the whole movement here in Philadelphia. As Mr. Van Valkenburg says, it needed genuine courage to take the stand that you did at the time that you did. Believe me, my dear fellow, I appreciate it and I want you four men to know that I understand very clearly and value very, very highly what all of you did.

Give my love to Mrs. White,

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Dr. J. William White,
1810 S. Rittenhouse Square,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The others, not I, had done all the heavy work—but who would object to being included in such a letter?

VI

Two days before his letter to us, the voters in Illinois had fired the first shot of popular opinion. They elected at their primaries fifty-eight delegates to the Republican convention. Fifty-six were for Roosevelt. Thirteen states had presently chosen two hundred and seventy-eight delegates instructed for Roosevelt against sixty-eight for Taft. Great excitement prevailed at all the primaries, the count of the votes was challenged in many districts, and a storm of discontent rolled up, ready to break at Chicago. It did break there against Taft bulwarks that were storm-proof. The mood of the powers behind Taft was implacable to the point that so long as Taft was nominated in June, his defeat in November was of less importance. What their eyes were fixed on was the present moment alone. Let the Democrats win and have the next four years. In 1916 the Republicans would come back. Roosevelt must be choked off now at any cost. Some of them foresaw well enough by then that it would cost them the election.

And there sat Mrs. Roosevelt watching Elihu Root ruling out her husband, his old associate and friend, throwing in some extra Taft delegates from Massachusetts and Louisiana for good measure, and carefully avoiding her eyes.

In breaking with Taft, Roosevelt allowed sincere political convictions to outweigh friendship. In breaking with Roosevelt, Root allowed sincere political convictions to outweigh friendship. Is there much difference between these cases? I see little. Yet never once have I heard a critic of Roosevelt's act apply the same reasoning to Root's. Is it that they avoid a parallel which fails so strikingly at one point? Roosevelt would take nothing from that convention because it was crooked; upon this crookedness Root had deliberately set his seal.

Perhaps some others are of my mind and wish that both Roosevelt and Root for the sake of the days of auld lang syne had held back. Lodge did. Though the recall of judicial decisions was to him just the reckless slashing of a rift in the great levee which had been raised to fend the nation from the floods of mob rule, altogether the worst heresy yet, nevertheless Lodge took no active hand in

defeating his friend. He held aloof. I know that those days were deeply painful both to him and to Mrs. Lodge; and I know also that Roosevelt was more hurt by Lodge's silence in those same days than by anything that ever wounded him.

How can a preacher militant see eye to eye with legal minds? As Tweed, another legal mind, and chief counsel for the Southern Pacific System, summed the preacher up to me during an ocean voyage in 1906:

"He is very lawless."

"He is," I admitted.

For Tweed, for Lodge, for Root, quite aside from Roosevelt's brusque foreshortening phrase for the process, it was intellectually impossible not to recoil from the slashing of the levee; intellectually impossible not to think that some other —if slower—road to social justice should be surveyed according to law, and that meanwhile it was better for the future of all the people that some of the people should suffer injustice for the present. I am sure this was their view, and I know that it is mine. Time may show that the Constitution can be improved; never that it must be undermined.

It was in a quiet valley of New York State that I read day by day of the very unquiet scenes at Chicago; and of how, when the powers behind Taft had consummated their work and put the Republican party in a hole, Roosevelt with his Bull Moose followers had walked out of the convention and started their own campaign amid the singing of hymns.

I was not enthusiastic about this singing of hymns. Had such psalmody broken out over the emancipation of slaves, well and good. But heartily as I hated the undoing of Roosevelt's progressive work under the Taft Administration, equally in my heart I did not think initiative, referendum, and recall quite sacred enough for hymns. This singing did not cease with its first spontaneous outburst. The Bull Moose kept it up at later meetings, when it was high time that they cool off and settle down to work that was more practical, if less inspirational. Moreover, there was nothing inspired in the manner of their falling out with one another over the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which they proceeded promptly to do. Some wished it amended thus, and some thus; and this early mess came all too soon upon what I had written Roosevelt from my valley. I had bidden him Godspeed, but to beware of his own lunatic fringe. Of course my allusion to it was more cautious than that. He replied, addressing me by my college nickname:

The *Outlook*
287 Fourth Avenue
New York

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

June 28th, 1912.

Dear Dan:

You are absolutely right. But, my dear Dan, that danger is only one of a multitude of dangers ahead of me! I have had to do a good many difficult and perplexing jobs in my time, but never one as perplexing and difficult as that on which I am now engaged.

With love to Mrs. Dan.

Sincerely yours,

T. R.

This followed me from my valley and found me in Santa Barbara. The Democrats had held their Convention at Baltimore and nominated Woodrow Wilson. Bryan went there to head off the nomination of Champ Clark, which would have put the Democrats in the same sort of hole that the Republicans were in. To Bryan's own surprise, he succeeded not only in keeping them out, but in deepening the hole for the Republicans. The political creed of Wilson was progressive like Roosevelt's; if elected, he was certain to push liberal measures and oppose such measures as would have been urged by Champ Clark and the Tammany powers behind him. The fact is, that if Roosevelt had not been running, I should have voted for Wilson, and so would many like me all over the country. So far from killing Taft's chances—which had already

ceased to exist—Roosevelt's candidacy took more votes from Wilson than it took from Taft.

Henry S. Pritchett was in Santa Barbara, and we discussed the highly dramatic situation. I confessed to him that although I should vote for Roosevelt, naturally, he had been committed by some of his followers to so many and such extreme promises of reform that he could not possibly fulfill all of them, and that his prestige would in consequence inevitably suffer. I almost hoped that Wilson would win. Pritchett could not hope such a thing. His personal acquaintance with Wilson had convinced him that Wilson had a curiously inflexible mind. Once he had made it up, neither reasoning nor facts could alter it. This, Pritchett feared, might prove dangerous for the country should some crisis arise where the President must follow events with an open and ready mind.

Although this did not affect my opinion at the time, in after days it came back to me with great force. I suppose that all prophecy since prophesying began, no matter how sound, has had the fate of falling in vain upon unwilling ears.

I went from Santa Barbara back to Jackson's Hole, and on the way there did my little bit, a very little bit, for the cause of the Bull Moose party. At the Idaho town of St. Anthony I made a speech. I told them about a sparring match in the old Harvard Gymnasium, March, 1879, when I was a freshman, Roosevelt a junior. It was my first sight of him. Time was called. Roosevelt heard it and lowered his guard. His opponent did not hear, and hit Roosevelt's nose heavily. The audience burst into hisses. Roosevelt stopped them instantly, explained, and with nose profusely bleeding walked up to his opponent and shook his hand. I told them that we had the same Roosevelt now, and I developed the theme of his magnanimity and fair-mindedness by sundry illustrations. I doubt that I won many votes. Borah was in command of Idaho; and though Borah had been ardent for Roosevelt at the start in Chicago, he found himself at the finish in a position so delicate that nothing but the nicest skill could adequately deal with it. The only other bit I did was to write an article for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, making more elaborately the same points of my St. Anthony speech.

But all those months of 1912 were bitter ones to live, in spite of their excitement; and not a word that Roosevelt wrote, or said that I know of, gives the slightest notion that he took any joy in them. He had not wished to be nominated at the beginning, he would not accept nomination from a crooked convention at the end, he had little belief that he could be elected by the Bull Moose party, and little in common with their lunatic fringe. I believe that the only thing which kept him going at all was the zest of action in battle which came from the preacher militant.

I went from Jackson's Hole to Boston to attend the first meeting of the Harvard Overseers in late September. There I fell into talk with President Eliot about the three candidates for the Presidency.

"For whom do you intend to vote?" he asked.

"I always voted for Cleveland," I answered, "though I'm a Republican, I suppose. But I'll never vote for Taft again."

"You're for Roosevelt, then?"

"Oh, yes."

"I could not support him. He is too headlong," said President Eliot, without harshness, with a sort of almost indulgent disapproval. I had heard him express great admiration for Roosevelt.

"Well, Mr. Eliot, I should be for Wilson—but how can I vote against my friend?"

"No, you can't do that!" he assented, with his quiet, wise, and magnanimous smile.

When news came of Wilson's election, it was a positive relief!

VII

Whether or not I told Roosevelt this at Sagamore Hill that autumn I cannot remember. The very fact that no recollection of our touching upon politics at all remains with me is good evidence that if we did it must have been very slight. The only talk we had which is still vivid was quite wide of politics. We were in the great back room that Grant La Farge had built for him.

"Listen and attend with care," I began. "I want your advice. Which of these books shall I write?"

Then I sketched the plan of each. One was to be the story of a young actor and his wife. The young actor makes a great hit, which casts his wife and her acting wholly into the shade. He becomes an idol, she remains nobody. But after his first success he meets failure after failure. His hit was the accident of his part calling merely for a playing of his own personality. He goes steadily into the shade, while she emerges steadily into the light because she has genuine talent and works very hard. Develop this situation. Title: *The Fixed Star.*

Roosevelt had listened in silence. "Now for the next," was all he said.

I sketched it. A picture of Philadelphia, and its passing from the old to the new order; the hero of no social position, married to a wife of good social position elsewhere, and turning out superior to his wife. Possible title: *Dividends in Democracy.*

"Now for the third," said Roosevelt.

"That is to be called *The Marriages of Scipio,*" I said. "Scipio Le Moyne, a character in *The Virginian,* will be the central figure. It is to be the tragedy of the cowpuncher who survives his own era and cannot adjust himself to the more civilized era which succeeds it." And I told him some of the chief incidents and the conclusion.

"Why, my dear Dan," he exclaimed, "you must write all three! And you must begin with your Philadelphia story. And when you come to your cowboy tragedy, why—don't leave it in such unrelieved blackness. Let in some sunlight, somehow. Leave your reader with the feeling that life, after all, does—go—on."

While he was saying this—in fact his tone was one of urging—that look of wistfulness which I had come to know so well clouded his face and eyes.

What history will say about the bitter days of 1912 when three ran for President and the Democrat won, who can tell? History often misses the truth, or we should not have contradictory versions of many an event. Two opinions, both cocksure, prevail to-day, according to which camp you are in: that Roosevelt lost Taft the election by running independently, and that the Republican managers killed the party by forcing Taft upon an angry people. I am convinced that no Republican but Roosevelt could have been elected in 1912, just as no Democrat at all could have been elected in 1920. That I am in the Roosevelt camp hinders neither my regret that he did not keep silent on returning from Africa, nor my belief that Taft had a right to feel hurt. He had not wished to be President, but a judge. He was the victim of Roosevelt's honest enthusiasm for him. The whole story would be irredeemably painful had not these old friends come together before the end, and had not Taft come to his own as Chief Justice of our Supreme Court.

In his reply to a letter I wrote him for verification of a certain anecdote about Roosevelt, his genial kindness and generosity shine forth:

"What Doctor Thayer of Baltimore has said to you is quite true. You are a friend of Roosevelt, I know, and, therefore, would use the story in a way that would not bring any criticism upon Mr. Roosevelt, for I would not wish to circulate it and have any such result. . . ."

This was in 1929, from the Supreme Court.

COME DAY, GO DAY

A STORY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

BUGABOO JONES was an artist. He lived his life according to an idea rather than according to a plan. A plan would limit him; an idea would grow or shrink, expand or contract to meet the current situation. And an idea was better for him, too. An idea was something that remained in the back of a boy's head and didn't ever trouble him, whereas a plan had to be figured out with much mental labor, for which the big roustabout's brain was not adapted.

So, when the steamboat *John D. Grace* passed Harahan that Thursday noon, *en route* for New Orleans, and the old Captain called the roustabouts to the boiler deck and stuffed payday into their pockets, Bugaboo went back to the main deck to let the idea pleasure itself with imaginings. He lay down upon some sacks of cottonseed and turned his mind loose. In almost no time he was singing a disorganized song:

"N'Awlins womens is so tall and funny.
Jest won't leave a hard-workin' man alone.
Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawd.
I don't keer how much dey bothers me.
I likes to be bothered by a good-lookin' woman.
'Cause I got a good-time on my mind.
And de doctor can't do me no good."

That was Bugaboo's idea. He had eleven dollars and a red ticket in his pocket. As soon as the *Grace* was properly tied up at the landing at Bienville Street the mate would take that red ticket and give him his last dollar of wages. And with twelve dollars in silver in his pocket, Bugaboo would go "back of town" and paint a huge picture of joy.

Thursday was ever a big day in the life of Bugaboo Jones. It was the climax of the good-timing that started off each Saturday when the *Grace* got herself loaded down with freight and roustabouts and pulled out up the river for Baton Rouge and Natchez and Vicksburg and all sorts of little country landings in between. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the *Grace* pulled in at these landings, and Bugaboo toted on and off freight while the country girls, with pop eyes in their heads and jokes on their tongues, lined the top of the levee and giggled and remarked at the audacious carryings-on of the big, fast-talking steamboating man.

Then would come Thursday! Payday in his pockets and good-timing in his soul! Over back of town—between Rampart Street and Claiborne Avenue, a boy with payday in his pockets always could make some kind of fun . . .

I'm gonter eat po'k chops to I gits sick.
And cyore myse'f wid old Mink Eye's gin.
Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawd.

Suddenly, in the midst of Bugaboo's happy thoughts came an idea that soured his very soul. Friday!

Friday was that day that always came after Thursday. It was the day that Bugaboo awoke, somewhere over back of town, with a gin-fogged brain and no more payday in his pockets. There was something about Friday that stripped the tinseled back-of-town of its glamour.

The odors of restaurant food that on Thursday had been so tantalizing, on Friday were sickening. The women who, on Thursday, had been so gay and good-looking, on Friday were dull, ugly creatures with hard faces and sluggish, uncompanionable souls that lacked all the healthy spontaneous fun found in the country girls up the river. And the worst part of it all was that there never was a thing Bugaboo could do about it but just sit around and feel miserable until Saturday came and the boat pulled out again.

"I swear!" he grumbled. "I don't see how come I got to go studyin' about old hard-luck Friday! Hyar I was havin' me some fun gittin' ready for Thursday, and hyar old bad-news Friday had to come crowdin' into my haid! I be dog! Friday is bad enough when she gits hyar widout comin' into my haid before time."

The more Bugaboo thought of the way his brains were doing him about Friday, the madder he got. Bugaboo seldom worried about what his brains did. They worked or they didn't work, according to their own whim, which was quite removed from Bugaboo. And so long as they didn't interfere with Bugaboo's personal happiness he paid it no mind. But for a man's brains to jump into doleful thoughts about Friday when the man himself was busy anticipating the joys of Thursday was too much even for the good-natured Bugaboo to stand. Such action called for reprisals. Bugaboo determined to punish his unruly brains by putting them to work.

"Friday jest popped into my mind," he said. "Now, I'm gonter set hyar and weary my mind to I tricks me out a trick so's Friday won't be so bad."

It was hard work. Bugaboo was not accustomed to making his mind work, and all sorts of wild ideas popped into it the moment he tried to concentrate. The unpleasant fact of Friday was apparent—a day and night of waiting for the boat to pull out again. But Bugaboo persisted. "I'm gonter set hyar and think to my brains git so hot they b'iles," he said, "or else I'm gonter trick out a trick on old mean Friday."

Presently the idea began forming. He had recreated in his mind the previous Fridays he had spent in misery, and the first thing which occurred to him was the fact that he always awoke on Friday morning wanting some coffee. And because he never had any money left when he awoke on Friday, he always had to walk from Saratoga Street to the Bienville Street Landing, and argue Jesse Dunbar, the steamboat cook, out of a cup before he got one.

"Maybe," he ruminated, "did I take and hide out me a nickel in my yuther pockets, I might forgit to spend hit, and and den I c'd buy me a cup er cawfee, over back er town."

With that much accomplished, Bugaboo gave his thought-heated brain a recess and resumed his contemplations on the good-time.

The work of tying up the *Grace* was quickly accomplished. The roustabouts were paid their final dollar of wages, and the mate turned his attention to the business of getting the boat unloaded by wharf contract labor. The rousters quickly changed into their best clothes and made for back of town. Many of them were met at the boat by their wives or women friends, who were to accompany them on their holiday. But not Bugaboo. He never had any wives or women friends waiting for him. If a woman sang a song that he liked, or made a joke that struck him as being jolly, that was the woman who won his favor for the moment. But being a steady friend of any woman, experience had taught him, was a worrisome ordeal, and he didn't like worrisome ordeals.

By the time Bugaboo got across Rampart Street his mind had tricked out the trick with which he planned to defeat the Friday all-overs. As was his custom, he went straight to Mink Eye's. Mink Eye's was a restaurant that developed cabaret inclinations when the sun went down.

"Mink Eye," he said as he seated himself at a table, "go start fryin' me up about five po'k chops and a heap er 'taters. And den come hyar and make tawk wid me."

"Hey, Bugaboo," responded Mink Eye. "Eatin' five po'k chops, dis lick, hunh?"

"Not to you gits 'em cooked," asserted Bugaboo. "Go git busy cookin' me dem po'k chops and 'taters, 'cause I'm hongry. And den come hyar."

Mink Eye spread five chops upon the grill and returned to Bugaboo's table. "I figgered y'all boys'd git in to-day, so I got some new gin—"

"No mind de gin tawk," Bugaboo stated. "Looky hyar." He pulled his twelve silver dollars from his pocket and piled them in a heap upon the table. "Now watch what I'm fixin' to do."

He picked up one dollar and set it aside. "Dis is a Thursday dollar," he said. And, picking up another dollar, he placed it in another spot on the table. "Dis is a Friday dollar." Then he continued the assorting process, calling "Thursday, Friday, Thursday, Friday" until he had two equal stacks of silver dollars.

"Now, Mink Eye," he said, "I'm puttin' dis Thursday money in my pockets. And you take dis Friday money and hold for me to in de mawnin' when I comes in to git hit."

"You want me to keep dis six dollars, hunh?" asked Mink Eye.

"Yeah," said Bugaboo. "Dat's my Friday money which I'm gonter save to Friday so's I won't be broke and lonesome when Friday git hyar."

"Sposin'," speculated Mink Eye, "I forgits to give you dis money when you axes me? Sposin' I forgits you gimme hit?"

Bugaboo grinned. "You got a roof on yo' house, ain't you? Well, efn you forgits to gimme dis money, even efn I don't ask for hit, well, I'm gonter take you by de heels and knock de roof offn dis house."

Mink Eye laughed, took the six dollars, and served Bugaboo a slug of raw gin. "Whet yo' appetite up for dem po'k chops and 'taters," he explained.

The pork chops and potatoes were served presently, and Bugaboo consumed them with businesslike method. He got up, handed Mink Eye a dollar from his "Thursday" allotment and, with five dollars in his pocket, he went out upon the street to paint such a picture of joy as should happen to pop into his mind.

The first thing that caught his attention was a garish poster in front of a moving-picture establishment. It was the picture of a man with hairy pants on, riding a pitching horse over a high cliff and into a pool of water, below.

"Ah, Lawd," chuckled Bugaboo. "Ride dat hoss, in de river, son! I'll pull you out quick as you hits de water!"

"He sho' do ride him, now, don't he?" The voice came from a woman who stood near Bugaboo.

Bugaboo turned and saw a bright-skinned young woman with a friendly smile on her face. "I say he kin ride him," agreed Bugaboo. "And de doctor can't do him no good!"

The woman laughed. "I bet you can't ride dat ole buckin' hoss like dat man kin," she offered.

"I bet I kin, too, efn I had me a Texas saddle and some hairy pants," Bugaboo declared, "and I ain't no hoss rider, neither."

"What kind er rider is you?"

"I'm a steamboat rider. I rides de steamboat to she moans and groans."

The woman laughed again. "I don't blame de steamboat f'm moanin' and groanin' wid a big ole thing like you ridin' hit."

Bugaboo stuck his hand into his pocket and pulled out a dollar. "Hyar," he said. "Go over yonder at de window and buy us some tickets to see dis man ride de hoss. And jest keep de change."

"I knowed you was a lonesome spo't quick as I seed you," the woman said. "I said to myse'f, I said, 'I bet yonder is a big, good-lookin' rounder which is a dead game spo't, but he ain't spo'tin'

'cause he ain't got no lady friend to go spo'tin' wid.' I said, 'I bet efn I was a good-lookin' woman, I bet I could make friends wid dat big sapsucker.' Dat's jest what I said."

Bugaboo was happy all over. "You must be a good-lookin' woman, den," he assured her, "'cause you sho' done made friends wid me. My name is Bugaboo. What's yo'n?"

"Alberta."

"Well, Alberta," said Bugaboo. "I used to sing a song about a lady named Alberta. Hit say like dis:

'I would give you mo' money den yo' aprons can hold,
Poor Alberta, don't you grieve about no dime.
'Cause de doctor can't do you no good.'"

"I don't need no doctor when I got you, Big'n," Alberta laughed.

The show was dull so far as Bugaboo was concerned. The stuffy air of the theater, the flicker of the picture before his eyes, and the five pork chops, a mountain of potatoes, and a slug of wild gin in his stomach, all combined to put him into restful slumber.

When the picture ended Alberta shook him awake and led him outside. The streets were dark, save for the occasional carbon electric lights that flickered and clattered overhead. "I bet I'm gonter take dis change I had f'm de dollar," she told him, "and go buy I and you a drink er gin. You likes gin?"

Bugaboo took another dollar from his pocket and gave it to her. "When you uses up dat change," he said to her, "take dis dollar and buy us some more gin."

He guided her back to Mink Eye's. The place was fairly crowded with night revelers. The waiters were busy serving food and drinks. A jangly upright piano in the corner was being performed upon by a tall, yellow man. Everybody was gay.

Alberta ordered two drinks of gin. The drinks were ten cents each, and she had seventy cents change from the dollar with which she had bought the show tickets, besides the whole dollar Bugaboo had given her. But after the third drink Bugaboo emptied his pockets of money. "Take dese three dollars," he said, "and keep on buyin' us some more gin. I'm got a gin cravin' in my soul, and de doctor can't do me no good."

But Alberta was getting mellow, too. "Nawp," she said. "I ain't gonter buy you no more gin to drink to I gits up and sings me a song."

"Sing dat song, gal," urged Bugaboo, "'cause I'm makin' me some fun, and I craves me a heap er singin'. Go on and sing me dat song at me."

Alberta got to the floor and asked the piano player to "gimme a chord." She sang:

"Drink a ba'al er Mink Eye's gin.
Drink a ba'al er rye.
But I ain't gonter drink no cawn whisky.
'Cause I 'fraid I'll die."

"Go on wid dat song, baby!" Bugaboo cheered. "De doctor can't do you no good!"

Alberta essayed another verse:

"Jest a little bit er whisky.
Jest a little bit er gin.
Doctor say hit'd kill poor me.
But he didn't say when."

The patrons joined Bugaboo in cheering the second verse, and Bugaboo, who was having more fun than he knew how to handle sitting down, got to his feet and joined Alberta.

"Now, you done sung dat song," he said. "Now, le's I and you dance. Le's do de po'k chop dance!"

"I don't know dat dance," confessed Alberta.

"I don't neither, yit," Bugaboo laughed, "'cause I'm jest fixin' to make hit up, now. Us'll git hit started and spread out as we goes along."

He caught Alberta by the hand and started walking around in a small circle.

"Play us some music," he told the piano player. "Somethin' kind er slow and jumpy. So's I kin tawk and dance, too."

The piano player improvised some kind of happy foolishness, and Bugaboo began, "Well, I went in and told Alberta, hyar, I say, 'Alberta, I wants me some po'k chops.'" He did an intricate shuffle with his feet to simulate the decision for pork chops. "Now, Alberta," he directed, "you take and dance a few licks and say us ain't got no po'k chops."

Alberta, catching the spirit of the dance, did her steps and said, "Us ain't got no po'k chops, son." And she added out of her own imagination, "You know po'k chops don't grow. You can't have no po'k chops unless you go buys some."

Bugaboo did another step. "Well, efn hit ain't no po'k chops hyar, I'm gonter go git me some, 'cause I'm pyore po'k chop hongry." And he danced to the butcher shop.

"Now Alberta," he directed again, "you got to be de butcher whilst I buys some po'k chops."

He danced up the butcher shop steps and ordered four pounds of pork chops, to the stop-time of the piano. Alberta laid the pork loin on the block and cut off each of the dozens of chops that were needed to make the four pounds. She sliced the meat with a knife, and when she struck the bone, she sawed through it, hissing through her teeth to imitate the noise of the saw, and doing a graceful side step to give her body the motion of wielding the saw. She put the chops on the scale and weighed them, and had an extended argument with Bugaboo about the price. Finally she wrapped them up, and Bugaboo took them and danced home, where Alberta, now in her original role, broiled them. Then the happy couple ate them, and finally fed the bones to the dog—all to the stop-time improvisations of the piano player.

Everybody was hilarious. Bugaboo and Alberta were the center of attraction and the recipients of many drinks. Mink Eye broke his long-standing custom and treated. The patrons followed suit, and the two dancers soon were literally flooded with gin.

"I ain't never had so much fun in my life!" exclaimed Bugaboo. "And de doctor can't do me no good!"

But after all the human system can stand only so much of Mink Eye's gin, and under the shower that followed the dance, Bugaboo's system soon reached that point. He went to sleep.

When he awoke it was morning. He was sitting in his chair with his arms and head resting on the table. The room was empty, save for a sleepy-eyed cook and Bugaboo. And the room, which the night before had presented such a joyous aspect, was a dreary, sordid place that morning. The place reeked with odors—food, dead cigar and cigarette butts, and stale gin.

Bugaboo raised his head wearily and surveyed the scene with a heavy eye. "Ugh!" he grunted.

"You's awake, hunh?" asked the cook. "I thought you wan't never gonter wake up. Mink Eye say let you lay dar and git yo' nap out—"

Bugaboo turned a bleary eye upon the cook, passed a dry, thick tongue about his lips, and groaned again.

"What de matter, son?" pressed the cook. "You ain't feelin' sick, is you?"

Bugaboo once more surveyed the landscape, stupidly, this time. "I don't know whar I'm at," he grumbled, "but I bet to-day's Friday."

"You bets right," confirmed the cook. "Now, hyar's dem six dollars which Mink Eye say I got to give to you quick as you wakes up."

Bugaboo put the money into his pocket without enthusiasm. "What I wants," he announced, "is some cawfee. Hot and black."

The cook served the steaming hot drink. Bugaboo tasted it and grimaced. "Boy," he said, "I told you I wanted some cawfee."

"Dat's cawfee," the cook maintained.

"You go look and see efn you didn't git mixed up, son," Bugaboo said.

"Go see efn you didn't wash de dishes in de cawfee and put de dish water in de cawfee pot."

"Go on and drink dat cawfee, son," the cook grinned. "You needs hit. Or maybe efn hit ain't strong enough, maybe I kin find somethin' in de jug somewhars which is."

The cook presently brought out a slug of gin. Bugaboo raised it to his lips, but something grabbed him by the throat and choked him, and his stomach began jumping up and down inside him. He set the drink down, untouched.

After looking at the coffee and the gin for several miserable minutes, he got up. "Hyar, take dis dollar for dat stuff," he told the cook, "and keep de change."

"Naw, suh," grinned the cook. "Mink Eye say after last night, you can't pay for nothin' in dis place. He say you jest ax for what you wants and hit's yo'n."

But Bugaboo didn't hear; he stumbled out the door and into Saratoga Street.

Saratoga Street looked no happier than the inside of Mink Eye's. Already the sun was shining hot upon the open gutters, bringing up offensive odors from decaying refuse. The houses were jammed too close together, and emitted odors of people too closely congregated together.

"Ugh," groaned Bugaboo. "Old Friday sho' done crope up on me again."

Suddenly a shutter of one of the houses flew open, and a woman stuck her head out. She was a sorry-looking woman, bleary-eyed, with tousled hair, and a sour expression on her face.

"Hey, dere, you!" she called.

Bugaboo stopped and turned. "You heyin' at me?" he asked.

"Yo' name is Bugaboo, ain't hit?" the woman asked.

"Maybe," he admitted. "How come?"

"Well," said the woman, "come hyar and git yo' money."

"Which money?"

"Yo' money," she repeated. "You gived me a dollar to buy de show tickets, and dat was only thirty cents. Den you gived me one more dollar and three more dollars to buy gin wid. And I didn't bought only but three drinks er gin for me and you, and dat's sixty cents more. And thirty cents for de show and sixty cents for de drinks outn all dem five dollars you gived me, well, dat leaves four dollars and a dime. Hyar, come git hit."

Bugaboo blinked his eyes. Faintly he began recalling things. "Yo' name must be Alberta, ain't hit?"

"No mind what my name must be," she retorted. "Take dis money and don't argy wid me."

"Well, Alberta," Bugaboo said with feeling, "you sho' don't look as good dis mawnin' as you did last night."

"You don't look so handsome, yo' ownse'f, you soot-colored ape," she came back. "Come git dis money and go on about yo' business."

"Aw, don't worry me," grumbled Bugaboo, "go on and keep dat money."

Alberta leaped through the window and grabbed Bugaboo viciously. "Don't you come tryin' to give *me* no money!" she yelled. "I'm a nice lady and I don't take money f'm *no* man. I works for my money. Washin' and ironin' clothes! And you, you baboon-wid-his-tail-rubbed-off, you gonter take dis money, or else I'm gonter call de police!"

"Aw, shet up," growled Bugaboo. "Gimme de money and git back in de house. Hit makes me sick to my stummick to jest look at you. I don't like you nohow."

Mechanically he turned his steps toward the Bienville Street landing. His head hurt and his stomach floated around inside him like a balloon.

There was much activity at the landing. The *Kersweg* was almost loaded and ready to pull out for the Teche country. The *Andes* would follow soon, as far as Baton Rouge. A long stream of freight toters went back and forth on the *Tennessee Belle*, like so many ants, stowing away cargo for the Bends.

But the old *John D. Grace*, her unloading process completed and the reloading not to begin for hours, rode high in the water.

Bugaboo climbed upon a stack of cottonseeds and lay down. Although freight toting in New Orleans was strictly work for stay-at-home men who toiled by the hour, and no self-respecting roustabout would stoop to such work, Bugaboo almost wished that he was toting freight instead of lying upon the cottonseed. He rolled upon his back and looked straight into the sky overhead. He wasn't sleepy. He wasn't hungry. He just had the Fridays. He lay still, feeling terrible, for a long time. The sun rose higher and shot its straight rays through his black skin.

Hours later a group of women came to the wharf and stood about, waiting for the steamer *Ouachita*, which was due in from the tributaries in the middle of the afternoon. Their chatter annoyed Bugaboo and once more he put his troubles into a song:

"Women chatter like a old guinea-hen.
Don't say nothin' I want to listen at.
Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawd."

The chatter ceased immediately, and one of the women—one with a quick tongue and fast words, spoke. "Boy," she said, "you sho' is singin' a crazy song."

"Cou'se I'm singin' me a crazy song," he growled, "'cause I'm crazy."

"Hit sounds purty good, even efn hit is crazy," the woman said. "Sing some more at me."

"I ain't singin' at you." Bugaboo remained flat on his back, not even interested enough in the fast-talking woman to roll over and look at her. "Y'all womens jest tawk and tawk and tawk to you drives a man crazy. I swear! Ev'y since y'all been hyar, I ain't hyared nothin' but 'chippy-chippy-chippy-chippy'—jest like a drove er jaybirds argyin' about which one is gonter eat de worm, did they had a worm to eat! How'm I gonter git any sleep wid all dat kind er racket goin' on?"

"You wan't sleepin'," the woman reminded him. "You was singin'."

"How'm I gonter sing, den?" demanded Bugaboo.

"You had done quit singin'," the woman argued. "You was jest layin' up yonder, like a old possum on a log."

But Bugaboo was mad. "Well, how'm I gonter lay up hyar like a possum on a log wid a bunch er y'all feist dogs yippin' and carryin' on at me?"

"Well," conceded the woman, "go on and lay. Lay! And hatch, too! And I'll bet when you hatches, you'll be a buzzard!"

Bugaboo almost grinned at that smart talk. But he didn't. The Fridays had him too strongly. He just lay still, feeling sorry for himself.

Presently, the *Ouachita* whistled for the landing, and he rolled over. In a few minutes the roustabouts had her moored in her berth and were receiving their final dollar of wages from the mate. The women paired off with their men and lost no time getting off to the good-times that awaited over back of town for roustabouts with a payday. That is, all the women except one. She stayed and argued with the mate about something.

Bugaboo could not hear what she was saying and, although she was not fast-talking with the mate, he could tell that she was the same one who had annoyed him a few minutes before. He watched her, mildly interested.

Presently the woman walked away. She was crying a little, Bugaboo noted. He poked his head over the side of the cottonseed pile when she passed and called to her.

"What you want?" she demanded, gruffly.

"Somethin' de matter, hunh?" suggested Bugaboo.

The woman looked at him, hard and cold. "None er yo' business," she said.

"Shawt-tawkin' me don't he'p yo' troubles none. I got troubles my ownse'f, and shawt-tawkin' don't cyore

'em. Now, come on and tell me what de trouble before I smacks you down."

"Yancey," the woman whined. "He didn't comed back. He was jue back, but he didn't git hyar. Cap'm Sam say he quit de boat at Monroe and went off wid a gal up de river."

"So dat make you cry, hunh!" snorted Bugaboo. "Cryin' about a man which is done left you!"

"He was jue back wid some wages," wailed the woman. "And I had done quit my job er work on account er hit wan't no sense in me and him bofe workin'. And now I ain't got no work, and I ain't got no money, and I ain't got—"

Bugaboo emptied the money from his pocket and handed it to the woman. "Hyar," he said, "take dis money and stop yo' blubberin'. Now, you got money, and you don't need to work. I swear! A blubberin' woman makes me mad jest to look at. Now, git!"

The woman's face brightened. "And money ain't de mainest thing I got now," she grinned. "I got me a big ole man like you to he'p me spend hit! You dat song-singin' man, ain't you? Quick as I hyared you singin' dat song, I says to myse'f, I says, 'I bet dat big scound'el c'd change my mind about Yancey.' I said, 'I bet I c'd love dat big old song-singin' sapsucker!'"

"Naw, you don't!" Bugaboo declared emphatically. "I gived you dat money but dat ain't de sign I'm gonter love you. I ain't lovin' wid *no* woman!"

"And you don't love me?"

"Naw! I gived you dat money 'cause hit was a burden in my pocket—"

"But darlin'—"

"Don't you darlin' me!" Bugaboo exploded. "Git on away f'm me and let me be. Or else I'll take dat money away f'm you and chunk you in de river!"

The woman left. Bugaboo returned to his pastime of feeling miserable.

Nearing sundown, he went aboard the *Grace*, hunted up the cook, and asked for some supper.

Although his actual connection with the steamboat began with each trip that he made as a roustabout and ended when he received his final dollar pay ,when she was tied up at the landing, he always managed to talk Jesse Dunbar out of a few spare meals after his money was gone. Sometimes he had to beg; frequently he manufactured marvelous promises of return favors; and on occasions, when Jesse was especially obstinate, he threatened violence. But always he got food. And after enjoying a thoroughly miserable day, baking in the hot sun, the idea of an argument with Jesse appealed to him.

But there was no argument. Jesse greeted him the instant he poked his head above the boiler deck. "Hey, Bugaboo!" he called. "I been kind er watchin' out for you. I knowed you was jue to git broke and hongry before pullin'-out time, and I kotched me a big catfish which got to messin' around a hook I had in de river, and I got him all fried up brown. Open yo' mouf and see how he tastes."

Bugaboo feasted. Then he went below and to sleep.

When he awoke it was morning once more. Freight was stacked all over the main deck. All night the toters had worked, and the feverish activities continued well into the day. When he was up, getting breakfast from Jesse, he heard the captain tell the mate to hurry things along, as there were four thousand sacks of sugar to be loaded at Reserve.

Bugaboo grinned to himself. Friday was gone, now. Long gone. It was Saturday! He busied himself about the boat, assisting the driver in having the freight placed on deck, and the day sped by swiftly. Just before pulling-out time, he ambled ashore, joined the other roustabouts who were to make the trip, got his ticket from the mate, and led the crew down the gangplank with his own elaborate brand of the coonjine step. He was a happy man. Payday Thursday was gone. But so was old

Friday, too. And now it was Saturday, with a whole bunch of country landings and just enough freight toting to keep his appetite whetted before him! He was fixing to ride the old whistle-blowing, bell-ringing, water-churning *John D. Grace* plum up to Vicksburg and back again, painting a picture of pure joy all the way up and down, with finishing touches over back of town in New Orleans!

He had just completed one such picture and now he was beginning on another. But like all pictures, the picture he had just completed needed a few final touches—touches that would give it the desired balance and feel. These touches were not made until the *Grace* had squared herself in the river and actually was churning her way up stream. Bugaboo was on the forward main deck, comfortably sprawled upon some grain bags. Around him were other roustabouts, bragging and talking of the fun they had had on their holiday.

"Shuh!" he snorted. "Y'all boys ain't made no fun. You had jest ought to see me! Hit was a lady over back er town named Miss Alberta. And Lawd, Lawd! Me and dat good-lookin' heifer done us a po'k chop dance at Mink Eye's dat was more fun den I kin shake a stick at! I axed her to cook me some po'k chops, and she say she didn't had none. So I danced all de way to de butcher shop to git some, and Alberta she was de butcher and she sawed 'em off for me! And when dat gal started sawin' dem po'k chops off! Ay-eigh! De doctor couldn't do her no good!"

"You don't saw off po'k chops," objected one of the rousters.

"Who don't saw off po'k chops?" demanded Bugaboo.

"De butcher don't," stated the objector. "He chops 'em off! Dat's how come dey's po'k chops. He takes his cleaver and chops 'em off."

"Dat what de butcher do, hunh!" snorted Bugaboo. "Well, did de butcher jest git one look at old good-lookin' Alberta standin' flat-footed up in de floor, zizzin' wid her teeth and rockin' herse'f on her laigs whilst she's sawin' off dem po'k chops, well, I bet de butcher gonter th'ow his cleaver away and buy him a saw! Lawdy, Lawd, Alberta! Quick as I gets back to N'Awlins I'm gonter hunt you up and make you saw me off some more po'k chops! Lawdy, Lawd! I'm crazy about dat woman, and de doctor can't do me no good! I done had me so much fun I'm tired er thinkin' about hit. Now, y'all boys git on away and leave me git a little sleep agin all dat sugar totin' up de river."

THE FUTILITY OF FARM RELIEF

BY JOSEPH STAGG LAWRENCE

FARM relief has become the bitter article of political strife. It has burst the fraternal priesthood in the temple of politics into hostile factions, and we find ourselves as a nation engulfed once more in a savage sectionalism which has closed our hearts to charity, forbearance, and the golden rule. If we examine the list of political issues which most frequently find the front pages of the press we discover how seldom the national stake is considered and how often narrow local interest provides the driving energy of advocacy. This is true of the tariff, flood relief, taxation, prohibition, and most emphatically of farm relief. It is seldom realized that the states of New York and Pennsylvania—certainly not to be found among those clamoring for aid—produce farm crops whose total value exceeds the aggregate worth of all the crops of North and South Dakota, Idaho, and Montana. Farm relief is a sectional issue.

Why relieve the farmer? Many other industries have had their seven years of famine without provoking the beneficent solicitude of Uncle Sam. For years the bituminous coal industry has been battling against a pervasive and persistent depression. Yet there were no proposals on the part of the state to open a royal road to credit for the coal miner, no schemes for the control of surpluses, no involved calculations to demonstrate the "remunerative" price which the miner must receive for a ton of coal, no reverberant declarations of economic equality between the miner and the industrial worker, and no "revolving funds" to peg the price of coal at compensatory levels.

Consider the case of the railroads. In the desperate drive for victory during the late war their direction was assumed by the state. The competitive interests of individual lines were suspended. Freight rates were maintained at sub-compensatory levels so that the productive ardor of the farmer and manufacturer might not suffer. The stockholder of railroad shares? Well, this was war, and the denial of dividends but a paltry sacrifice in the great cause. The conflict terminated, the roads were passed back to their owners. The sacrifices which wartime service had entailed left some of the properties in a stricken condition.

The Government could not abjure its responsibility. With a magnificent gesture Congress appropriated a revolving fund of three hundred million dollars to be loaned to impecunious railroads—at six per cent and on adequate security. The administration of this fund reveals the fact that not a dollar was loaned whose repayment was not fortified by every security which a private banking house would demand. A number of small lines in extreme want were denied loans simply because the Interstate Commerce Commission would not assume the risk. It is pertinent to note that the interest charged—six per cent—exceeded that which the government in turn paid. Because of the meticulous caution of the Commission the fund showed no losses. Because of the differential in interest charges its operations returned a definite profit to the

treasury. This lucrative precedent is not destined to be repeated in the case of farm relief.

In the past the farmer has been the object of favored legislation. But conditions have changed. Food has departed from the spotlight of human wants. Famine, that gaunt and spectral horseman of the Apocalypse, no longer has any terrors for us. However, the agrarian bloc to-day holds the balance of power in the national legislature, and the farmer with a certain professional aptitude is making hay while the sun shines. Formerly, he was the object of the state's benign attention because, in more ways than one, he was the backbone of the nation. His political representatives to-day will, on the slightest provocation—or no provocation at all—asseverate the ancient claim. A little attention, however, to the oratory of these raucous spokesmen will convince the listener that a grave error in anatomical identification has been made. Whatever it may have been a century ago, the backbone has apparently become a mouthpiece.

In the last five presidential campaigns, the farmer has been wooed ardently, necessitously, and probably indiscreetly. This farmer is not the one who tills the soil in New York or Pennsylvania, but rather he who votes in those states of the central and northwest from which the insurgent and radical agrarian Congressional bloc comes. The aid which he has received and is receiving is merely an expression of political blandishment.

In extenuation of the farmer's insistent demand for relief his distress is pleaded. The picture of this suffering, as drawn by his political spokesmen, is subject to liberal discount although it contains a measure of truth. Since when is the victim of those vicissitudes which attend economic fortune entitled to state charity? The grain farmer of the central and northwestern states is in difficulties because he has failed—either through disinclination or positive inability—to accept that deflation which has exacted its penalty in every other industry.

The value of a farm is determined by the value of the products which it turns out. When land produces wheat that sells for $2.50 a bushel, it is worth more than when wheat sells at $1.00 a bushel, though it produce the same quantity in each case. Such a drop in the value of the product compels a complete reappraisal of plant. Capital values must be revised and losses written off. This is an old and sad story to the American business man. He took his medicine in 1921 and 1922. The farmer is unwilling or unable to take his medicine. Instead of writing land values down, he is asking Congress to write wheat prices up. Obviously, dollar wheat cannot sustain land values based upon the inflated prices of wartime.

There is an element of genuine difficulty in the farmer's position which must be conceded. He is not merely a perverse creature who resists the retributive processes of economics. The rapid rise of agricultural prices during and after the War stimulated speculation in farm land which consequently changed hands with unwonted frequency. These changes were accompanied by an increase in farm indebtedness as new owners acquired land and old owners sought to convert their paper appreciation into automobiles and other comforts. Where every $100 of farm investment bore a long-term liability of $8 in 1910, it sustained a debt of $10 in 1920, and $16 in 1928. In 1910 one-third of our farmers had mortgages on their property. To-day 43 or 44 farmers out of every 100 are in mortgaged debt. It happens that most of the fifty-seven free of debt live along the Atlantic seacoast, while most of those under long-term burdens are in the central and northwestern states. In this group of states approximately sixty per cent of the farms are mortgaged. North Dakota leads the list with 76.3 per cent of her farms pledged for debt.

Declining land values can wipe out the equity of the owner. They cannot release him from his burden of debt. That can be accomplished only through the purging process of bankruptcy. The creditor of the farmer is as reluctant to resort to summary liquidation as the farmer is to submit to it. Between the two the evil day has been protracted and postponed.

Other forms of industry have passed through the post-war vale of tears. The farmer is taking his punishment to-day. He deserves sympathy. Does his condition constitute such a grave emergency as to justify the heroic relief measures of the state?

Moreover, the farmer is not without comfort. Inventive genius has emancipated him from the dour drudgery of his forefathers. The painful toil of the archaic flail has long since yielded to the power-driven thresher; the back-breaking scythe has given place to the harvester; the slow, plodding hand-plow to the tractor. No longer does the farmer facetiously define his eight-hour day as "eight hours before dinner and eight hours after." He now has some of the leisure which the tide of industrial progress has bestowed upon his urban brother.

The day's work done, and after a refreshing bath and a well-balanced meal he seats himself in an upholstered armchair under the subdued rays of an electric bridge lamp and, turning on the radio, he tunes in on the jazz music of a distant city. Or—the town is only fifteen miles away. In the daily paper, delivered to him on the day of issue, he notes a movie that appeals to him. With his family he piles into the car and, in less time than it takes the Bronxite to get downtown, he stands before the glittering lights of the Golden Palace.

It is a matter of record that the pre-Revolutionary farmer had but one suit of "good" clothes which was tenderly cherished and, with the family Bible and other heirlooms, passed on to the oldest son at time of death. Even so late as the ante-Great War days the stage offered constant and burlesque testimony to the distinguishing character of the countryman's garments. To mention these matters is but to affirm the great change which has come upon the farmer. He is now as other mortals. Their pleasures are his. So likewise their mode of attire and the comforts with which kindly progress has endowed them.

Just one thing churns in the farmer's craw. He has moved ahead. By all odds he has moved more rapidly and farther during the past decade than in any other similar period in history—but—his urban brother has done even better. There is the rub. There lies the *disparity* about which such copious and bitter tears have been shed. It has created profound discontent among the farmers of the non-industrial areas; and the politician with his highly sensitized antennæ, ever seeking states of mind which may profitably be exploited, has discovered here a virgin field of bilious complexes.

It is always a matter of some social consequence when Mrs. Smith is able to buy a fur coat far beyond the purse of Mrs. Jones. The latter suffers not in any material sense of the word. Yet an invidious distinction has been created which tends to disrupt the community morale. The farmer is now in the position of Mrs. Jones. He is human, and we must not condemn him for reactions to which in similar circumstances we should fall easy prey. Something should be done about it.

II

The farmer's "plight" is due to three causes. We may label these briefly as a lag in productive efficiency, the domination of uncontrolled crop-surpluses, and the illogical trend of farm aid.

The suggestion that agriculture is lagging in the general advance toward greater productive efficiency may startle the reader no less than the farmer

himself. Let us examine some of the criteria of effectiveness in production. The first is the size of the unit, whether farm, bank, power station, steel mill, or factory. Greater size is usually indicative of better team work and co-operation. It means that one hundred have learned to pull together where formerly only fifty could manage without getting in one another's way. It means, furthermore, that the hundred would not continue to work together unless they could produce more than twice as much as a group half the size. Ever since Watt and his legendary tea kettle ushered in the industrial revolution, our producing units have been moving forward relentlessly to greater stature. Has the farmer kept pace? Let us see.

In 1900 the average farm in this country contained 146 acres—in 1925, 145 acres. In the same period our banks have doubled in size. Our factories, on the basis of horse-power consumed, were four times as large in the latter year as in the former, while our steel mills and blast furnaces have grown fivefold in the same period. In so far as size is the expression of effectively correlated effort, the farmer apparently has been marking time.

If we glance at the output per individual during this quarter century, we find that the farmer's performance compares quite well with that of workers in other fields. Using approximate proportions, we can say that two farm workers in 1925 accounted for as much output as did three in 1900. This is as good a record as the factory and railroad worker can show, although not as good as that of the miner, whose output during this period has doubled. The fact that the farmer has made such progress in spite of a failure to seize the advantages of large-scale production indicates that farming benefits readily from mechanization and that the possibilities of high productivity in this field have barely been scratched.

The second shadow on the farm horizon is the problem of surplus crops. The farmer complains bitterly about prices which contain no profit. He raises cotton at a "cost" of eighteen cents a pound, and must sell it at sixteen cents or not at all. The wheat producer alleges that it "costs" him $1.25 to raise a bushel of wheat for which he gets less than $1.25. The salutary ozone which he inhales on the farm and the outdoor diversions which his occupation provides constitute inadequate compensation. They are a form of currency which the tax-gatherer and the market-place will not accept.

The estimated "costs of production" mentioned above should be accepted with a grain of salt. It is possible to establish a cost of production for wheat varying anywhere from fifty cents to three dollars. There are more than three million farms in this country, and the cost of producing a single crop is probably not the same on any two. Much depends on the area consulted in the calculation and the farm group which provides the figures. Furthermore, the costs will vary from year to year, depending upon the charity of the elements and the variation in the cost items.

The cost of production has very little more than nothing to do with the price of wheat. The price of wheat is determined in a world market by the most elementary and yet most profound rule of economics, supply and demand. As far as the American farmer is concerned, the price he receives for his wheat is not satisfactory. The fact of his discontent is of greater concern than the relationship of the price to a strained and hypothetical cost of production. The price is unsatisfactory because he, the American farmer, produces in the aggregate more wheat than can be sold at a "compensatory" price. The only way in which that elusive price which would content the farmer can be attained is through a reduction of the amount of grain offered in the market. Such a reduction in turn can be effected only

in one of two ways: a destruction of the surplus which has created an unsatisfactory supply, or a diminution in the acreage devoted to the production of the grain.

It is of interest to note that the much discussed McNary-Haugen and export-debenture plans addressed themselves to the first solution. Both contemplated the disposition of the surplus and the maintenance of an artificial and relatively high domestic price. Each plan involved such a radical departure from traditional American political philosophy and the creation of such a colossal structure of officialdom as to drive conservative and sober-minded leaders to despair. The cost of establishing these Gargantuan devices was to rest upon the Federal Government. Most of the revenue collected by Washington comes from the wealthy and urbanized East and Middle West. That is why these plans looked so attractive to the would-be beneficiaries of the South and Northwest. Something for nothing! The illusive grail of costless relief dangled before their eyes. It is the key to the vehemence and persistence of farm-relief agitation.

III

The public is scarcely aware of the extent to which the agrarian advocates have realized and exceeded their original program. Of the many schemes for the salvation of the farmer none received so much attention or enlisted so completely the support of the farm group as the McNary-Haugen Plan. Under this plan only that portion of a particular crop would be marketed in the United States which could be sold at an "adequate" price. It was a frank policy of restriction of supply. The surplus would be sold in the markets of the world at any price it would bring. The loss sustained in the sale of this surplus would then be pro-rated among the profiting American producers. Dubious as this scheme was, its cost, through the equalization fee, was to be met by the intended beneficiaries. Uncle Sam, it is true, would have been saddled with the odious role of supervision and enforcement, and an army of officials would have been created to carry out the experiment.

Has the Farm Marketing Act, passed under the Hoover administration, in any way spared this country the unsavory consequences of the McNary-Haugen plan? The working out of the Farm Marketing Act is rapidly assuming a form which makes the rejected alternative method seem innocuous by comparison. The McNary-Haugen Plan contemplated an artificial, controlled price for staple farm products. Present farm relief has achieved precisely that. The former plan proposed the removal of the surplus from the American market. What else, pray, is the purchase of cotton and wheat at a fixed price above the market leading us to? Both plans solemnly affirmed an intention to help the farmer help himself. Under the conservative provisions of the McNary-Haugen plan the farmer levied upon himself for the cost of the experiment. Under the Farm Marketing Act the farmer levies upon the taxpayer.

We have intimated that the present plan of farm relief is more vicious in its implications and more inequitable in its incidence than the McNary-Haugen plan. The clear implication in the premise of the act holds that it is the duty of the state to establish that parity in economic power among various groups which the law presumably guarantees in the political field. We have thus recognized in statutory terms the fundamental premise of the Soviet State. Yet we pretend to a sanctimonious abhorrence of Bolshevism and make short shrift of our indigenous communists.

Farm relief to-day strikes at two groups, the taxpayer and the independent grain merchant. The $500,000,000 appropriated by Congress to grant succor to the needy farmer comes

from the Federal Treasury. The statute refers to it as a "revolving" fund, and that is a euphemism of sweet sound. If the Farm Board buys wheat at one price and sells it at a lower price, even the most elementary intelligence can perceive that the fund will gradually approach zero. It is a matter of some consequence to the taxpayer to know that the loans made from this fund have vanishing qualities somewhat like the loans which enthusiastic alumni make to good football players who enter the right college. It is a matter of still greater consequence to him to know that he is cast in the role of the philanthropic alumnus.

Let us identify this benevolent patron as well as the protégé whom he is supporting. The latter consists chiefly of those grain-producing states known as the West North Central group—Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. These seven states contribute a little less than 5 per cent of the total internal revenue which flows into the Federal Treasury. Almost two-thirds of the auriferous stream that finds its way to Washington each year comes from seven other states, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. The bulk of the cost of farm relief is paid by the taxpaying citizens of the latter states. The bulk of the benefits passes to the farmers of the former states.

In addition to exacting the means of relief from our more affluent citizens, the current experiment in economic equalization is striking ruthlessly at the property rights of an innocent group of citizens. The independent grain dealer has been striving to earn a modest livelihood as the marketing agent of the farmer's crops. The farmer has cherished a profound though unwarranted resentment toward the grain merchant. The latter has been the point of contact between the farmer and those iniquitous outside markets which have refused to pay him a proper price for his grain. In most cases he has been unable to see beyond the intermediary and has consequently visited upon him that accumulated bitterness which disappointment generates.

The grain merchant has held no patents of monopoly. If and when his business yielded an unfair profit, competition appeared to restrain excessive margins. The grain dealer played the game in accordance with those rules which prevail in an individualistic society. In a fair field without favor this entrepreneur served his community. He was always willing to pit his acumen against that of other men and face competition as the inevitable hazard of trade. Never did he suspect that the state in its pursuit of sectional and class gratification would complacently exterminate him. Yet that may come to pass. The government has entered the grain business. It has usurped the functions of the grain dealer and turned him out in the cold. A wanton gesture from the state, and his painstakingly established equity vanishes. He recalls the ancient charter of human rights: no man shall be deprived of property without due process of law. Instead of compensation he is tossed a literal veil of casuistry. He is merely another victim on the altar of social progress. A selfish group has no right to impair the welfare of a great class. Let him join the saloon keeper and the brewery owner.

Nor can we ignore the effect of this experiment on the state itself. In 1922 a great American who had just completed a mission of mercy in war-torn Europe wrote a little book called *American Individualism*. It is a glowing apostrophe to the American creed and is lighted in spots by a vision truly apocalyptic. It was written by Herbert Hoover.

> Seven years of contending with economic degeneration, with social disintegration, with incessant political dislocation, with all of its seething and ferment of individual and class conflict, could not but impress me with the

primary motivation of social forces, and the necessity for broader thought upon their great issues to humanity. And from it all I emerge an individualist—an unashamed individualist. But let me say also that I am an American individualist. For America has been steadily developing the ideals that constitute progressive individualism.

. . . the Government has become through its relations to economic life the most potent force for the maintenance or destruction of our American individualism.

To curb the forces in business which would destroy equality of opportunity and yet maintain the initiative and creative faculties of our people are the twin objects we must attain. To preserve the former we must regulate that type of activity that would dominate. To preserve the latter, the Government must keep out of production and distribution of commodities and services. This is the deadline between our system and socialism. Regulations to prevent domination and unfair practices, yet preserving rightful initiative, are in keeping with our social foundations. Nationalization of industry or business is their negation.

Is farm relief the knell that summons America across that "deadline"?

The second specific for crop overproduction is the curtailment of acreage. The essential soundness of this solution collapses before the impossibility of its realization. It calls first for a degree of co-operation which the farmer constitutionally and chronically is incapable of achieving. He has ever been a lone wolf and has opposed with dour passivity any attempt to adopt the collective system. The annual advice of the Department of Agriculture relative to desirable acreages for the coming season he regards with cynicism. It influences his conduct only if he thinks his neighbors are likely to accept it. With characteristic, provincial shrewdness he then does the precise opposite. If his neighbors decide to curtail wheat acreage in order to secure a higher price, then that is exactly the occasion for an increase in his own. The farmer is an inveterate and incorrigible individualist. In the second place, curtailment is a sacrificial remedy. It calls for the negation of productive capacity. The cost of the experiment falls upon the farmer, and the hazards are substantial.

As the political representatives of the farmer see the matter, the cost of one solution of the crop surplus falls upon the wealthy taxpayer and the great corporation. The other solution takes place at the initial expense of the farmer. If it is the purpose of the state to achieve in economics that parity among the various groups which the Constitution assures in the field of politics, then there can be no choice. Let the state take care of the crop surplus. By the same token let the more prosperous classes through the instrumentality of the taxing power foot the bill. As the doughty and ever-audible Senator Brookhart has said, it will be necessary to kill off half the farmers before they will consent to acreage restriction.

IV

Digression is here necessary. Certain vicious and impotent palliatives are being condoned under the illusion that conditions in some inexplicable fashion will correct themselves, that the gentle passage of time will bring about natural changes to relieve harassed statesmen from an insoluble dilemma. Such optimism springs from the hope—not the reasoned probability—that the farm problem is temporary. Let us pinch ourselves. It has been "temporary" for the past nine years. The prospect of natural solution lies in an increase in the demand for the products of the farm which will afford that mythical "satisfactory" price for which the farmer is clamoring. This resolves itself into a comparison of population trends and the course of food production.

Population increases through an excess of births over deaths, and immigration over emigration. In 1885 we had an estimated birth rate of 35 per thousand. In 1915, this had declined to 25 per thousand and in 1928 to 19.7 per thousand. So serious is the decline

of our birth rate that a continuation of the drop registered in four years, 1925–1928, should give us a balance of births and "natural" deaths by the end of 1932. A little reflection will demonstrate the improbability of any increase in our birth rate. How many of our young couples plan to have more than two children and how many actually have two or more as compared with those who have but one or none at all? The growing economic independence of women, the increase in our divorce rate, the wider dissemination of contraceptive knowledge, and our higher standards of living all provide but one answer—a declining birth rate.

Prior to the War we could, on the average, count each year on an addition to our population from abroad of six to seven hundred thousand immigrants. This has declined to a trifle more than two hundred thousand, and there is no indication of any relaxation in our immigration policy. The application of the national origins quota and the imposition of restrictions upon immigration from countries in the Western hemisphere may further constrict this human stream.

Taking all these factors into account, it is not improbable that we shall have a stationary population varying between one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty million people before another generation has passed.

It is an error, therefore, to expect our much extolled growth to provide a solution for the farm problem. As a matter of fact, there are factors on the supply side which further aggravate it. Farm output has kept pace with population since 1899. Certain changes have taken place which have compelled the farmer to place a larger portion of this output upon the domestic market. We have referred to the mechanization of the farm. Every tractor is capable of displacing from two to four horses. The tractor consumes gasoline and oil while Dobbin demands hay and oats. When the latter retires, he leaves the acres devoted to his support for other purposes. The Department of Agriculture has estimated that the tractors now on American farms have released more than twenty-five million acres formerly set aside for our toiling quadrupeds. This area exceeds the total crop land of the nine states composing the New England and Middle Atlantic group.

Better seed selection, the intelligent use of chemical fertilizers, amazingly revelatory animal husbandry, one and all they inflate that aggregate of food with which the farmer greets a diminishing market. When Malthus formulated his dismal concept of population he based it on the premise of a growing population pressing upon a means of subsistence outstripped by human fecundity. Time and progress have forced the facts observed by Malthus through an arc of 180 degrees. To-day, we are confronted by the means of subsistence pressing upon population. Our statesmen are struggling desperately with a surplus of food.

Nor are we meeting the situation in the most intelligent manner. Our leaders, erroneously assuming the temporary character of the emergency, are applying stimulants which necessarily aggravate the very evil from which we are seeking to escape. In the golden age of monopoly satisfactory prices were obtained through a strict control of the supply. Every student of elementary economics is familiar with the paradox of value and the illustration supplied by the East India Company. The paradox consists of the fact that a small supply of a commodity will often bring a greater aggregate market price than a much larger supply. It has often happened that a lean year in cotton will bring the farmer more than a year of abounding crops. When the East India Company on making port found a supply of spices still on the market, they dumped some of their cargoes into the sea knowing that they could get more for the remainder than for the original total.

The entire trend of farm relief legislation is illogical and calculated to defeat its own purpose. Certain clear and elementary economic principles apply. *The maintenance of stable and remunerative farm prices requires conscious and deliberate control of the output.* That is our first axiom, hoary with age and validated by centuries of experience. *Under any given set of conditions any increase in the output will result in lower prices and any decrease in output will conversely bring about higher prices.* That is our second axiom.

Nevertheless, every step which the state has taken to "relieve" the farmer has overtly ignored these principles and tended on the contrary to increase output without regard to demand. In 1916 we created a system of Federal Land Banks and private Joint Stock Land Banks. Through the sale of tax-exempt bonds the farmer was accorded privileged access to the money market. It enabled some farmers to buy land who otherwise could never have secured the wherewithal for purchase. It fostered the development of marginal lands whose products competed with those of fertile and productive areas. This was notably true of the cut-over lands of northern Wisconsin and Michigan and the Triangle Territory of Montana. Uncle Sam has spent hundreds of millions of dollars in irrigation and reclamation projects, the effect of which is to increase the total arable farm land at a time when the farmer is suffering from too much land under cultivation. Finally he has appropriated the enormous sum of $500,000,000 out of the Federal treasury to lend to farm organizations to enable their members to hold their crops for better prices. In the case of cotton and wheat, loans have been made exceeding the market value of the crops offered as security. The admitted purpose is to peg the prices of these crops at levels "remunerative" to the farmer. Aside from the vague promises of the Farm Board and the pietistic adjurations of the Department of Agriculture, not a single effective measure for the control of output has been taken.

V

What of the future? The Farm Board is gradually accumulating the American surplus of cotton and wheat. Existing storage facilities are groaning under the strain. They were not designed for any such colossal experiment in market control. The Board, with courageous logic, is constructing additional warehouses. Its future course discloses two alternatives. It can hold the surplus acquired in one year over to another. The American surplus for the year 1929 is approximately 400,000,000 bushels. The surplus of cotton is less definite. It is not impossible that 1930 will prove to be another bumper crop year. The assurance of a remunerative price by the Farm Board will scarcely reduce the acreage planted to cotton and wheat. Whither then? On the other hand the Board may take the surplus and dump it on the world market for anything it will bring. This will lead to protective measures by other governments who are in no mood to see their own farmers victimized by the exigencies of American farm relief. We grant that protection to our own producers. Retaliatory measures will further restrict the market, reduce the price received, and increase the losses borne—by the American taxpayer. Neither fork of the road leads to an agreeable destination.

Furthermore, the experiment in addition to destroying the marketing machinery created in the days when American individualism was a fact and not a fiction will cause heavy investments by the Government—paid by the taxpayer—and create a new body of vested interests together with another bureaucratic army of officials. Such a structure cannot be swept away in that distant hour when reason will demand a reckoning.

The initial $500,000,000 appropriated

to "facilitate" the marketing of farm products is merely the prelude to further exactions. This fund, within the spirit of the act, is being capably administered. In Mr. Legge and Mr. Teague the Farm Board has two exceptionally able business men. A capable business executive sits in the White House. It is too much to expect things to be ever thus. Farm politicians are itching to get their hands on all that hard cash. Hundreds of millions have already been spent for reclamation and irrigation. If the final total of farm relief is reckoned in anything less than billions, we shall be extremely fortunate. And the ultimate irony of it all is that it is not likely to relieve the farmer.

Since billions of dollars are going to be spent, why not try a solution that is more in accord with the tested principles of market control? First, a complete abandonment of all irrigation and reclamation projects as well as the closing of all public lands still open for homesteading. Second, the purchase by the state of all marginal farm lands and their complete retirement from cultivation.

Marginal farm land refers to that land under cultivation which barely yields the husbandman a return on his efforts. With it he earns no more than if he sold his services to another. Such land is worth nothing at all. There are millions of acres under cultivation which do not yield the operator as much as he could get in the form of wages elsewhere. Through lack of perception, sheer inertia, or a speculative hope for a turn in values, he clings on. The wheat and cotton coming from such lands competes with the products of profitable farm land no less effectively because it fails to yield a return to the cultivator. If we grant the categorical premise that the farmer must be relieved, then the purchase of this marginal land is by all odds the least vicious solution of the problem.

The proposal is fortified by some precedent. The Commonwealths of Pennsylvania and New York discovered that the cost of providing governmental services, free mail delivery, schools, roads, and police protection to certain sparsely settled rural communities was not justified by the value of the property served. The respective states have acquired such areas by purchase and closed them to settlement. The economies effected have fully justified the purchases.

The investment need not be a total loss. Our dwindling forests have given us considerable concern. We could reforest much of these lands, and in twenty-five or thirty years recover a part of our investment.

Farm prices are suffering from too much farm land. The remedy lies not in a pegging of prices but in a reduction of acreage. Our suggestion, we confess, is a radical approach to farm relief. The plan betrays many weaknesses of a practical nature. Where a choice must be made of the least of many evils, it would be folly to pretend perfection. Our little scheme is merely a modest challenge. Is farm relief on the right track?

We are impelled to raise once more those greater questions. Are we conscious of the price we are paying for group and sectional privilege, a price written in terms of taxpayers' funds, the summary sacrifice of an unoffending class, the creation of a new horde of officials, the unblushing participation of the state in the "production and distribution of commodities" and the utter vitiation of American individualism? What manner of man is the American farmer that we should resign supinely our precious patrimony and embrace the odious and blighting premises of state socialism? Is farm relief worth the price?

MASTER BUILDER

A STORY

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

MRS. SADLER, with tear-dimmed eyes, looked out upon a melancholy landscape, as the special train, bearing the body of her husband, made its way westward. Jerome Sadler, ripe in years and achievements, was dead. Across the continent the newspapers of the nation carried the announcement in black headlines, while the telegraph wires were laden with the picturesque story of his career. Prospector, miner, railroad-builder, financial magnate: it was a typical chronicle of American super-achievement, from penury to multi-millions; and a new-world empire lay witness to it. Through a vast sector of the continent, once a stubborn, unclaimed wilderness, Jerome Sadler had thrust the thin wedge of his railroad by sheer, grim persistence. Forests had been felled, rivers spanned, mountains pierced. And in time the prairie had blossomed into wheat farms, towns had sprung up, and the smoke of industrial centers now blackened the once empty skies. He had been one of the last of the nation's builders, and he had built well.

It was through this vast domain, over the straight, shining rails of steel which he had laid himself, that the special train now bore his body westward to the once lowly town of his humble origin. Sadlerville it had been renamed long ago. In the center of a green open square, fronted by tall office buildings, including one of the Sadler banks, was a massive bronze statue of the master builder who had brought prosperity and fame to the place of his birth. Although for two decades the Sadler mansion in Chicago had been one of the imposing show-places of that city, its humble predecessor in Sadlerville remained a kind of historic shrine for visitors, and to Mrs. Sadler would always be "home."

Everything about her in the now somewhat outmoded private car bore reminder of the many trips which she and her husband had made together in it. She herself had named the car "Sunnyside," after their camp in northern Minnesota, to which Jerome Sadler liked to escape from increasing business cares in order to smoke and fish, and where Mrs. Sadler—in the years after the children were grown up and they were much alone once more—could cook for him herself, unhampered by a retinue of servants. For the first time in their many journeyings together they were now separated: in the baggage car ahead his body reposed in an imposing bronze casket, banked with floral tributes that choked the thick air with a cloying scent. Behind the "Sunnyside" was attached the sumptuous "Royalton," loaned by the friendly president of another road, for the further accommodation of the numerous Sadler family—sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, grandchildren; and last came a Pullman occupied by representatives of the press.

The train wound its way through a vast, prosperous land, over which October had thrown a somber, russet mantle. Mrs. Sadler, holding a black-edged handkerchief to her tremulous lips, gazed

wanly out at a familiar landscape. She knew every mile of that long journey, visioning it from a retrospect of many years: the broad fields and rich farms, the thriving, prosperous towns, the striving industrial centers that seemed to thrust up chimneys almost overnight. At every turn the past merged with the present and with the portentous future, testifying to Sadler's vision, courage, and enduring strength. Each stage of that forlorn processional had its reminder of him; each familiar landmark brought its pang to her heart. She remembered these towns when they were mere outposts of civilization, struggling to establish themselves in a vast alien wilderness. She remembered how year by year the flat brown prairie land had yielded before the advance of the wheat's billowing green, and the little homesteads had begun to dot bravely the unbroken plain. And she remembered her husband's glowing pride in it all as the years mounted and they watched the culmination of the miracle he had wrought.

Now she seemed to be making the journey utterly alone, for the children and the grandchildren around her hardly seemed to count; and never had the trip "home" seemed so slow and so long. It was taxing the last of her ebbing strength. At every station where the train drew in for a brief halt, she could see gathered a curious but hushed crowd with uncovered heads. There would be brisk, important looking persons wearing white badges labelled "Committee." She could see the station trucks, laden with fresh floral offerings, wheeled slowly forward to add their tribute to the already choked baggage car. Gentlemen from the Chamber of Commerce or the Municipal Council, conspicuously silk-hatted and dressed in black, bore resolutions of sympathy tied with purple ribbon, which would eventually be brought to her private compartment and placed in her hands. At each new testimonial of this sort, her tears would start again. And then the train, with a long shuddering jerk, would lurch forward, and the slow processional resume its course.

Her grandson, Paul, was an excited and highly interested participant in this unprecedented adventure. He had been garbed in a new suit of black, with a jaunty black sailor tie at his throat. He had been told, and was aware in his childish way, that grandpa was dead; but the novelty of this strange journey, the throngs at the railroad stations, checked any stirring of grief. He was never quiet for an instant on this extraordinary train, where he was free to roam wherever he liked. He had penetrated into the Pullman in the rear, where he had fraternized with the newspaper men and come to know them by name. With his cousin Barbara, two years his junior, he had explored the mysteries of the buffet kitchen, and now he was back in the "Sunnyside" again, invading Mrs. Sadler's compartment.

"When do we get to Sadlerville, grandma?"

"Not till this evening," the little white-haired woman answered in an empty, tired voice.

"Will there be a brass band at the station?"

"I don't know, dear. Why don't you go and play with Barbara?"

The boy ignored the question. His nose was pressed against the car window as some passing object drew his attention.

"What's your father doing?" she asked at length.

"Playing bridge with Uncle Bert and Aunt Daisy and Aunt Genevieve."

Mrs. Sadler's eyes closed sharply as if at some sudden hurt.

"I wish they wouldn't—not now!" And then after a silence she added, "Go and ask your father to come here, please."

Paul ignored the request. Instead, he demanded suddenly, "Will they be selling black balloons instead of red ones at the station?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Mr. Sparks said they would. He's one of the reporters in the back car."

"He was only fooling you, dear."

Just then a tall, hard-faced man of forty, Lynch Sadler, her eldest son, entered the compartment. He frowned at the boy, and said, in curt, parental tones, "Get out of here, and stop annoying your grandmother."

The boy went.

"Lynch, I wish you wouldn't play cards. It don't seem right—" Mrs. Sadler's voice broke, and the black-bordered handkerchief went to her eyes.

Lynch Sadler frowned and looked down uncomfortably at his cigarette. "It's a deuce of a long trip, mother," he said lamely. "Got to do something to kill time."

"But think of your father . . . in the baggage car . . ."

Lynch gloomed uneasily under the rebuke. "Well, it wasn't me that got up the game. Daisy and Bert were crazy to play, so I said I'd sit in."

"And you're playing for money?"

"You'd hardly call ten cents a point money," he defended. "Good Lord, mother, you can't play for nothing."

Mrs. Sadler leaned back with a heavy sigh. As usual the children had their way, as they had always had it. "I wish you wouldn't," she pleaded weakly, gazing out of the car window.

Lynch said nothing. The hand, in which he was dummy, would be about finished, he reflected, and the next deal was his. He rose slowly to his feet, and cast a vague look around.

"You all right in here by yourself? Got everything you want?"

Mrs. Sadler nodded absently without replying, and Lynch left.

For a while her old misgiving about the children troubled her. They were grown now and had taken their place in the world, all except the youngest, Jerome, Jr., who was in college. Their six successive births and their early rearing had spanned the stretch of years when her husband was in the thick of his superhuman achievement which had absorbed all his energies. He had hardly been aware of the increasing family growing up around him. All his time and thought were so inexorably demanded elsewhere. But the children had been looked after—the tide of wealth that had begun to mount had made that an easy task to delegate to other hands; and Jerome Sadler had that genius beyond all other men of knowing where his personal attention was vitally demanded and what he could safely leave to subordinates.

Bert Sadler, one year younger than his brother Lynch and in many respects a replica of him, glanced idly out the car window while Lynch swiftly dealt the cards for a new hand. Suddenly his face darkened with annoyance.

"We're coming to another town, and it's a big one," he announced in disgust. "Somebody else has got to play reception committee to this next bunch of plug hats. How about Raymond taking a turn at representing the family? Where's he keeping himself?"

At this mention of the wastrel of the Sadler clan, Lynch merely shrugged his shoulders. He had not spoken to his brother Raymond in five years, following a violent quarrel with him, and only their father's death had compelled their presence together on the same train, where they kept aloof from each other in a sort of cold truce.

"He's treating the reporters to drinks in the rear car," said Lynch indifferently. "The conductor tells me there's quite a spree going on back there."

"Trust Raymond to improve a chance like this," grumbled Bert.

"I think it's disgusting!" said Daisy, who was Bert's wife. The fact that she was not a Sadler born but came of a New England family that had acquired affluence and social position before the War of 1812 was a fact that Genevieve Sadler, now Mrs. Robert Griscom, could never quite forget, and which she felt sometimes tinged Daisy's sardonic comment in a family discussion. Now Genevieve bridled.

"I never see you passing up a sixth

cocktail if the shaker holds out," she said tartly, gathering up her cards and sorting them with a hawklike eagerness. She was all for the rigor of the game. "Did you pass, Lynch? I bid three spades."

Daisy regarded her sister-in-law with a supercilious smile. "So sweet of you, Genevieve, to bring up my failings." She studied her cards vindictively. "Four hearts!" she announced.

"Double," said Bert.

Lynch frowned. As he debated over his hand, the train began to slacken speed and the wheels of the car jolted over switches. Grimy warehouses and factories swept past.

"Pull down the window-shades, somebody. We don't want a lot of rubes staring in at us."

Daisy snickered. She secretly disliked Lynch, who as eldest son took precedence in the family councils over her husband Bert. His concern for the proprieties of the occasion now stirred her cynical mirth.

"Do it yourself, Lynch," she retorted. "You're the head of the house now and guardian of its reputation."

"Pass four hearts, doubled," Genevieve cut in on Daisy's comment. "Try and make it!" She gathered her cards defiantly together, hoping for a slaughter, and glared at Daisy.

"Yes, darling," said Daisy sweetly.

In the rear Pullman, where a haze of tobacco smoke filled the air, Raymond Sadler held the center of the stage among a group of newspaper men. Raymond was only thirty-two, but his hair had already taken on a tinge of gray above the ears; a weak, ingratiating smile lighted up his face, which looked a little sodden and pallid.

Born almost a decade later than his brothers Lynch and Bert, when the Sadler fortune was mounting to considerable proportions, he had not shared the rigors of their earliest boyhood. The harsh, sturdy Sadler fiber in him had been softened by indulgence. He had spent four desultory but expensive years at Harvard, where he had developed a taste for clothes and sports. A trail of squandered gold had marked his later progress through Paris, San Remo, and Vienna. He had acquired the minor vices of Europe, as well as a blasé, man-of-the-world air. For his native West he had come to have nothing but a bored contempt, as well as for his older brothers Lynch and Bert, since they could not comprehend how anyone should care to live east of Chicago or pursue anything else than a money-making career.

"I never did understand what fun the old man got out of this God-forsaken country aside from the easy money to be made out of it," he confided to the group around him. His protuberant and slightly bloodshot eyes regarded the drab landscape with infinite boredom while his half-filled glass hung limply in his hand. "It's nothing but a boosters' paradise, overgrown mushroom towns, choked with Ford cars, Rotary clubs, and Boy Scouts. Realtors yapping at every corner about its being 'God's own country.' As if the poor saps knew anything about God's taste in real estate, or had ever seen a civilized part of the globe. I'd as soon live in China. Or in the Balkans, where men are men without making such a noise about it."

"You've said it," Sparks warmly agreed. He was ready to agree with any pronouncement made by a man about to inherit millions of dollars. Besides, he and the other reporters were aglow with Raymond's superb Scotch whisky, which the latter dispensed with a lavish hand.

"What time is it?" their host inquired.

Half a dozen watches were outthrust on sycophantic wrists. "Half-past four, Mr. Sadler."

"This must be Centralia we're pulling into now," added Sparks.

"Let's have another drink," said Raymond. "And porter," he called to the Pullman attendant, "see if you can't rustle on board a case of Apollinaris at

the next stop, while the town boys are up in front doing their stuff. Damned if I like this club soda."

Hilda Sadler, Lynch's tall, angular, and somewhat formidable wife, was sitting in a secluded corner of the "Royalton." At length she tossed aside a translation of Andre Gide's *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, in which she had vainly tried to become interested. It was a stupid story, and she could make nothing of it. She wished that she had a novel as good as *The Sheik*, which she still remembered fondly, or better still, some motion-picture magazines filled with rotogravure pictures. But she had neglected to provide herself and had to make the best of what reading matter Phyllis Sadler had brought with her.

She couldn't understand Phyllis's taste in books, nor did she, in fact, understand Phyllis. She did not know her very well. Phyllis was twenty-five—with the exception of Jerome, Jr., the youngest of the Sadler children. She had vague artistic ambitions, which had inclined her to an aloof and independent existence. Inheriting something of her father's stubborn resolution, she had contrived to detach herself from the family circle, and she now lived most of the time in Paris, where she painted fitfully in the *ateliers* and spent her life in other ways wholly mysterious to the Sadler clan.

Hilda yawned, covered her mouth with her hand, and then inspected her carefully manicured nails. Her fingers were heavily ringed with unpleasantly large and expensive stones, which Lynch had given her. He liked her to "dress the part," as he termed it, and she, too, felt that she would not be living up to her role as the wife of Jerome Sadler's eldest son if she did not display upon her person conspicuous evidence and reminder of the Sadler millions.

She took from her bag a small mirror and inspected her face and hair. She was far from beautiful, but she considered that she had a "good" face, and she was always pridefully aware that she was Mrs. Lynch Sadler. Now she examined the state of the wave in her hair and wondered if there might not be a decent beauty parlor established in Sadlerville since her last reluctant visit there. After the burial of Lynch's father, she reflected with relief, she would never again have to make this long and tedious journey.

She fell to thinking again about Jerome Sadler's will and speculating as to the distribution of the estate among the six children. She was desperately eager that Lynch, as the eldest son, should receive the lion's share. She would not be happy unless his portion overtopped very measurably that which would fall to Bert and Daisy. Unfortunately, Bert was only a year or so younger than Lynch, and old Jerome Sadler had always treated his two oldest sons very much alike. She suspected that Stanley Price, his confidential secretary, knew more about the terms of the will than he would admit, but she had never been able to pry or wheedle any definite information out of him.

Where was Stanley, by the way? Probably improving the opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Phyllis. A smoldering jealousy broke again into flame. Stanley Price, it was becoming more and more evident to her sharp observation, was slipping out of her grasp. Although several years his senior, she loved him secretly with a desperate intensity which she had never felt toward Lynch. But since Phyllis's latest return from Paris she had detected signs of a change in his attitude. She would have to have it out with Stanley, she reflected, her lips tightening to a hard line. Thank Heaven, Phyllis wasn't interested in a man like Stanley, or in any man for that matter.

Jerome, Jr., wandering aimlessly through the train, at a loss for amusement or occupation, halted to watch the card game. He did not care for bridge, which he felt was too intellectual to be a

pastime. He stood at Lynch's elbow, indifferently observant of his older brother's cool, dexterous play. It was the rubber game, and the spirited bidding had carried Lynch to five diamonds, which Genevieve had promptly doubled. A grim tension filled the silence. A card accidentally slipped from Bert's hand, which he hurriedly caught up.

"Exposed card!" said Lynch sternly. "Put it down."

Bert laid on the table the nine of spades. Lynch studied a moment. The ace, king, and ten of spades were in the dummy hand; he himself held three to the knave. He led a spade from his own hand, Genevieve on his left played one of the three low spades she held, and Lynch drew the ten from dummy.

"Play the nine," he commanded his brother, who held the queen.

Genevieve instantly divined that by this maneuver the doubled contract would be made and the rubber won. She flung her cards down on the table and turned furiously upon her brother.

"You're a dirty, low-down sneak, Lynch Sadler!" she assailed him in a voice tense with rage. "So help me God, if I ever play with you again as long as I live!"

"Shut your mouth!" said Lynch angrily. "Are we playing the rules, or aren't we?" he demanded.

"Rules—rubbish! If you make Bert play the nine, I'm through. And what's more, you can wait till hell freezes over before I settle for this rubber!"

"So you're a welcher, are you?" sneered Lynch.

"I wonder how much of this Mother Sadler can hear in her stateroom," interposed Daisy in her maddening, mock-sweet tones.

"Shut up, all of you," said Bert morosely. "This is getting to be one hell of a trip, and I tell you right now that when we start back to Chicago Daisy and I are going to take a train by ourselves."

"Suits me," said Lynch.

Jerome, Jr., wandered off from the card-table. Being cooped up on a train in this fashion, without companions of his own age and kind, made him glum and restive. He had been abruptly called away from college in the very thick of the October football activities because of his father's death, and he gloomed over his hard luck in not being able to play in the game with Northwestern on Saturday. He had brought some text-books along, for he was seriously behind in his classes, but he had not opened them. When his sister Genevieve said to him sharply, "Why don't you go and sit with mother for a while?" he had listlessly obeyed, chiefly because he did not know what else to do with himself.

"Hello, mother," he said awkwardly in his big, booming voice, as he looked in at the apartment where she kept her lonely vigil by the car window.

Mrs. Sadler regarded her youngest son. Everything about the nineteen-year-old youth was large, heavy, ponderous.

"What were Lynch and Genevieve quarreling about?"

Jerome, Jr., shrugged his broad shoulders and looked down at his white-and-black, wing-tipped shoes. "Oh, nothing," he answered.

"Have they stopped playing cards?"

"I'll say they have!"—the youth grinned broadly.

There fell a silence. Jerome, Jr., yawned, took a gold-mounted fountain pen out of his pocket and aimlessly inspected it.

"Say, mother," he began at length, in a wheedling, querulous tone.

"What is it?"

"Can't I have an airplane when I go back to the university? A lot of the fellows have them, and there ain't any of them as rich as we are."

"Why do you bring that up again?" his mother pleaded in a choked, unhappy voice. "You know your poor father absolutely put his foot down on it. If he were alive to-day—" Mrs. Sadler's words broke off, and she began to cry.

The youth frowned uncomfortably at the floor. "But mother, there really isn't any danger—"

Mrs. Sadler, weeping softly into her handkerchief, was no longer listening. Presently Jerome, Jr., got ponderously to his feet and wandered away. He was always getting a tough break, he told himself. The other fellows had airplanes. Well, he was going to have one himself, and he thought he knew how privately he could get it. And once secured, he would like to see anybody take it away from him.

His sister-in-law Hilda would have to come across with the money. Not that Hilda was likely to hand over five thousand dollars of her own free will. She was the tightest one in the family. But Jerome, Jr., calculated that when he told her what he happened to know about her and Stanley Price, she would consider his silence a good investment. And this trip seemed as good a time as any to have it out with her.

Night at last had fallen, and the train pursued its way through a black, obliterated land. Sadlerville would be reached in the course of a couple of hours. The imminence of that arrival had begun to weigh upon the thoughts of the Sadler heirs.

"Mother's had some tea and toast, and I've persuaded her to lie down and take a nap," said Phyllis, returning to the dinner table set in the "Royalton," where the family still lingered over coffee. The grandchildren, Paul and Barbara, had been convoyed away by Hilda's maid. The last of the dinner dishes had been removed by the negro steward, who brought ash-trays to the table. Then he had discreetly vanished.

Raymond, lounging at one end of the table, produced a silver flask from his pocket and poured some of its contents into his half empty water-glass.

"Give us a drink, Ray," said Bert.

"Help yourself, but the flask doesn't go farther."

Lynch, who sat just beyond Bert, flushed darkly, but he ignored the remark just as he continued stubbornly to ignore the existence of his brother Raymond at the other end of the table. He turned to Hilda. "Want a drink, old girl? Have the steward bring that bottle in my stateroom. How about a drink, Phyllis? It might pep you up."

"Thanks, I will," Phyllis promptly accepted. "One needs it after a dinner like this."

"What's the matter with you?" tartly demanded Genevieve, regarding with cold asperity the *chic* Paris frock which her younger sister was wearing. She could never buy anything like that in Chicago. She resented in a way the comfortable independence that Phyllis had gained for herself by taking her life into her own hands and living it abroad. Instead, she had chosen to marry Robert Griscom, and while Robert was capable, kind, and attentive to her, she felt that her status in the family had become somehow subordinate. Robert, not being a Sadler, was quite overshadowed by Lynch and Bert.

Dinner had been a dull, lugubrious affair, for the quarrel between Lynch and Genevieve over the card game still hung oppressively in the air. Now and then some question was raised regarding the arrival at Sadlerville and the arrangements for their reception at the station. The family *en masse* would have to play their ceremonial part under the public gaze.

"Phyllis doesn't like us," said Raymond maliciously, catching up Genevieve's remark. He was sipping his glass in comfort, and quite willing to precipitate a battle of words between Genevieve and Phyllis, always at odds with each other because of a deep, inveterate antipathy. Phyllis had a spunky temper despite her schooling in old-world graces, and Raymond, who liked her because she was something of a renegade in the family, like himself, knew that she could more than hold her own against the entire Sadler field. Now he egged her on.

"Phyllis thinks we're a rum bunch."

"Well, aren't we?" said Phyllis, quite matter of fact.

"What do you mean?" Lynch broke in heavily from the head of the table. "Leave yourself out if you like. But the rest of us are one hundred per cent Sadlers. Say, listen. The money represented around this table could pretty nearly buy up the state. There isn't a newspaper in the country to-night that hasn't got columns about Jerome Sadler and us. Jerome Sadler, Master Builder of the West. We are his descendants and heirs."

Phyllis met this with a short, scornful laugh. "Little masterpieces. Just look at us."

"Well, what's the matter with us?" Bert stolidly demanded.

"Everything!" retorted Phyllis, "if you had eyes in your head. We're just a common, nondescript, mediocre lot, without a shred of distinction of any sort. All we've got is money. As biological specimens we couldn't take third prize at a cat show. We shouldn't even be entered. We're rolling in wealth simply because we were lucky enough to be born in a land that can't help but exude wealth upon any Tom, Dick, or Harry equipped with enough low-grade horse-sense to squeeze the juice out of an orange that is ready to burst. Father, bless him, was better than the best of them at that game, and that's why we're sitting on top of the heap."

"You be careful how you talk about father," muttered Lynch.

"Don't worry. I've got more real respect for father than you have. Not being blinded by all the wealth he piled up for us, I can see where he succeeded and where he failed—"

"Failed! Get that!" scoffed Bert.

"I can see where his real efforts were expended and where they weren't," Phyllis went on, ignoring the interruption. "And that's why to-day Sadler railroad stock amounts to something, and the Sadler live stock doesn't."

Bert eyed her balefully. "You're one of these stuck-up, expatriated Americans, full of foreign notions, that ought to be run out and kept out of the country."

"Thank you, Bert. If you could be run out of this country long enough to get a few foreign notions, as you call them, you'd be a damn' sight better and bigger American than you are now. You're all just a small-town, provincial, middle-class lot, smug and self-satisfied, and you'll never rise above it, because you don't dream that anything better exists. The whole bunch of you have come to think that the sun rises in Chicago and sets in Sadlerville, and that this railroad in between is the backbone of the universe."

"This is getting rather tiresome, if you don't mind," interrupted Hilda, with an attempt at *hauteur*.

Phyllis quashed her cigarette and rose from the table. "Oh, I've finished," she said blandly.

"Atta girl!" cheered Raymond as she departed.

One by one the family drifted away from the table. The conductor came in with a telegram regarding some last-minute changes in the arrangements at Sadlerville.

"Give it to Mr. Price," Lynch directed. "He's looking after all those matters."

Daisy returned to counsel Bert. "Somebody ought to keep an eye on Raymond, unless you want him to disgrace the family when we arrive."

"I want to have a talk with Lynch," answered her husband. "About the estate. Go and get Genevieve."

Lynch shrugged his shoulders at this suggestion. "I tell you what you do, Daisy. Go and tell Price he's got to see that Raymond stays sober."

As she departed, Lynch turned to his brother. "One thing I want to say right at the start, Bert,"—he paused significantly—"it will be money in our pockets instead of the lawyers' if we agree in advance to keep everything on a

square and friendly basis from first to last."

"Just what I was going to say to you," said Bert, looking his brother directly in the eye.

"That's agreed, then? Nothing but square shooting. Shake."

Bert extended his hand and the compact was sealed. "Just the same, I shouldn't feel sorry if Phyllis happened to get the small end of it," he reflected aloud.

"Well, look here, I've got an idea about that. I think it's quite sound and will hold at law."

Black and purple drapings swathed the Sadlerville station, into which the train rolled slowly. Against the night sky electric arcs blazed harshly above a vast, hushed throng that surged and moiled about the halted cars.

Sparks, leaving the Pullman with the other reporters, gained a vantage point from which he could watch over the heads of the crowd the lowering of the massive casket, followed by masses of flowers, from the baggage car. The Sadler family descended and were escorted to waiting automobiles, which were presently marshalled into the slow procession that bore the body of the Master Builder to the city hall, there to lie in state.

Sparks gazed upon the scene unmoved, but his mind was fitting it into grandiloquent phrases. He had already typed the story he was to wire back to his newspaper. It lacked only a few paragraphs—something colorful and poignant—about the arrival at Sadlerville, the hushed wait, the vast assemblage, the arrival of the body and the Sadler heirs.

This last was worth a special touch, he reflected, when presently in the telegraph office his pencil raced over the sheets of copy paper. In the flow of his fulsome description, he went on:

". . . a moving spectacle, sturdy sons and loyal daughters, with heads bowed in a common grief, marching in slow, impressive file behind the casket. . . . A stalwart throng of three generations, in which the great Master Builder might well take pride, united in a high, indomitable purpose to carry on his work, to emblazon on the Sadler escut—"

Sparks turned to the reporter beside him:

"Bill, how do you spell 'escutcheon'?"

OUR SUBSTITUTE LIVES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

A CLEVER man of my acquaintance remarked in 1919 that the direst product of the Great War was propaganda. I have often pondered on that saying, and I think he was probably right. Certainly the propaganda habit fitted in, with devilish aptness, to the American vice of advertising one's own wares, one's own prejudices, one's own convictions, as if they had some right in themselves to be thus advertised. The American advertiser of anything not only conceals, he almost denies, any profit accruing to himself; it is of your welfare alone that he affects to think, and not simply of your material welfare. He nearly always makes the implication that to use the advertised object or wear the advertised opinion will make you a better citizen. By propaganda, I take it, our friend meant just that veiling of personal advantages under moral sanctions—not only concealing but somehow transmuting the greed or inaccuracy that lies beneath. Inasmuch as propaganda is usually a deliberate or a hysterical perversion of fact, it is a menace; and in so far as the exigencies of war fostered and defended propaganda, we may blame the War. But we were a splendid culture for the germ.

Another by-product of the War, less notable but no less insidious—it, too, arriving to minds prepared—was the substitution of inferior articles for good ones. Those of us who lived through the War as adults know that the best sections of the citizenry never complained of the Food Administration, never failed to abide faithfully by its restrictions. Most of us saw why we must go without things, and went without them, uncomplaining. In America, to be sure, we never suffered the *Ersatz* ignominies to which Europe was subjected. (Even though at local Food Administration headquarters they did give us dreadful messes to eat and showed us how to reproduce them in our own kitchens.) "The best cuts," my butcher used to say to me, in 1918, with an honest tear in his eye, "are all going to our soldier boys; and that's the way it ought to be." One agreed. But any housewife knows that some articles of food have never "come back" since the War. The best cuts seem still to be going to the soldier boys. Many inferior substitutes are still with us; and that is more difficult to understand.

If it were only a matter of food and drink—if it meant only that bread, and cereals, and oil, and vinegar, and marmalade, and a lot of unimportant staples, have been permanently cheapened or adulterated—we might adjust our palates and think of other things. Though food is, all in all, pretty important, still conquering races have been bred on bad food, and probably we ought not to take our bad food too tragically. The serious trouble is that we are over-docile to lowering of standards. We take too easily to substitutes. A palate, in the gastronomic sense, is important, perhaps, only as it shows the way to a nice discrimination in other matters. A man who does not know good pictures, good music, good books, good manners can yet be trained to know good food and drink. He can learn

through the most despised of the five senses the immensely important gesture of selecting some things and rejecting others on the score of quality. The man who will not drink bootleg liquor because it is raw or "cut" is perhaps nearer heaven than the man who will not drink it because of the eighteenth amendment. He is, at all events, rejecting something because it is, in itself, unworthy of him. From such beginnings come the choices which develop eventually into a moral code; on however low a plane, the distinction has been made between shoddiness and excellence, pretense and reality, between truth and a lie. The greatest peril in which we walk socially, at the present American day, may well be the peril of substitutes—foisted on us to some extent, no doubt, by mass-production and a false conception of democracy, yet encouraged certainly by a wartime inversion of values which made it as virtuous to pretend that saccharine was sugar as to stab a total stranger with a bayonet.

The humanist sometimes reflects a little sadly that the scientists, who now control us wholly, have not even been faithful to their own principles. The layman cannot easily separate applied science from pure science, since they are bred in the same laboratories. We can never forget that the scientist's claim to supremacy was based on his promise to seek and adhere to nothing but the truth, duly proved. He would never sell his soul to the Powers that Were: he would brandish his Q.E.D. in the face of all superstitions, sacred or profane, elect or vulgar. As he would take his stand always on the firm foundation of demonstrated fact, he could never be dislodged; he could not even be criticized; no unworthy motive could be imputed to him. His heart was more than pure: it was sterilized.

Now the humanist, in comparison, was in bad case, since his conclusions rested on material as arguable as human experience. He too wanted truth, but it was a vaster, vaguer, subtler truth, at the heart of which mere facts sometimes danced disconcertingly, like motes. You could find exceptions to all his rules. He could rely on no body of moral and social knowledge which imposed itself ineluctably on all critics. Therefore, the men of science, and the public nose-led by them, contemned him. To those crystalline minds, he was "only old Kaa making circles in the dust." The humanist himself was fairly humble about it. He also was ready to be convinced by demonstrated facts. But he did venture sometimes to say, "Yes; and then, what?" In other words, since human experience was to him the chief importance of organic life, he wanted to know what science was doing for human experience. As long as the scientists confined themselves to statements about the nature of the universe, no one except the fundamentalists worried much. There were still twenty-four hours in a day. Even a mechanistic philosophy did not change the immediate problems of those twenty-four hours; love and work remained the chief preoccupations of the average man. Spectroscopy and palæontology and the like could not touch the humanist's conclusions, because he was concerned only with historic man on this particular planet. But when the scientist began to fiddle about with the common material of man's daily life, the humanist had to take notice and ask his question.

Now the creation (in the laboratories) of all sorts of "synthetic" stuffs may not seem, at first blush, to make much more difference to social life and human character than does the nebular hypothesis. Yet it does. I have never discovered that scientists were less sensitive to moral values than other men; outside their laboratories, they seem fairly human, even normal. But it is science, with its analyses and explorations and new-created formulæ, that has made possible all the profound alterations in our material civilization. Manufacturers harness scientific experts to their

factories, promoters to their projects; the scientists are deeply concerned in making our food, our clothes, our entertainments, our wars. (It is due to the cleverness of the scientists that we live nowadays largely on substitutes.) Since the moving spirit of modern democracy seems to be a militant unwillingness to let anyone have anything everyone else cannot have, business has employed science to teach it processes of mass-production. They may call it bringing the blessings of civilization within the reach of all; too often it means dumping an inferior product on fifty million people, and by inuring them to its use, permitting the superior product to be forgotten, if not lost. We accept these products because we know no better; we know no better because the spectacle and experience of excellence are lost to us; that spectacle and experience are lost to us because we have to live with these products. A perfect, vicious circle.

Not long ago I was talking at dinner with one of America's distinguished scientists, and happened to ask him if he thought modern inventions had made life pleasanter or the human race happier. Sadly, he shook his head; somewhat hesitatingly, he ventured the opinion that the laboratories had done much to make life more difficult, less valuable, to the civilized person. We were more comfortable, he positively opined, thirty years ago. Perhaps neither he nor I was young enough to move quite happily to the staccato rhythms of contemporary life.

A few days since, I saw a full-page spread statement in one of the popular magazines, signed by a musicians' union. (I forget the official name of the organization.) It was a plea to the American public to realize that they were losing music out of their lives; that the mechanical reproduction of musical sounds was not the same thing as the direct communication thereof from performer to listener, without mechanical intervention. I smiled rather wryly over it. Did it hope, for all its truth, to have any effect? Would the hard-boiled commuter, reading the words, do more than grin, saying, "Yeah, those fellows are squealing because they're out of a job"? Out of a thousand perusers of their plea would they get one shiver of realization? I fear not. The hard-boiled commuter, never having in his life, perhaps, heard any real music, would not know that the musicians, however prompted by self-interest, were none the less uttering facts. I should be more encouraged than I am by the figures that show the spread in America of musical organizations, both amateur and professional, if I were not forced to realize that no sporadic attempts on the part of two performers, or fifty, to produce good music for themselves and their friends can hope to stem the advance of player pianos, phonographs, radios, and sound films. It is more educative, I firmly believe, to have heard, face to face, one symphony given by a first-rate orchestra—one symphony, yes, if only one, in a lifetime—than to have listened through long years, once a week, to the same orchestra brought half way to one through some mechanical device. I still cannot stop myself from being disconcerted when friends tell me they have just heard such and such a concert, and I find in the next breath that they have "heard" it over the radio.

A recent article on "The Twilight of the Concert Gods" makes the interesting statement that "only seventeen artists in the entire world can fill Carnegie Hall." "Musicians of distinction are abandoning their careers," says the writer, "and one hears of concert managers selling out and going bankrupt." The article ends on a cheerful note, hoping that these drastic changes may bring us closer to music. Yet the writer herself has given the whole situation away in one sentence: "Nobody who could be æsthetically satisfied by the turn of a disc would go out in the rain to a distant music hall." Of course not. The point is that we are becoming people who can be æsthetically satisfied

by the turn of a disc. The writer of the article saw love of music disseminated and increased by radio. That, indeed, is the great hope of all of us. The mechanical contrivance is invaluable while it attempts and pretends only to supplement our lack of opportunity; while it does not drug us into forgetting that the highest æsthetic enjoyment cannot be had at the turn of a disc—at least, not yet. It is not mere egotism that makes the great singer, the great instrumentalist, prefer to meet his audience face to face, to communicate with them, sway them, compel them, without static.

II

As one looks out as from a watch tower—and each of us must now and then so isolate himself—on American life, one sees a curious mingling, in the dynamic attitudes of his fellow-citizens, of speed and laziness. Never before have we gone so fast—and with so little effort. It is not as if we generated our own speed: that might, indeed, be a physical triumph. Elevators shoot us to appointments on the fiftieth floor; motor cars shoot us to engagements fifty miles away. For the young, athletics take the place of exercise; for the old, indigestion or golf. Road-work, which used to be the salvation of all of us, is confined to pugilists and track teams. Watch the advertisements and see how prevailingly they promise you peace or joy without striving. For a change of air they recommend the Antipodes, no less—and assure you that all trouble will be taken for you. We are to move as glorified freight, ever farther and to more romantically distant crannies, but still as freight. How well you will sleep, how thoroughly you will be amused, and how little thought you will have to take! What you will come back with—except German loot out of Eastern bazaars and a mileage record you can show to your friends—is not so clear. Thoreau once spent a week on the Concord and Merrimac rivers, and got a lot out of it, one seems to remember. Stevenson did some immortal traveling, once upon a time, with a donkey. But these men more or less worked their passage. To travel successfully and richly, indeed, one has to work; but we are losing the sense of cause and effect as between work and pleasure. Machinery has not only reduced physical effort; by reducing it, it has made of physical effort either an athletic fad or an unfortunate economic necessity. There is a way of talking about mountains (I was led to note this recently in Switzerland) as if they were mere obstacles to transportation; there is also a way of talking about them as if they were nothing but material for Alpinist exploits; there is, too, a way of sitting heavily and humbly at their feet for a few moments at sunset, to watch them change shape and color—more respectable, no doubt, than the other two, yet not quite all that can be done with mountains. There is an intimacy to be won, by some fortunate people; not the restricted interest of the engineer, of the Alpinist, or the Cook's tourist: an intimacy that Thoreau doubtless won with his little rivers, Stevenson with his Cévennes; an intimacy won with mind and heart and body all working together to achieve and perfect knowledge. But it involves time and meditation, as well as effort; and we demand that our time be saved for us, and our meditation be done by others.

Time-saving, indeed, has become a fetish with us; yet no one asks for what purposes we save our time. To save the time of cooks, we eat canned and cartoned food; to save the time of the business man, we issue news sheets in tabloid form; to save the time of the artisan, we set up machinery; to save the time of the family on pleasure bent, we produce motor cars and install radios. Thus, presumably, we ruin our digestions, cloud our understanding of national issues, lose our sense of craftsmanship, unlearn æsthetic values, all to save time. Time for what? That, I

have not yet been able to find out. Perhaps, to read the books that affect to explain to us things we are positively unequipped to understand.

Some newspapers made editorial fun the other day of the mob that stormed the hall where some film or other was to make Einstein comprehensible. The chief problem among the learned is still, I understand, to decide whether the men on this planet who thoroughly understand Einstein's theories can be counted on the fingers of two hands, or on the fingers of only one. Almost certainly, those rioting thousands included no one who could possibly hope to understand Einstein to any valuable extent. We are flooded, in these days, with pseudo-serious books purporting to popularize—*i.e.*, to bring within the comprehension of the common man—foreign languages, history, science, philosophy. Why the public is taken in, one does not quite see. No manufacturer thinks that he can explain the intricate workings and problems of his business, in one free evening, to an untrained, inexperienced youth. Are not the sons of American millionaires always being piously enjoined to start in at the bottom, work up, and learn the business? Starting at the beginning has become almost a sacred doctrine. Yet the man who preaches that sacred doctrine for his own branch of industry apparently believes that he himself can understand, in a few hours' casual reading, some subject that it needs equal years of special training and research to master.

Here, indeed, is where the substitute life becomes perilous to the community. Because of our false reading of democracy we look askance at any excellence not open to all. As if excellence were not, by definition, restricted! The principle of mass-production was not, I suspect, altruistic in origin; but it played into the hands of popular—in the literal sense, vulgar—vanity. Turn everything out in millions so that millions may possess it. And since there are some things that cannot be possessed by millions, even in America, imitate those things, and produce the imitation on such a vast scale that it will flood out, and cause to be forgotten, the rare original. (Protective tariffs often help this process.)

I can remember shopping expeditions made by me, as a child, with my mother; I can remember that, if she was buying silk for a dress, she usually came back, after looking elsewhere, to Blank's. "Blank's for silk" was almost *de rigueur*. The feel of silk—how well I recall it, and what a pleasure went from life when we lost it! There is still silk in the world? Oh, certainly; but how many of us are sure of it, any more? I speak as a modest and far from inveterate shopper; yet is it not true that we are met at every counter by combinations of silk-and-something-else, by frank imitations, by materials that, whatever their luster, there is no sensuous joy in feeling?

This is no attack on a prosperous industry! The silk substitutes have come to stay, I have no doubt. They interest me, indeed, only psychologically. The cleverness of creating a silklike fabric out of sugar-cane stalks, or whatever the basis really is, I can only admire. What really perplexes me is the state of mind of the American women who are wholly content with the substitutes. Do they never miss the fine cottons we used to have? Have they so little sense of the quality of silk that they really think shimmer is all of it? Have their skins lost their sensitiveness? Or is it this abominable democratic vanity, which makes them careless of everything except the appearance of wearing what richer women wear? Surely it is the latter which makes the announcement of a fur sale sound like a diplomatic reception in the Balkans. Half the furs now worn by women have invented, non-animal, trade names. Now the only conceivable reason for this is that the furs are made out of animals we prefer not to be conscious of wearing

—or else that they are not fur at all. But why this state of things? Only, one supposes, because everyone must have fur, and the sables and seals and foxes of the world are not numerous enough to warm the whole race of women. True, we wear furs that our mothers scorned; skunk and squirrel are positively expensive these days. I can remember when mink was considered useful but not exactly handsome, and otter was just good enough for little girls' muffs. . . . The fact is that as soon as anything becomes fashionable it is then imitated for the whole population. In many cases the original is presently forgotten; it passes from the market entirely, while some substitute carries on. Often, it does not matter. Personally, I would far rather wear imitation rattlesnake or alligator skin shoes than carry about on my feet the cast integument of either reptile. My pride—what I have of it—is perhaps a little more real than false. One resents being compelled to use substitutes for things in themselves good; a substitute for something in itself barbaric or detestable may have its humble antiseptic merit.

III

What earthly difference can it make to our civilization, someone may ask, that women should wear one thing or the other, so long as they are decently clothed? What inherent nobility was there in silkworm or seal that you should regret them? None, perhaps. Yet the easy use of substitutes, whether for clothing, or food, or entertainment, has vicious results, both morally and practically. It is a matter of practical fact that the substitute is usually impermanent: it does not wear. With our modern fickleness, we do not so much mind this, since our possessions are to us temporary conveniences rather than continuing treasures. No one now wants to keep a silk dress, a fur coat, a wooden bedstead, a motor car very long. Therefore, we do not ask of them the power to endure, unfrayed, unfaded, unbroken. A thing good in itself compels a certain loyalty, educates us, indeed, as we possess it. But nothing, I had nearly said, can be both fashionable and beautiful, or "good," for "fashionable" connotes the immediate decay of value. "Fashion" itself is a synonym of impermanence. Fashion obsesses us all; yet I believe we might have more opportunity of learning loyalty to a given object if objects were more generally worth staying loyal to. You cannot be loyal to a substitute, an imitation. It carries no virtue within itself. Perhaps you cannot put all the blame of substitutes on our fickleness; some of our fickleness can be imputed to the substitutes.

The art of cooking, the art of dress, I shall be told—the decent salad dressing and the feel of silk—are not very important. I think, on the contrary, they are. For it would seem fairly obvious that the way the peoples of the world have trained themselves into civilized habit is by the trial-and-error method, exercised on the commonest factors of their daily lives. "Hold fast that which is good" is not simply the utterance of a prophet; it is a counsel derived from hard-won collective experience. In most fields permanence is a positive element in beauty. The thing that would not last was usually the ugly makeshift. The house, the furniture, the linen and the damask, the ballad, the tale, the painting, the sculpture that were good were so well wrought that they endured. The flimsy and the ephemeral seldom add up to beauty. I am quite willing to admit that beauty was, for the folk, a secondary consideration; but when people spent their time and effort on making something that would wear, they were apt to stumble on beauty, if only because beauty comes chiefly from the perfect adaptation of an object to its essential purpose—which necessitates fidelity to fundamental laws of proportion and strength. People who make things slowly, by hand, cannot afford to make

things that will presently be superseded or replaced. Into them they must build quality and form. With quality and form goes beauty; and, as appetite comes with eating, so with the achieving of beauty comes scorn of ugliness.

It is too late to Ruskinize our civilization, even if we would; and most of us would not. We cannot go back to guilds, and no community of any size is going to attempt it. Perhaps it does not matter much that the stuff of our physical existence should be increasingly "synthetic"—if we could only stop it there. The danger lies in the fact that most people acquire their first lessons in discrimination, in relative values, on very humble material, and physical material, at that. The perception and rejection of shoddiness in food and dress and furniture are the first steps towards rejection of shoddiness in moral and social matters. The man or woman who has learned to put up, uncomplainingly (and, finally, unaware) with physical substitutes will learn the more easily to live in a morally and socially tasteless world. He or she will come to use opinions, ideas, standards that will "do." Thus, incidentally, we escape the strenuous business of judging things on their merits. No one, any longer, expects any new-created object to last. The biggest buildings in New York will be torn down before our children grow old. No house is built with the expectation that it will be inhabited by sons and grandsons. We may have inherited heirlooms, but we do not expect anything made in our own time to be, in its turn, an heirloom. Our very books are "of the month"; and no one is taken in by easy prophecies of immortality, least of all the public which is looking forward already to the book of the next month. The popular lecture, the extension course, the correspondence school, the translations into the vernacular of scientific thought and historic theory, all admirable in intention, do us the disservice of continuing the substitute game. They tend, that is, to make us believe that in a few evenings we can do the work of years, that a few brief hours of attention are a real substitute for learning. As if "real substitute" were not, in itself, a misnomer! A substitute is something that will serve if you cannot get the real thing. When you live wholly on substitutes you become incapable of recognizing the real thing, since you have never experienced it.

A great many factors, of course, enter into the present decline of taste among us. The use of substitutes, I admit, is only one. The greatest peril of the substitute is its pretense. It pretends to feed our stomach, our ear, our eye, our mind, whereas it merely fills them, *tant bien que mal*. Canned food may not matter; canned music may not matter; canned thought may not matter: each one of the imitations may be in itself fairly harmless. But it is a chain of which not one link is missing—from near-silk to near-love and near-courage and near-loyalty is a gapless road. And in the crises of life you need the real thing, if you are to be something more than a near-hero.

TWO FLIGHTS IN THE FOG

AN AIR-MAIL PILOT'S EXPERIENCES

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

AMONG the pioneers of commercial air transport, in which millionaires and mechanics meet as Harry and Phil and Erik and Jack, E. T. Allen is known as Eddie. As a pilot he has "pushed mail" for years on the transcontinental run from Chicago to Omaha, from Oakland to Reno, over almost any division you care to mention. He has served as test pilot at McCook Field, the army proving-ground near Dayton, Ohio. He has been stunt instructor in the army. Experimenting with gliders in Germany, he has been flopped over on his back, a hundred feet up, to land a few seconds later in a tree and a few hours later in a hospital. He has flown helicopters, and crashed from fifteen feet. He has designed, built, and piloted planes of his own. He is a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has had more than six thousand hours in the air, which would mean, reckoned in distance, about as much as twenty-five times around the world. Recently he zoomed a new-model pursuit plane from the ground up to ten thousand feet and back in five minutes. He has been flying for more than twelve years.

Yet, among the men who fly mail, he is merely another good pilot. Bob Ellis has been in the air more hours than he. E. A. Collison—whom they sometimes call "No Collision Collison" because he has never had an accident—has flown a thousand hours more. So has Jack Knight. So has Arthur Starbuck. Frank Yager and Slim Lewis have done two thousand more. Burr Winslow has flown across the Sierras more than one thousand nine hundred times. C. K. Vance can add another hundred to that. In the East, in the South, in the Southwest, there are pilots who are as good. Against Allen's six or seven hundred thousand miles in the air, E. Hamilton Lee has flown nearly twice as many—more than a million and a quarter.

Just as many of these men, who write "None" on their reports after "Records Held," "Achievements," and "Outstanding Flights"—just as they can equal or eclipse almost any adventure of Eddie Allen, so Allen himself can narrate episode after episode more dramatic than the two set forth below. In one week, at McCook Field, trying out new army planes, he had twenty forced landings in thirty flights. Once, with half the tail surfaces of his plane broken off, he sailed straight ahead, hardly touching his controls for fear of losing the rest, and made a perfect landing on Wright Field, twelve miles away. Once, when the crankshaft of a rebuilt Liberty motor broke, with the propeller and the front two cylinders of the engine dropping off, he ordered his observer not to jump (that heft in the rear cockpit was needed to hold down the tail of the plane after the loss of weight forward) and glided against the wind to the very edge of the airport, where the machine crashed without injuring either man. At night above the prairies, at dawn over the Sierras, at dusk above the Wasatch

range of Utah, he has had adventure after adventure. In 1927, above the Sand Point field, proving-ground of the Boeing Company, near Seattle, he ran out of oxygen at 29,000 feet while he was making a ceiling test of a pursuit plane; falling forward unconscious against the stick, he pushed the ship into a dive straight for the earth more than five miles below, with his motor roaring wide open. Eleven thousand feet he fell, that time, before he regained consciousness and miraculously levelled off, at 18,000 feet, safe.

The accounts of the two trips I am going to relate, however, though they may seem less blood-curdling than falling helpless two miles in a power-dive, strike me as significant. With a reasonable degree of drama—no man can fight for life above the clouds without furnishing those earth-dwellers of us who learn about it something of a thrill—they carry information and impressions about flying that are important. At least it seems so to me—and while I am merely a dabbler in aeronautical lore compared to pilots of the mail, I have already traveled many thousands of miles in the air as a passenger, and am beginning to fancy myself, in certain of the more general aspects, something of an authority on the subject. As a nation, we shall never become intelligently "air-minded," I believe, until we know more about the dangers and difficulties of flying, under adverse weather conditions, which these two episodes reveal.

II

Early one evening, in the winter of 1925–26, Eddie Allen took off from the Salt Lake City airport for Cheyenne, some 417 miles to the east. He was flying a De Haviland plane, with a full cargo of mail—about two hundred and fifty pounds. When he left Salt Lake it was already dusk. Night came on clear, with a crescent moon. Snow lay on the higher ranges, but there was none in the valleys between. He flew high, with a good tail wind. For more than three-quarters of the way to Cheyenne there was nothing to bother him.

Then, nearing Laramie, he noticed that the lights of the town were dimmed by a low layer of fog, lying close to the ground. Over the Sherman mountains and to the east it grew thicker. The sky, too, was overcast above the mountains. Between these two layers of fog, or cloud, Allen flew on towards Cheyenne. He had only a few minutes farther to go. The fog-layer below him, however, was rising; the cloud-layer above was dropping down. The moon had set, and the night was now very dark. An approaching storm was squeezing the two layers together.

He flew on to the vicinity of Cheyenne, looking for the glow of city lights on the cloud-layer below him. He could not locate the city. The cloud-layer was too thick; no light from beneath could penetrate it.

Remember that a plane, in clouds or fog, cannot descend to land unless the pilot knows exactly how far down he can come without striking some hillside or other obstacle. Roaring along at one hundred and fifty feet a second, sudden collision usually means death. Not knowing exactly where he is, a pilot cannot descend through clouds to find out whether or not there is a clear space under the fog, for fear there may be no such clear space. In that event his first warning of proximity to the ground is likely to be the crash that kills him. At Spokane, a few months ago, a tri-motor crashed in fog and killed several people. The pilot mistook a dimly seen darker area for an opening in the clouds, and flew into it. It was a potato patch.

Unable to land, Allen circled a couple of times in wide circles, still hoping to find Cheyenne. The narrowing space between the cloud-layers grew darker and darker. His gas was running low. He had already flown perhaps 450 miles since leaving Salt Lake. The cloud-layers came together, and he had to "fly blind."

Here is the moment to explain what "flying blind" means. The term is so widely and loosely used that even many aviators, I find, are not quite sure about it. On the ground we speak glibly of a "blind fog." We know that even the captain of the *Leviathan*, trying to make port in such a fog, slows down or anchors. He cannot see where he is going. But such a fog as that does not necessarily "blind" a flyer. As long as he can see the light of sun or moon behind the clouds above him, or the glow of city lights beneath the clouds below, as long as one-half of the fog-filled globe in which he is flying is lighter or darker than the other half, he is not, in any complete sense, "flying blind." He can still tell which is *up*, and which is *down*. Only when he can no longer gain that knowledge from the world about him, when he can no longer tell, except from his instruments, which direction is "up," and which is "down," does he become truly "blind," in the aeronautical sense.

You may think our sense of equilibrium alone, without our eyes, could tell us that. Pilots soon learn that it can't. And without that knowledge flying becomes, as we shall see, trebly hazardous.

Recently I asked one of the oldest and most capable of the Transcontinental Air Transport pilots if he had ever flown blind, and what he thought of it.

"I had to pass a test in blind flying before I got the job," he told me, "but of course that was a sort of stunt. I've never done it on the line. The more I know about it, the more I'm convinced the only way to do blind flying safely is not to do it at all." And that, mind you, was in these later days of radiophone and radio beacon and all the rest.

Flying blind, by compass, Eddie Allen turned west to recross the Sherman range and return to Laramie, into the clear. There he could land. He had to make it before his gas gave out.

He cooked his motor up to 13,000 feet, trying to get above the clouds. Impossible. The Sherman mountains—or Sherman Hill, as the range is called at Cheyenne—rise to 10,000 feet. He was 3,000 feet above them. He tried to keep his plane level by watching the bank and turn indicator and his air-speed indicator. Realizing that he was making a failure of it, he tried to hold a straight course by compass. Suddenly the compass went completely daft. So did Eddie Allen. He realized that the plane was falling. The next moment he was in a spin.

There lies the great danger in blind flying. The wings of an airplane, flying horizontally, hold it in the air. If the pilot, watching his compass or his altimeter, allows his plane, tilting this way or that in the air currents, to tip too far to right or left, the plane falls. If, watching his turn and bank indicator to prevent this, he lets the nose of his plane tip upward, there is danger of climbing too steeply. The plane then loses air-speed, stalls, and falls. If the nose tips downward, there is danger of a dive and tail-spin. Over the Pacific Ocean, you may remember, the last tragic message from the plane that set out to search for the lost Dole Prize fliers, was "We are in another spin."

Allen was a seasoned pilot. He had years of steady flying behind him. He had been taught to "fly blind," with the assistance of nothing but his instruments. Again and again, in clear weather, he had been in tail-spins. But this was at night, over the fifteen-mile-wide Sherman range. He was in a panic. He was alone in a plane with two hundred and fifty pounds of mail, falling toward the summits with all his instruments suddenly gone crazy. The whirling tended to push him against the side of the cockpit.

"It was almost as though I were another person, watching myself," he told me. "I knew perfectly well the different ways of getting a ship out of a spin—opposite rudder, controls to neutral—all the simple, obvious things that had been part of my experience for years. Only—I couldn't do them.

I couldn't make my mind work. I couldn't interpret perfectly obvious data. It was straight panic."

For what seemed like a long time the plane fell, whirling downward towards the summits. Allen tried to force himself to think. He was wearing a parachute. Why, if he couldn't regain control of the plane, he could at least jump! Coming partly out of his paralysis, he looked at his altimeter. He had to find out whether or not he still had time to jump. His parachute might not open in less than 500 feet. He should have 1,000. The altimeter read 8,000 feet.

He went into another panic. He had already fallen 2,000 feet *below the summits!* Evidently he wasn't over the range; at least not over any of the peaks. But it was too late to jump. He *must* get control of the plane!

"All of a sudden," he says, "something black went past the wings."

It seemed to him, for the moment, that it was over his head as it whirled past. A gray quality had come into the darkness about him; this sudden shape was blacker than the rest.

"Then I realized what had happened," he told me. "The plane had fallen out of the clouds, into the clear. The black shape was a plowed field. Everywhere else the ground was covered with snow, but it had melted on that plowed place."

The clear space under the clouds was perhaps three hundred feet high. He brought the plane out of its spin, and levelled off. He was only fifty feet or so above the ground, in a valley at the base of the range. An air-beacon blinked at him. It marked the field at Federal, Wyoming, the first station west of Cheyenne. He flew in to Cheyenne and delivered his mail.

That's all there is to the first episode. Eddie Allen, one of the fifty or so best pilots in the world, with years of steady flying behind him, caught blind in a couple of cloud-layers at night, unable to keep his plane from stalling and falling into a spin, then paralyzed with panic, and saved from a crash only by falling out of the clouds. A mile farther along, over the range, and his would have been merely one more of the unaccountable disasters of the air.

III

The second episode is longer.

Again the account starts at Salt Lake City. This time it is a year later—the winter of 1926–27, the last season of air-mail operation by the post-office department itself. During the intervening year Allen had reverted again and again, in his hours above the ranges, to his panic in a tail-spin over Sherman the winter before. The experience had bewildered him. If he should be caught blind again, would the same thing happen? Would he again become confused, paralyzed with fear at his own inability to keep the plane from falling, and crash like a helpless fool? Again and again he rehearsed the things, the obvious, simple things that he should do. In the meanwhile he used more and more of his steadily accumulating judgment of weather to keep out of trouble. A pilot is like the captain of a ship; although in the old days there was a mistaken idea in the post-office department that the mail must go through whatever the weather, later knowledge soon wiped it out; no pilot on a wisely run line is ever ordered to fly. He uses his own judgment. And on that judgment, exercised with all freedom and full responsibility, the safety of mail and plane, the pilot's life and the lives of his passengers, all depend.

Again the start was made late in the afternoon. Allen says this was the first mistake—to take off at all, under conditions that were not sufficiently favorable. There was snow ahead in patches all along the line. Allen figured that by dodging the storm he could get through. Instead of a De Haviland, he was flying a Douglas. It showed the advance in airplane design during the year. With the same engine, it was faster, and could

take a much larger pay-load—nearly a quarter of a ton more. Allen had nearly a full load of mail, about six hundred and fifty pounds. He had trouble getting through even the first two hundred miles. By that time night had fallen. Then he ran into a snowstorm that he couldn't avoid. He had to fly close to the ground. At even fifty feet above it the snow was so thick he was "blind." Near Rawlins he found himself over the tracks of the Union Pacific. He managed to turn around, only ten or fifteen feet above the ground, and find his way back to the small emergency field at Cherokee, Wyoming. He "sat down" there, thankfully. He thought he was pretty lucky to get down at all without a bad crack-up.

Then he made another mistake. After calling up each of the fields that lay ahead of him, to find out about the weather, he decided to go on.

"At the first field," he told me, "it was snowing hard. At the next it was clear. At the next it was snowing. It was like that all the way to Cheyenne, alternating open and shut. So I figured I could get through. After what I'd just been in I should have known better."

He gassed up his plane and started on. It was just six o'clock. At any time the separate snowstorms were likely to join and make flying practically impossible. As a matter of fact, that very thing happened, rapidly developing into one of the worst blizzards of the year. At the Laramie field the snow was so thick the ground-crew couldn't see from one boundary-light to the next—thirty feet. At Cheyenne it was the same. The Field Manager had all the lights turned on, and the great beacon pointed straight up to pierce the storm, to help the flyer. But it was no use. The storm got thicker and thicker.

Flying east from Cherokee, Allen couldn't find a single beacon. He flew above most of the storm, at about 14,000 feet. He realized the predicament he was in, and was ready to come down the moment he saw any sort of a light. But he couldn't locate any of the emergency fields, or even be sure that he was still on his route. Reaching what he thought should be the vicinity of Laramie, he circled to find the town. Suddenly, directly underneath the plane, he saw the street lights—about a mile below him, perfectly clear! He put the plane into a straight dive, holding the lights right over his radiator cap. The hole in the storm was only a tiny one. While he was still diving straight down, it filled again. The lights disappeared. He had seen them for not more than ten seconds in all. He pulled up and started to climb to the top of the storm once more. He could not risk diving on down, for if he missed the lights by even a block or so he would crash without warning into the ground.

But now he was in the middle of the storm. It was the first time he had been caught completely blind since the year before. His altimeter showed 10,000 feet. Even while he was reading the figures, his plane went off balance and fell.

Let me explain here a little about what happens when a plane side-slips, or loses a sustaining air-speed, and falls. Every pilot, of course, knows about spins, but few people outside the aviation group, I find, understand quite what the term means.

The nose of the plane, with the motor, is much heavier than the tail. That is why the wings, at the center of balance, are located so far forward. When the wings no longer hold a plane up—because it is not going fast enough or is tipped too far sideways—it starts to drop and turn. Usually, by the time it has fallen fifty feet or so, the heavy nose of the ship, falling fastest, is pointed toward the ground. At the same time the turning motion (because a plane almost never noses-over straight ahead into a smooth dive) starts the tail surfaces swinging around and around in a circle. This constitutes a "tail-spin"—the ship diving nose-down towards the earth in a spiral, turning around and

around as it does so. A small pursuit plane may whirl as rapidly as one complete turn a second. Larger ships spin more slowly. A "flat spin" occurs when the tail of a plane, because of defective design or faulty loading, is too heavy. Then the tail, falling almost as rapidly as the nose of the ship, swings around faster and faster until the whole plane is spinning in the air like the falling seed-pod of a maple tree, with the pilot jammed helplessly against the side of his cockpit.

Some ships are so designed that they will go into a spin readily, spin slowly, and come out easily. Some will not spin at all. The old De Haviland model that was used by the air-mail would spin readily; the Douglas would rarely spin. Most of the larger transports, tri-motors and such, will not spin.

In clear weather, with plenty of altitude, a good pilot can usually level out a falling plane, whether it is spinning or not, with ease and dispatch. But in an opaque fog it is not so simple.

Eddie Allen's Douglas, as it fell, started to spin. As had been the case the year before, he became panicky. But this time he was ready for it; his mind went on working.

"Ten thousand feet," he told himself. "That means about 3,000 above the ground at Laramie. I can fight the ship for 2,000 feet, and still have time for my parachute to open. If I'm not levelled off at 8,000, I'll jump."

That gave him nearly a quarter of a minute. Because of the air resistance, a modern plane rarely falls as fast as it can fly, 150 feet or so a second. He set all his controls at neutral. The plane levelled out. His turn indicator still showed a turn, so he stopped it. He felt elated. It was so easy! He wanted to laugh. Flying by compass, he pointed the ship north. That was not so easy; there were too many other instruments to watch. Presently, very cautiously, he started to climb. By the time he had climbed back a thousand feet he was pointing east. Another thousand and he was headed south. He couldn't do everything else and keep the plane on a compass course too. But what of it? He was climbing! At least to temporary safety. Holding himself rigid, he kept every movement cautious and controlled. Presently he came out once more on top of the storm. He could see the stars again. The altimeter showed 13,500 feet. He could go wherever he wanted!

Then he made what he now says was another mistake. Over-confident, because of having brought the plane safely up through the storm, he decided to go on east over the Sherman mountains and try for Cheyenne, instead of at once turning back toward the west, where there would be more chance of getting beyond the storm for a safe descent.

At Cheyenne, or at the place where he thought Cheyenne should be, he couldn't find anything. There was no sign of an opening in the storm. It was nine o'clock. He had left Cherokee at six, with gasoline enough to last, with care, six hours. It was half gone. He could fly for three hours more. He decided to keep on east and try for Sydney, Nebraska—or wherever he should reach the edge of the storm.

That was mistake Number Four. With three hours' gas, he still had more chance of getting west of the storm than east of it. Nearly all storms in that area move from west to east. The trouble was that flying west would be taking his load of mail in the wrong direction. Flying east he would be continually taking it nearer its destination. The fact influenced his judgment.

He flew east for an hour. The storm got worse. To clear it he had to climb to 15,000 feet, which was as high as he could go with the load of mail he was pulling. Finally he turned around. There seemed to be no use in going still farther east. For four hours, flying a mile and a half a minute through the night from Cherokee, he had seen no light except for that one astonishing glimpse of Laramie directly beneath

him. He would fly west until his gas gave out. If by that time he had not found a clear spot, he could jump and trust to his parachute, or take a chance on crashing with his plane.

As he turned, the storm rose still higher. A wisp of cloud swung towards him—higher than he could go. It coated the whole plane with ice. The additional weight dropped him down into the storm. He could no longer get above 14,000 feet—then 13,000—then 12,000. Again, as over Laramie, he was forced to fly completely blind. At 12,000 feet the ice melted about as fast as it formed, and the plane held its own. His air-speed indicator, however, refused to work. Funnel and tube were clogged with ice. He found himself flying blind, in an unstable plane, without his air-speed indicator. It seemed hopeless.

The word "unstable" requires explanation. A "stable" plane, or one with "automatic stability," is one that if the pilot lets go the controls will practically fly itself. An "unstable" plane has to be held level by the pilot. The reason all planes are not designed with automatic stability is that this quality sometimes makes them less manageable, so that they are harder to handle, and consequently more dangerous, in any emergency that requires quick banking or other change of direction.

They tell of a recent experience of one of the pilots on the Varney line, flying mail up into the Northwest. Caught almost blind (there was a little more light above than below, which helped) in a heavy snowstorm, he let his plane, which was comparatively stable, handle itself. Presently he felt a slight bump, unlike that of an air-pocket. Then another. His plane was bumping along on a level prairie, landing itself. He reached over and cut his switch. The plane stopped, and he waited until the storm blew past.

Equally uncanny is the case of the famous "Death Patrol" that many airmen heard of during the War. When a two-seater fighting plane landed in Belgium, neither pilot nor machine-gunner made a move to leave the cockpits. The first to reach the airplane found both men cold and rigid. They had been dead for hours. Both had been shot in a battle above the clouds, far to the south in France; the plane had flown on until the motor ran out of gas, then, as chance would have it, landed without cracking up on a flat field.

But Allen's Douglas plane lacked this automatic stability. Flying absolutely blind, without his air-speed indicator, he reverted to war-time practice and "flew by the bubble," watching a tiny level at the side of the cockpit to keep his plane even, fore and aft, and watching the small level on his instrument board to keep the wings level, right and left. Every motion that he made had to be slow, cautious, and slight. The strain was so great that he was unable to hold his compass course to the west. In spite of all he could do, the nose of his plane would gradually swing around until it was headed north, and—still with every motion held in strictest check—he had to fight it back each time until he was pointing west again.

For nearly two hours he flew that way. His nerves were at the breaking point. Then, with his gasoline nearly gone, he ran into a black area where there were no clouds below him. It was almost midnight. He had been continuously over cloud, or in cloud, for six hours. All that time he had been compelled to fly by compass or by the stars, by dead reckoning, by guesswork.

He dropped a parachute flare, and circled beneath it as it slowly descended. He didn't know whether he was over mountain or valley. The light showed him a rocky mountain-side, snow-covered, very rough, and unfamiliar.

"So I knew I was off my course," he said simply, in giving me the account.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that you'd recognize any patch of ground between Salt Lake City and Cheyenne, lit up at midnight by a flare?"

"Why, I think so," he answered.

"Of course, I don't know the country as well as some of the boys who've been flying over it longer, but I think I'd recognize anything on my route." And he went on to tell me some of the characteristics by which he could tell the country around Cheyenne, Sherman Hill, Medicine Bow, the Granddaddy range, the Wasatch mountains.

"And how far from your route do you think you'd be able to recognize a piece of hillside that way?"

"Oh, within maybe thirty miles. That's why, seeing this side of a mountain, I knew I was a good way off my course. The plane had kept heading around to the north on me, while I was flying blind, so I decided I was up around Laramie Peak, about forty miles north of my route."

I checked up on that point afterwards. The mountain-side undoubtedly *was* that of Laramie Peak, as Allen's later course showed. Also, I found men willing to lay odds that Jack Knight, for example, flying between Cheyenne and Omaha, after four or five hours above the clouds, would be able to recognize almost any fence-corner or flat farmland in all western Nebraska.

The flare went out. Allen decided to fly south until he got to his course or his gas gave out. He would keep under the storm. He would crash his plane if necessary—throwing one wing down to crumple and take the first shock—rather than risk losing contact with the ground again. He turned on one of his landing-lights and came on down, lower and lower. Presently he could see the ground. It had levelled out. He was not more than twenty-five or thirty feet above it. Snow started falling again, and he had to fly still lower. The light from his wing-tip made a fast-traveling spot on the ground, a little ahead of, and just below, the wing. Suddenly the spot ran over a dark object. It was a lone steer, and the light ran over it from tail to head, so Allen knew he was flying down-wind. The ground seemed to be covered with sagebrush. The spot of light traveled so fast he couldn't be sure.

Then, while he was flying hardly ten feet above the brush, one of his gas tanks went dry. He had tried to keep the gas in both wing-tanks about even. He switched to the other wing. Five minutes more and that went dry, too, and in the thick snow, before he could switch to the emergency tank, he nearly crashed.

With careful flying, he had eighteen minutes of gas left. A few minutes later he caught a point of light. Merely a flash, through the snow. He held his breath as he counted. Ten seconds, and it came again. It was one of the airway beacons! He could hardly believe his luck. He had seen no solitary light since that one glimpse of Laramie, nearly four hours before. Ten minutes later he was down on the emergency field at Medicine Bow with five minutes of gas left in his tank.

The old caretaker at the field didn't hear him land, in the blizzard that was roaring outside. As Eddie entered the warm little room he was answering the telephone.

"No," he was telling Cheyenne, where all the lights were still shining helplessly up into the storm, "haven't seen anything of him here. Guess he's a goner."

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Well, that about ends the account, leaving only the further interpretation, or final application, which in old parchment days was often called the Moral. As I see it, this lies in the significant part that skill and judgment and personality, the human element, play and must always play in flying. For those who expect to travel by air—as, sooner or later, most of us shall—that is very important. No safety device will, or ever can, take its place any more than, or as much as, has been the case with sailing ships, or railroads, or steamship lines. Roaring at high speed across the skies, in continual contest with cloud and storm as well as with the force of gravity, safety depends on the knowledge and observation and experience, on the intelligence and caution, of the seasoned pilot.

WHY IS MODERN YOUTH CYNICAL?

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

ANY person who visits the universities of the Western World is likely to be struck by the fact that the intelligent young of the present day are cynical to a far greater extent than was the case formerly. This is not true of Russia, India, China, or Japan. I believe it is not the case in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland, nor by any means universally in Germany; but it certainly is a notable characteristic of intelligent youth in England, France, and the United States. Joseph Wood Krutch, in his book *The Modern Temper*, finds a number of general reasons for this state of affairs. I think, however, that his inquiry derives its material too exclusively from English-speaking countries and, therefore, fails to utilize all the material required for a sound induction. To understand why youth is cynical in the West we must also understand why it is not cynical in the East.

Young men in Russia are not cynical because they accept, on the whole, the Communist philosophy, and they have a great country full of natural resources, ready to be exploited by the help of intelligence. The young have, therefore, a career before them which they feel to be worth while. You do not have to consider the ends of life when in the course of creating Utopia you are laying a pipe-line, building a railway, or teaching peasants to use Ford tractors simultaneously on a four-mile front. Consequently the Russian youth are happy, vigorous, and filled with ardent beliefs.

In India the fundamental belief of the earnest young is in the wickedness of England: from this premise, as from the existence of Descartes, it is possible to deduce a whole philosophy. From the fact that England is Christian, it follows that Hinduism or Mohammedanism, as the case may be, is the only true religion. From the fact that England is capitalistic and industrial, it follows, according to the temperament of the logician concerned, either that everybody ought to spin with a spinning wheel, or that protective duties ought to be imposed to develop native industrialism and capitalism as the only weapons with which to combat those of the British. From the fact that the British hold India by physical force, it follows that only moral force is admirable. The persecution of nationalist activities in India is just sufficient to make them heroic, and not sufficient to make them seem futile. In this way the Anglo-Indians save the intelligent youth of India from the blight of cynicism.

In China hatred of England also plays its part, but a much smaller part than in India because the English have never conquered the country. The Chinese youth combine patriotism with a genuine enthusiasm for occidentalism, in the kind of way that was common in Japan fifty years ago. They want the Chinese people to be enlightened, free, and prosperous; and they have their work cut out to produce this result. Their ideals are, on the whole, those of the 19th century, which in China have not yet begun to seem antiquated. Cynicism in China was associated with the officials of the Imperial regime and survived among the warring militarists who have distracted

the country since 1911, but it has no place in the mentality of the modern intellectuals.

In Japan the outlook of young intellectuals is not unlike that which prevailed on the Continent of Europe between 1815 and 1848. The watchwords of Liberalism are still potent: parliamentary government, liberty of the subject, free thought and free speech. The struggle for these against traditional feudalism and autocracy is quite sufficient to keep young men busy and enthusiastic.

To the sophisticated youth of the West all this ardor seems a trifle crude. He is firmly persuaded that, having studied everything impartially, he has seen through everything and found that there is "nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon." There are, of course, plenty of reasons for this in the teachings of the old. I do not think these reasons go to the root of the matter, for in other circumstances the young react against the teaching of the old and achieve a gospel of their own. If the occidental youth of the present day react only by cynicism, there must be some special reason for this circumstance. Not only are the young unable to believe what they are told, but they seem also unable to believe anything else. This is a peculiar state of affairs, which deserves investigation. Let us first take some of the old ideals one by one and see why they no longer inspire the old loyalties. We may enumerate among such ideals: religion, country, progress, beauty, truth. What is wrong with these in the eyes of the young?

II

Religion. The trouble here is partly intellectual, partly social. For intellectual reasons few able men have now the same intensity of religious belief as was possible for, say, St. Thomas Aquinas. The God of most moderns is a little vague, and apt to degenerate into a Life Force or a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Even believers are concerned much more with the effects of religion in this world than with that other world which they profess to believe in; they are not nearly so sure that this world was created for the glory of God as they are that God is a useful hypothesis for improving this world. By subordinating God to the needs of this sublunary life, they cast suspicion upon the genuineness of their faith. They seem to think that God, like the Sabbath, was made for man. There are also sociological reasons for not accepting the churches as the basis of a modern idealism. The churches, through their endowments, have become bound up with the defense of property. Moreover, they are connected with an oppressive ethic, which condemns many pleasures that to the young appear harmless and inflicts many torments that to the skeptical appear unnecessarily cruel. I have known earnest young men who accepted whole-heartedly the teaching of Christ; they found themselves in opposition to official Christianity, outcasts and victims of persecution, quite as much as if they had been militant atheists.

Country. Patriotism has been in many times and places a passionate belief to which the best minds could give full assent. It was so in England in the time of Shakespeare, in Germany in the time of Fichte, in Italy in the time of Mazzini. It is so still in Poland, China, and Outer Mongolia. In the Western nations it is still immensely powerful: it controls politics, public expenditure, military preparations, and so on. But the intelligent youth are unable to accept it as an adequate ideal; they perceive that it is all very well for oppressed nations, but that as soon as an oppressed nation achieves its freedom, the nationalism which was formerly heroic becomes oppressive. The Poles, who had the sympathy of idealists ever since Maria Teresa "wept but took," have used their freedom to organize pogroms. The Irish, upon whom the

British had inflicted civilization for eight hundred years, have used their freedom to pass laws preventing the publication of any good books. The spectacle of the Poles murdering Jews and the Irish murdering literature makes nationalism seem a somewhat inadequate ideal even for a small nation. But when it comes to a powerful nation, the argument is even stronger. The Treaty of Versailles was not very encouraging to those who had had the luck not to be killed in defending the ideals which their rulers betrayed. Those who during the War averred that they were combating militarism became at its conclusion the leading militarists in their respective countries. Such facts have made it obvious to all intelligent young men that patriotism is the chief curse of our age and will bring civilization to an end if it cannot be mitigated.

Progress. This is a 19th-century ideal which has too much Babbitt about it for the sophisticated youth. Measurable progress is necessarily in unimportant things, such as the number of motor cars made, or the number of peanuts consumed. The really important things are not measurable and are, therefore, not suitable for the methods of the booster. Moreover, many modern inventions tend to make people silly. I might instance the radio, the talkies, and poison gas. Shakespeare measured the excellence of an age by its style in poetry (see Sonnet XXXII), but this mode of measurement is out of date.

Beauty. There is something that sounds old-fashioned about beauty, though it is hard to say why. A modern painter would be indignant if he were accused of seeking beauty. Most artists nowadays appear to be inspired by some kind of rage against the world, so that they wish rather to give significant pain than to afford serene satisfaction. Moreover, many kinds of beauty, as Mr. Krutch has pointed out, require that a man should take himself more seriously than is possible for an intelligent modern. A prominent citizen of a small city state, such as Athens or Florence, could without difficulty feel himself important. The earth was the center of the universe, man was the purpose of creation, his own city showed man at his best, and he himself was among the best in his own city. In such circumstances Æschylus or Dante could take his own joys or sorrows seriously. He could feel that the emotions of the individual matter, and that tragic occurrences deserve to be celebrated in immortal verse. But the modern man, when misfortune assails him, is conscious of himself as a unit in a statistical total; the past and the future stretch before him in a dreary procession of trivial defeats. Man himself appears as a somewhat ridiculous strutting animal, shouting and fussing during a brief interlude between infinite silences. Is man "no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal?" says King Lear, and the idea drives him to madness because it is unfamiliar. But to the modern man the idea is familiar and drives him only to triviality.

Truth. In old days truth was absolute, eternal, and superhuman. Myself when young accepted this view and devoted a misspent youth to the search for truth. But a whole host of enemies have arisen to slay truth: pragmatism, behaviorism, psychologism, relativity-physics. Galileo and the Inquisition disagreed as to whether the earth went round the sun or the sun went round the earth. Both agreed in thinking that there was a great difference between these two opinions. The point on which they agreed was the one on which they were both mistaken: the difference is only one of words. In old days it was possible to worship truth; indeed, the sincerity of the worship was demonstrated by the practice of human sacrifice. But it is difficult to worship a merely human and relative truth. The law of gravitation, according to Eddington, is only a convenient convention of measurement. It is not truer than

other views, any more than the metric system is truer than feet and yards.

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night
> God said "Let Newton be" and measurement was facilitated.

This sentiment seems lacking in sublimity. When Spinoza believed anything, he considered that he was enjoying the intellectual love of God. The modern man believes either with Marx that he is swayed by economic motives, or with Freud that some sexual motive underlies his belief in the exponential theorem or the distribution of fauna in the Red Sea. In neither case can he enjoy Spinoza's exaltation.

III

So far we have been considering modern cynicism in a rationalistic manner, as something that has intellectual causes. Belief, however, as modern psychologists are never weary of telling us, is seldom determined by rational motives, and the same is true of disbelief, though skeptics often overlook this fact. The causes of any widespread skepticism are likely to be sociological rather than intellectual. The main cause always is comfort without power. The holders of power are not cynical, since they are able to enforce their ideals. Victims of oppression are not cynical, since they are filled with hate; and hate, like any other strong passion, brings with it a train of attendant beliefs. Until the advent of education, democracy, and mass production, intellectuals had everywhere a considerable influence upon the march of affairs, which was by no means diminished if their heads were cut off. The modern intellectual finds himself in a quite different situation. It is by no means difficult for him to obtain a fat job and a good income provided he is willing to sell his services to the stupid rich, either as propagandist or as court jester. The effect of mass production and elementary education is that stupidity is more firmly entrenched than at any other time since the rise of civilization. When the Tzarist Government killed Lenin's brother, it did not turn him into a cynic, since hatred inspired a lifelong activity in which he was finally successful. But in the more solid countries of the West there is seldom such potent cause for hatred, or such opportunity for spectacular revenge. The work of the intellectuals is ordered and paid for by governments or rich men whose aims probably seem absurd, if not pernicious, to the intellectuals concerned. But a dash of cynicim enables them to adjust their consciences to the situation. There are, it is true, some activities in which wholly admirable work is desired by the powers that be; the chief of these is science, and the next is public architecture in America. But if a man's education has been literary, as is still too often the case, he finds himself at the age of twenty-two with a considerable skill that he cannot exercise in any manner that appears important to himself. Men of science are not cynical even in the West, because they can exercise their best brains with the full approval of the community; but in this they are exceptionally fortunate among modern intellectuals.

If this diagnosis is right, modern cynicism cannot be cured merely by preaching, or by putting better ideals before the young than those that their pastors and masters fish out from the rusty armory of outworn superstitions. The cure will come only when intellectuals can find a career that embodies their creative impulses. I do not see any prescription except the old one advocated by Disraeli: "Educate our masters." But it will have to be a more real education than is commonly given at the present day to either proletarians or plutocrats, and it will have to be an education taking some account of real cultural values and not only of the utilitarian desire to produce so many goods that nobody has time to enjoy them. A man is not allowed to practice medicine unless he knows something of

the human body; but a financier is allowed to operate freely without any knowledge at all of the multifarious effects of his activities, with the sole exception of the effect upon his bank account. How pleasant a world would be in which no man was allowed to operate on the Stock Exchange unless he could pass an examination in economics and Greek poetry, and in which politicians were obliged to have a competent knowledge of history and modern novels. Imagine a magnate confronted with the question: "If you were to make a corner in wheat, what effect would this have upon German poetry?" Causation in the modern world is more complex and remote in its ramifications than it ever was before, owing to the increase of large organizations, but those who control these organizations are ignorant men who do not know the hundredth part of the consequences of their actions. Rabelais published his book anonymously for fear of losing his university post. A modern Rabelais would never write the book, because he would be aware that his anonymity would be penetrated by the perfected methods of publicity. The rulers of the world have always been stupid, but have not in the past been so powerful as they are now. It is, therefore, more important than it used to be to find some way of securing that they shall be intelligent. Is this problem insoluble? I do not think so, but I should be the last to maintain that it is easy.

RHAPSODY IN MAUVE

A STORY

BY LETITIA PRESTON RANDALL

SUNDAY morning was just like any other morning to Marian Johnson, with the exception that it did not include shopping in town. She lay on the davenport in the living room reading *Safari* and dreaming of some tall and ardent man with whom she would some day go to Africa and lead such an adventurous life. Not that she wanted to shoot wild animals, or even photograph them; but a man who could do all those things would be a wonderful companion, and she would look very stunning in clothes appropriate for the jungle. But Marian resolved never to stay for two years, as the other Mrs. Johnson had. Two years was such a long time to be away from New York, and besides a permanent wave lasted only six months.

No man like Martin Johnson had ever come into her life. Only Fred. But some day a man like that would come, and then Fred would just have to suffer. "You can't fight a thing like that," she thought.

Marian held out her slender white arms and tried her lovely hands in various poses. Beautiful, beautiful arms and hands. For that matter, quite unusually beautiful shoulders. Marian regarded the slim length of leg sheathed in clinging flesh-colored underwear and sheer stockings. It was almost overwhelming to realize that she possessed so much physical beauty. It seemed too bad that it should be wasted on one man.

Marian had never been noble enough, or sufficiently bad, to give herself entirely to any other man, but she had scorched herself beautifully any number of times and was al vays involved in the delightful intricacy of a secret love affair. There was always one man madly in love with her, and frequently several. It was Fred's fault, however, Marian justified herself. She knew that he had several times been seriously interested in other women. Marian always knew when, and it was only during these times that she showed any interest in him. While she did not care for Fred with any degree of passion, she did not want any other woman to have him. It was never difficult for Marian to win Fred back, and it was rather nice to feel that she had this power.

Fred had grown old-looking and fat and yet he was only a few years older than Marian. But Marian felt that she had not changed. She was forty-three, but admitted only thirty-seven. Six years meant very little to her. As a matter of fact, Fred didn't even know Marian's age. He had once, but she had lied about it so long that he had forgotten. It was now a secret that lay between Marian and God, and Marian was often sorry that even God knew.

How on earth she had ever thought Fred Johnson fascinating—and she had thought so once—she couldn't understand. Now his name annoyed her as much as other things. Mrs. Fred Johnson. It was so terribly commonplace. It was a name that did not look well on a visiting card or in the society columns of the local paper. Mrs. Fred-

erick Walter Johnson. That was very little better. If the Johnson only had a *t* in it. Mrs. Frederick Walter Johnston. At once it was lifted out of mediocrity and became almost distinguished. How the little things counted in life. It was like drawing all the various quiet colors in a room together with a jade-green vase or a vivid bit of tapestry. Think of a simple little letter of the alphabet making all that difference.

Marian knew by heart all the maxims of interior decorating. She knew the different periods and had other ways of telling a Sheraton table than by the legs. It was most amazing. She created rages in Curtis Manor Hills, the suburb in which she lived. It was Marian who laughed at ash trays fastened to the arms of chairs; and in a day a number of them disappeared from otherwise comfortable homes. It was Marian who flung a mandarin coat in careful disorder across the back of her davenport and caused an unprecedented run on the local gift shop for them. Hers was a luminous blue and made an admirable foil for her dark beauty as she lay there on the davenport.

She knew, for she had studied interior decorating, that pictures should be hung on a level with your eyes when standing. She knew the distance small pictures should be from larger ones, and how many inches the pictures should be from tables and tables from chairs. She knew where to put vases, and why. Indeed, there was very little that Marian did not know about interior decorating, and few things in life that she could not measure to see if they belonged where they were.

She had long ago learned all there was to know about Fred, and now he seemed an incredibly dull man, boring her to the point of distraction. That was why she became interested in other men, she thought. There had been a time when she had wanted to know Fred's every thought. If he were a long time silent she would ask, "What you thinking about?"

Surprised, Fred would say, "Nothing, dear."

"But it must have been something."

"Truly, it was nothing."

Marian's curiosity was piqued by the fact that Fred was quite evidently embarrassed. Her desire grew. It was now necessary for her to know what it was he was thinking about, and so she nagged him into telling, pouting and sitting on his lap until this was accomplished.

"I was just wishing that I looked distinguished in a dinner coat."

There was something terrible about his chagrin, and how he hoped she would say, "And you *do*, Fred. Nicer than any man I know. You're awfully distinguished looking."

But Marian only laughed. She got up from Fred's lap and went back to her own chair, satisfied now, triumphant.

Yes, she knew all there was to know about Fred, she thought. Other women might find him interesting, but she did not. Was it possible that there was an electric spark between Fred and other women, a bright something which was suddenly struck into being at the first meeting? Marian had so often felt this herself with other men; but on looking at Fred, she doubted if he ever possessed that divine something able to call forth the answering spark. To her he was only a fat man whose stomach rumbled and who told his dreams.

She realized that he could play no real part in her life. He had never told her that her eyes were oriental, that she was all mystery and stillness and passion. But Dick Fulton had.

Marian was so accustomed to adulation that it was some time before she became aware of the depth of Dick's feeling for her. It was not a surprise, as no man's adoration was ever a surprise to her. It was the night she came back from the club dance in Dick's roadster, while Mollie rode with Fred, that things reached a decided climax. This friendly exchange of husbands and wives was one

of their little jokes. Each man thought his own wife above suspicion but his neighbor's willing. Each woman hoped her husband was, but doubted it.

Dick closed the door of the car, after he had put Marian in, and when he touched the wheel his hand was trembling in a most adolescent manner. He leaned towards Marian.

"Marian—you're so beautiful."

One by one the other cars honked away, veering from one side of the road to the other in degrees controlled by the amount of cocktails the drivers had drunk.

Marian was in green with copper beads, waist long. She had on her long topaz earrings. She was like an Egyptian goddess. Marian thought so too.

They were the last ones to leave the club grounds. The attendants were closing windows and sweeping up broken glass. Dick put his hand over Marian's. He was startled by its coolness, and the topaz in her ring was sharp and as cold as ice. His own hand was moist. A shudder ran through him, but Marian was unmoved. Dick was just like all men, a little awkward at first.

"You're the sort of woman who was born to be loved. You're like a princess—"

Marian stirred. This was more like it.

Dick found his arms had stopped trembling now and he put them about her, strongly. His lips were on hers. Marian's arms went about his neck. Her eyes were no longer remote and cool, but burning brightly. She was sorry she had worn her long beads and hoped they would not break in the car. She must remember not to wear them again until this affair with Dick was over.

The next morning Dick sent her tall red roses. Fred always sent pink, when he sent any, which he so rarely did now. Dick wrote on the card, "These are for you. These are you."

At dinner Fred said, "Bless my soul, old girl, you had to buy yourself some roses again. I should send them oftener. Why don't you remind me?"

Poor old Fred was so dumb and he had no soul, thought Marian.

That morning she had buried her face in the fragrance of the roses and was young again. She looked in her mirror and decided that she was rather like a slender red rose. Last time Morton Davis had sent her orchids he said she was like one. "My rare girl" he called her. Marian regarded herself carefully. No, a red rose was more appropriate.

But Marian was soon bored with Dick. All men were exactly alike, she found, except for the color of their hair and eyes. She found that after a short time they were all more interested in her body than in the rareness of her personality. Of course she could not blame them, but it was so untidy and dangerous and required constant care to keep things on a safe basis. She enjoyed watching men desire her, but she could never give herself. She was too fastidious, and far too wise.

But Marian juggled men very successfully. She always sent them away feeling they had known one good woman at least. Now she must get rid of Dick. The last time she had been with him alone he had been positively barbaric.

"Dick, dearest," she said, being very tense and worried, "this can't go on. We love each other too much."

"I know," Dick said forlornly. "It's too wonderful to last."

"There's Mollie—and Fred. We must think of them."

"Marian, you're so good."

Marian said, "Hold me close, Dick, and say good-by. I'll never forget you—never—never. I've never known any man like you, Dick."

"Marian—Marian—you're so wonderful."

There was real anguish in his voice, but in Marian's there was only a great relief.

That was the way she liked to have them go. That was the way they usually went. There had been one exception when Tom Craig told her that she

was worse than any streetwalker to lead men on and then give them worse than nothing. "You're what I call a bad woman," he had said, and it had been dreadful. She was glad when Tom's business had taken him to another city. But usually they left feeling that Marian was a good woman. They remembered her for a long time afterwards.

Marian lay there on the davenport thinking about Dick and missing him. She never held men until they grew tired. It was far better to miss them. She wondered what man would now enter her life to fill in those endless, uninteresting days until the day when she would have her big moment. Some day she would meet a man who would carry her away to Africa, who would carry her away whether she wanted to go or not. But she would want to go. Marian knew that.

Soon Fred would come back from church and into the living room and be cheerful and affectionate. Jolly and fat. How Marian detested jolly, fat men. She liked lean men with compelling eyes, dark and adoring. She hoped she wouldn't have to spend all Sunday afternoon with him. Perhaps she could get up a game of contract. Marian was an exceptionally good player. She had an actual contempt for women who played bridge badly. She reasoned that that was something anyone could learn and when a woman didn't want to it was just sheer laziness and that's all. It was certainly a great social asset. Even money didn't count in their little suburb when you could play a good game of bridge. It was a great deal more important than having a detached house or a foreign car or being in the New York social register.

Bridge made Marian think of her nails and she glanced at them appraisingly. She buffed them on her bare arm. Nice nails. A little too pointed and pink, but men liked them that way. "Rose petals" one man had called them. That settled it as far as Marian was concerned. Other styles might come and go, but Marian would always have pointed nails, provocatively pink.

She heard Fred come in the front door and knew that he would, as always, knock against the hall table and say "Excuse me, sir." It was one of his jokes, and she knew that he always expected to hear her laugh, and of course she never did.

"Well, lady bug," Fred said, as he leaned over to kiss her. "How are you and all the family?"

Fred had such silly names for her and said such stupid things. She couldn't begin to remember how many times he had said just that. "How are you and all the family?" or "How are you and the children, ma'am?" He was forever talking about children anyway, but Marian had never wanted any. It was inconceivable that life should go on and on and on—with Fred.

"Darn good sermon this morning," Fred said conversationally, but Marian made no response. He went on, hopefully. "That man Elton is all right. I like him. You might ask him in for dinner some evening. You know—entertain the preacher idea. How about it?"

"Fred, how can you be so ridiculous?"

Fred turned to go upstairs.

"Well, it was just a suggestion, Mrs. Johnson. He's a regular guy and they say he's a knockout with the ladies."

A minister? There was something interesting about the idea.

"All right then, ask him," Marian said, hoping her voice showed the right amount of annoyed acquiescence.

In her varied career Marian had never come in close contact with a minister. Years ago, yes, but ministers, like figures, had changed since then. At least Marian hoped so. It would be dreadful if something gaunt and spiritual turned up. Still, Fred had said he was a knockout with the ladies.

Fred took it as a matter of course. One would have thought having the minister to dinner was a frequent occurrence. "I'll call him up to-day,"

he said. "Would Tuesday be all right for you?"

At first Tuesday had seemed too soon to get in the right frame of mind or to plan just the right setting; but afterwards Marian could hardly wait. She wished, violently, that she had said Monday. It seemed impossible to wait so long for an adventure promising something different from any other she had ever had. Marian knew enough about ministers and frustrations to know that, properly directed, such an affair would be tremendously interesting. Furthermore, a minister wouldn't tell anything. It made things so safe. It never entered Marian's head to invite him for any purpose other than that of conquest. She could never think of men impersonally; they were creatures to awaken, and she was never happy unless she had completely captivated them.

Monday morning she arranged the living room. She put all the substantial books she could find on the tables and took from the bookshelves all those she liked best. The minister must not think her shallow. Marian had bought a good many sets of books to fill up her shelves and in bindings to match her rugs and draperies. They made a most imposing showing. It was too bad she had had to put away that limp-leather edition of Kipling. Books about the jungle might awaken his primitive instincts. Still, even to help matters along, Marian could not have red books in a room with a copper rug. It was too jarring on her nerves. She was glad she had all of Conrad in that lovely deep-sea blue. It made quite a nice pool of color in an otherwise gloomy corner. Candles everywhere, she thought. There was something mysterious and stirring about candles. Other people might find their dim glow peaceful but it exhilarated Marian. It awakened her soul, she often said.

Now Marian's every thought centered about Tuesday evening. Once some remnant of her youthful regard for ministers and for the church made her pause and wonder why she would deliberately plan this affair.

"Am I bad?" she wondered, but she concluded that she was not. "No, I'm not like other women. I'm full of life and the love of adventure. I have the right to express myself. I'm like Cleopatra, like Sarah Bernhardt and Isadora Duncan, like the great lovers of all ages. It was born in me. I simply can't fight a great force like that. Women like me fire men to action."

Then she began to think about Fred and, bitterly, that her marriage to him had been a gigantic mistake. Perhaps Doctor Elton would be her fate. Perhaps they would go together to the jungle. He would be a missionary and she his inspiration. But before she got off the boat, where she had been the only woman and the center of an adoring group of young scientists and writers, Annie clumsily interrupted her to find out the menu for dinner.

Marian planned a hearty dinner, for all men, however spiritual, liked to eat and ministers were always poorly fed. Her dinners were always built around what men liked. She never had food with a low-caloric value to please her women guests. Marian preferred to have frank compliments from well-fed men. Hearty, roast-beef-rare compliments.

"Gosh, Marian, you certainly know how to feed people. I haven't had such a dinner in years."

It was a great satisfaction to Marian to know that when she invited men to dinner they wanted to come. "You bet your life!" When she and Fred were alone she had dainty salads and things that appealed to her æsthetic sense and kept her without an ounce too much flesh. Fred never complained no matter what she had.

So Marian planned bean soup and steak for Doctor Elton, and other substantial foods. For dessert she would have something chocolate. All men liked chocolate. It was a safe dessert to have.

That evening Marian wore white. All white was so virginal. In the dining room she would throw a scarlet scarf about her shoulders. The virgin and the flame, or something like that, she thought. But when she first greeted Doctor Elton she would be all in white and would try to be coming down the stairs as he entered the door. She would wear pearls and no rings.

In the living room she would not be able to use her flame-colored scarf because of the rug. That copper rug had been a dreadful mistake. It kept Marian from wearing red in her own home, and red was such an exciting color.

But there in the candle light in her chaste dress she would make a lovely picture.

"No cocktails Tuesday, Fred," Marian said just before dinner was announced on Monday evening.

"Well I should hope not! What do you think I am?" Fred was indignant. "Besides, I don't think we should have cocktails every night before dinner anyway."

"I don't either," Marian agreed. She wanted to get in the proper mood for Tuesday. Immediately, though, she wished she hadn't said that. "It must have been my Better Self," she thought. She wanted a drink desperately.

Doctor Elton was tall and dark, and when he spoke his voice was low and vibrant. Marian kept thinking, "What a pity. What a pity!" It seemed such a dreadful waste of physical perfection. Most any man could be a minister. Ministers could be anæmic or bow-legged and still have beautiful souls. It was simply unbelievable that anyone as good-looking as Doctor Elton should be one. Marian decided that he should have been a doctor. She wondered if he were too old to begin the study.

Fred was most affable and tried to tell incidents of his boyhood. When Fred had been to church or felt spiritually uplifted for any reason he always became reminiscent. Sometimes cocktails affected him the same way.

"Well, Doctor Elton, that reminds me of the time I wore my first derby to church. It had a green lining and when the boys saw that they . . ."

But Marian interrupted.

"Tell me, Doctor Elton," she said. "Do you find the world growing worse?"

Doctor Elton met this hardy perennial as if it had been a rare and beautiful thought. He had never seen anyone so lovely as Mrs. Johnson. She was like some exotic flower.

"Frankly, I don't," he said. "I feel that all this flare-up will pass away and the next generation will revert to our old standards. I have great faith in the human race."

"Things do change. I remember when I was a boy a girl who smoked cigarettes was considered . . ."

But Fred was ignored.

"I think you are right," Marian agreed, and she said it in such a way that Doctor Elton was in a warm glow. "It is such a relief to talk to someone who knows. I get so bored with this inane life we lead here in Curtis Manor Hills. I often long for some difficult work to do, something that would take me out of myself."

Fred said, "I feel like that, too. I'll tell you people an interesting experience I had once. My mother . . ." But no one heard him, and his voice drifted into silence.

Marian went on, "You know I often wonder what sort of minister's wife I should have made"; but, really, until that moment, such a thought had never entered her head.

"Wonderful! Wonderful! You'd be an ideal helpmate," said Doctor Elton, and meant it.

His own wife, now in the hospital with the fourth little Elton, whom he had not mentioned or even thought of until that moment, did not have such provocative curves as Mrs. Johnson. She did not have such smooth white shoulders or slender white hands that were tipped with little flames. His wife was stringy and had liver spots, and she sniffled when she ate soup.

With a wife like this glorious creature before him he could do wonders. Already she was a new inspiration. Already she had awakened in him thoughts and ambitions he had not had for years.

Later, in the living room in the mellow light, they sat on the davenport and talked. Fred made several attempts to enter the conversation, but Marian paid no attention to him, and Doctor Elton only smiled in an indulgent, pastoral way. Finally he started tinkering with the radio. Under cover of the music, "An Hour of Old-Fashioned Gems," Marian's conversation grew more personal. Fred's foot was tapping the floor in time to "Listen to the Mocking Bird." He wanted to tell them that the first girl he ever had used to play that with variations, but he knew they wouldn't care.

Marian said, "I'd love to see you often, Doctor Elton. You know I have no one to talk to. I'm not a woman who gives her confidence to everyone, but I know you would understand the real me. I need someone to help me. I . . ." Her voice broke helplessly.

For the briefest part of a second Doctor Elton put his hand over hers lying there so near, so very near his own.

"There, there," he said, "we will help each other, for I feel that you understand me, too." His voice was growing slightly hoarse.

Perhaps everything would have been all right if Marguerite Kelvin hadn't told her about her brother who was a writer. "You must meet him, Marian. He's really wonderful. He's spent two years in the South Sea Islands among the natives, and his book is all about them."

That started Marian thinking, and the way Doctor Elton ate olives decided the matter. It had been such a strain living up to his expectations. She wanted to smoke, to have cocktails instead of tea when he came in the afternoons, but he thought her so different from other women. She had never even dared to kiss him. It was all most exhausting.

Really, that night at dinner when she noticed him eating olives in such a depraved way she was quite relieved. It gave her a definite reason for breaking away. They were particularly large olives, and he ate them as if they had been apples. When he had nibbled the last bite possible, and of this he made quite sure, he put the seed in his mouth and it rattled against his teeth.

Who, thought Marian, could love a man who eats olives that way?

The next time they were alone in the afternoon she said, "You know, I am growing so desperately fond of you that I can't see you again."

Doctor Elton half rose from his chair. "No! No!" He was genuinely grieved at her decision. His whole attitude towards life had been different since he had met Mrs. Johnson. Not only were his sermons more inspiring, but he himself had felt uplifted.

Marian patted the place beside her on the davenport. "Come," she said, and Doctor Elton came, though his knees were trembling.

"I wonder if you *know* how much you have begun to mean in my life?" Marian said, convincing herself that she was now being noble.

Doctor Elton cleared his throat. He wanted desperately to speak, but no words came.

Marian went on, "Once in a woman's life she is privileged to meet a man like you. But we have met too late. I am married and you are married, and this cannot go on. I love you too much."

"You are noble—noble," said Doctor Elton. It was at this point in the conversation that men always said something like this.

"Kiss me before you go, and pray for me," Marian said.

Doctor Elton drew her towards him, and his lips met hers, lingered there, and kissed her as ardently as twenty years of suppression would permit. His kiss,

thought Marian, was exactly like the way he ate olives.

It was best this way. After all, ministers were too narrow. One must live broadly. A writer would understand her better. A writer must know all emotions, and someone like Marguerite's brother who had lived in the South Seas would understand her warm nature and would not censure her. She would inspire his greatest novel. Of course Fred would miss her. He would probably go into a decline and die of grief, but in love one must be ruthless.

She stirred in Doctor Elton's ecclesiastical arms, and he ceased nibbling at her lips.

"You must go, my very dear," she said, and was happy that she had remembered to say something so exquisitely poetic.

He stumbled down the three steps to the street and went back to his wife with the liver spots, to his four children, and jello desserts.

He had known one really noble woman.

Marian watched him go. "He has made me a better woman," she said to herself.

When he was out of sight she went to the telephone. There was still time to have Marguerite and her brother over for cocktails. She inhaled a cigarette. Now she felt free.

At the telephone she waited for Marguerite to answer.

The South Sea Islands. It was a barbaric and beautiful place. Warm, exotic nights . . . What a pity she was not a blonde. She would be so utterly distinctive amid so much dark beauty. But, in comparison to the natives, her skin would be quite white and alluring.

Marguerite could come. Her brother was terribly bored, she said.

Marian went upstairs to change to a red dress. Red was savage and stimulating. They could have the cocktails in the sun room.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

THE causes of the recent sudden blaze of indignation against religious persecution in Russia are difficult to ascertain. For there is nothing fundamentally new in the Russian government's present attitude or recent acts affecting religion. The separation of church from state, the secularization of education, the confiscation of religious buildings, the arrest of priests and rabbis, the dissemination of atheistic propaganda are as old as the Revolution itself.

Perhaps it was the recent laws denying juridical rights to religious associations, and the establishment of the five-day week, imposing serious obstacles to the observance of Sundays and holy days, which impelled Pope Pius XI to declare, as he called for the protest of the entire Christian world: "We are deeply moved as the horrible and sacrilegious wickedness against God and the Russian people is repeated in a more aggravated way each day." Perhaps, as the *New York Times* correspondent suggests, the apparent success of the Russian industrialization and collectivization plans, with their challenge and threat to Western agriculture and industry, have tended to create that atmosphere of apprehension in which protests easily arise. Be that as it may, it is important to bear in mind that no major change in Soviet policy toward religion was responsible for the recent outburst of feeling throughout the Western world. What are the facts with regard to this policy, and what is the real status of religion in Russia?

The Russian people may worship as they choose. The famous decree of January 23rd, 1918, safeguarding the observance of religious customs, is still the law of the land. The writer participated recently in Christian, Moslem, and Jewish religious services in the cities of Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkov, Kiev, and Odessa, as well as in villages and towns in the South of Russia.

It is true that churches, synagogues, and mosques have been converted to secular uses. But always a sufficient number of these religious institutions have been left open to accommodate all who wish to worship. A government official, speaking of the large Kiev church which was being made over into a club theater, said that the diminishing membership of the church, unable to bear any longer the heavy burden of upkeep, had requested it. The government had granted the request, he said, on these established principles:

(1) The building was needed for other purposes.

(2) The attendance at its religious services was decreasing.

(3) There were more than enough churches for all who cared to pray.

Before the Revolution Russia was heavily "over-churched." The fact that some 3,500 religious institutions out of a total of 50,000 have been converted is not in itself serious enough to justify the charge of religious persecution, nor is it the crux of the religious difficulty.

The serious problem in Russia is not the closing of the churches, but the fact that they are empty. On a Sunday morning so few people attend the religious services in the great Moscow cathedral, once the center of Tzardom's

pomp and glory, that they meet not in the main auditorium, but in a small room adjoining the balcony. Sabbath after Sabbath this writer worshipped in Jewish synagogues, and found but a handful of sad, old men. We are witnessing the collapse of formal religion in Russia.

Why? The Communists have devised the most devastating attack. They are too shrewd to deny the right to worship; for they know that such persecution would only serve to strengthen and intensify the devotion of the faithful. They have been destroying the future of religion in Russia by forbidding the formal religious instruction of children before the age of eighteen. Not only is it illegal to guide children intelligently into the religious experience, but the government, which controls all the agencies of education and propaganda, uses them to make the children anti-religious. The curriculum of every school, elementary and advanced, provides for the teaching of atheism. From their earliest years children are told that participating in a religious service is an act of treachery to the Revolution. The press, the radio, the cinema, the theater, the bulletin board, are all utilized to warn young people that religion is a delusion and God a cosmic scarecrow, set up by rulers and bourgeoisie to frighten the masses into subjection. Membership in the Communist party, the ambition of all young school children, is denied to those who profess any religious affiliation.

The Society of the Godless, approved and partially supported by the government, is using every means to turn the Russians from their religion. Although religion may not receive a hearing in the schools, this Society, organized to propagate unbelief, is permitted to send lecturers to the children, to set up its posters in the class rooms, and to distribute its printed propaganda. One day a meeting of young people was held in Minsk to celebrate the anniversary of the liberation of White Russia from Polish dominion. Toward the close of the program an official of the Atheist Society rose and proposed that the meeting record its approval of the activities of the Society, and avow its opposition to religion. Without a dissenting voice or vote, the resolution was passed.

Consequently, very few young people take advantage of the opportunity of religious instruction when they reach the age of eighteen. Of the hundreds of young men and women whom this writer met, not one had availed himself of the privilege. In fact, the youth are, if possible, even fiercer enemies of the old religions than the present Communist leaders. It is they who publicly mock all religious observances; it is they who have demanded most insistently the conversion of religious buildings into clubs, and who have persecuted relentlessly religious leaders and employees.

Priests, rabbis, beadles, and all who derive their income from religious institutions are denied the privileges of citizenship. Higher rents are demanded of them than is demanded of workers, and in the crowded cities they are frequently evicted from their dwellings. Their children are discriminated against in the schools and when in search of employment. The elderly beadle of the large Choral synagogue in Moscow tearfully related that his children were begging him to resign from his post and to take up "useful work." One of them had been denied admittance to the University, and the other could not secure employment, because their father was a "parasite."

The government controls the presses, and while it permits the Society of the Godless to flood the country with its clever atheistic propaganda, it strictly forbids the publication of any literature, religious or secular, which is opposed not only to the practical aims but to the materialistic philosophy of the Revolution. Before publication, all religious writings must receive the approval of a hostile censorship. So there is very little religious literature, and most of it is of poor quality. Most pre-revolution-

ary religious books have been removed from the libraries, or have been made inaccessible. Until 1926 permission was not granted for the reprinting of the Bible. In that year, with government consent, a m[illegible]venty-five thousand (fewer, one is told, than the number used for cigarette papers in the city of Moscow alone) were printed from plates furnished by the American Bible Society.

The increasingly apparent result of this shrewd, concentrated attack is the utter collapse of religion in Russia. Any careful observer of Russian youth knows that the children are lost to formal religion. The fact that in 1929 alone, 1,370 churches were closed, as compared with a total of 2,000 during the eleven preceding years, is a portent of the future. It is true that some of the liberal sects, like the Baptists, the Evangelicans, the Tolstoians, have recently increased their memberships. But one must keep in mind not only that these new members have been recruited chiefly from among middle-aged peasants in the rural districts, where new ideas penetrate slowly, but that for every member they gain, at least ten are lost to the orthodox church, and that each year witnesses the conversion of millions of potential Christians, Moslems, and Jews to atheistic, materialistic Communism. Within thirty years, save as there may be some violent change in the government's policy, formal religion, this writer predicts, will be dead in Russia.

Two famous shrines recently were destroyed in Moscow. In the circumstances attendant on their destruction, were to be found symbol and proof of the passing of religion in Russia. From a window in the Grand Hotel, one could see the handsome church built by Alexander I to commemorate a military victory. Its roof was green; its onion-shaped domes were gold. Alexander had deliberately erected the building in such a way that it projected into the street. All who wished to pass it by, either on the sidewalk or on the street, were obliged to walk or drive around it. The Moscow Soviet now maintained that the church impeded traffic, and was responsible for several accidents. So it happened that on a Sunday morning, as though in deliberate defiance of the religious tradition, when the church bells were calling the faithful to worship, workmen could be seen in the domes and on the roof of the church, tearing it down. The church was in the way! Down went the church!

The lovely chapel of the Iberian Virgin had stood at the entrance of the Red Square since 1669. In this little shrine with its dark-blue star-spangled roof, Ivan the Terrible begged heaven's forgiveness after murdering his son. Here, too, Alexander I prayed for divine help when the armies of Napoleon were approaching Moscow. No Tzar has ever visited the Kremlin without first making his devotions in the chapel of the Iberian Virgin. But the chapel, alas, had become a nuisance, "the haunt of unclean beggars." Standing between the two narrow arched gateways of the Iverski entrance to the Red Square, it seems to have obstructed the swift passage of traffic. Early one cool summer's morning the chapel was demolished. Twenty years ago this would have shaken Moscow to its foundations. In July, 1929, the police were compelled to lead away only an old peasant woman, who crossed herself and shrieked. The past was dead! Let it be buried!

II

The bitter antagonism of the Communists to religion is responsible for this situation. The history of the Russian orthodox church in the past two centuries must be examined in order to understand this fierce, unrelenting hatred, which animates the Communists, whose numbers include, especially among the youth, some of the finest and most idealistic people in Russia.

Until the reign of Peter the Great the Russian church was separate from the state. It was autonomous and inde-

pendent. That powerful ruler, however, after a series of conflicts with the church authorities, finally succeeded in bringing the church under his power, and in making himself virtually the head of Russia's religion. From that time on the orthodox church was the handmaid of the ruler, and in the course of time, prostituted its functions and its activities to the service of its master, the state.

It taught the people in the first place that they must obey absolutely and unquestioningly the dictates of the Tzar; it taught them that the highest virtues were obedience, contentment, submission. It glorified poverty and encouraged the people to live in the most abject misery, promising them compensation in heaven. Perhaps the worst of its sins was that it looked on secular education as an evil, and forbade the great Russian masses the right to an education. It was largely responsible for the fact that eighty-five per cent of the Russian people were illiterate, actually could not read or write. It opposed the establishment of universities, and was absolutely antagonistic to scientific effort, whether in the schools or in agriculture. The Russian church was probably most responsible for the medieval methods by which, in the twentieth century, the Russian peasant continued to cultivate the soil. This is not difficult to understand when we remember that the peasant was taught by the church that progress and success could be achieved not by his own efforts, but only by praying to the ikons and saints of the church. In his book, *The Russian Land*, Albert Rhys Williams tells us precisely how the priest helped the Russian peasant to grow successful crops:

> In order to protect the crops, the Russian villagers organized a religious procession around the fields, in the course of which the priest calls in a loud voice to the enemies of the people:
>
> "Worms and grasshoppers!
> Mice and rats!
> Ants, moles and reptiles!
> Flies and horseflies and hornets!
> And all flying things that wreak
> Destruction . . .
>
> I forbid you in the name of the Saviour come on earth to suffer for men. I forbid you in the name of the all-seeing cherubim and seraphim, who fly around the heavenly throne. I forbid you in the name of the angels and the millions of heavenly spirits standing in the glory of God. I forbid you to touch any tree, fruitful or unfruitful, or leaf or plant or flower. I forbid you to bring any woe upon the fields of these people."

The church was criminally responsible for most of the outrages perpetrated on the Jews, because it taught the Russian masses to hate this people, who were responsible, it believed, for the death of Jesus, and who continued to reject him through the centuries. In fact, many of the pogroms were actually instigated by the priests, and frequently the pogrommists would fall upon a Jewish community with the priests at their head, and with the name of their Saviour on their lips.

Perhaps the most significant reason for the Communists' attitude toward religion, however, is the position taken by the church with reference to the Revolution. It taught its communicants that Revolution was a sin, and that all who listened to the wicked Revolutionaries would be doomed to eternal perdition. Revolutionists were cursed in the church. In fact, and perhaps this is the most shameful of all, the sacred institution of the Confessional was used for spying purposes.

When the Revolution finally came in 1917, the church opposed it and denounced the Revolutionary leaders as agents of the devil. It called on all good Christians to take up arms in defense of the Tzar and in defense of the old order, which he represented. "The only salvation of the Russian people is a wise, orthodox, Russian Tzar."

It opposed with special bitterness and fierceness the Bolsheviki after the successful November Revolution. In his first public message issued on January 19, 1918, the Patriarch revealed unmistakably his attitude:

"That which you do (the separation of church from state and the secularization of education and marriage) is not only a cruel deed; it is verily a Satanic deed, for which you are condemned to hell-fire in the future life and to awful curses by future generations in the present life. . . .

"We conjure all you faithful children of the orthodox church not to enter in any kind of association with these monsters of the human race; 'put away from yourselves that wicked person.' (Cor. 5–13)"

During the Civil War the church, which was the only important institution of the old order still intact, became the rallying center of the counter-revolutionary forces. Churches and monasteries were used as forts and arsenals; generals and spies were permitted to masquerade as priests. When Russia was in the throes of famine, the church, which was the wealthiest existing institution, refused to permit any of its vast treasures to be used for the purpose of alleviating distress.

This was religion as the Russian Communists knew it. The church was reactionary. It was the tool of those in power, and opposed almost every effort to better the condition of the people. It sanctioned and blessed injustice, oppression, and ignorance. The church was the most determined foe of revolution.

It is useless to tell a Russian Communist that there is a difference between religions. To him they all seem to be cut from the same pernicious pattern. He simply cannot believe that intelligent scientists or radicals in Western countries are genuinely religious. He is quite certain that these men are hypocrites, who have some ulterior motive for pretending to faith.

III

Nor is any discussion of religion in Russia complete without some consideration of the religious values created by the Revolution. Many Communists, it is true, deny the presence of any religious element in the Revolution. When one of them was asked if he thought Bolshevism was a religion, he turned to the questioner and said, "By what right do you use the term 'religion' for your modern social idealism, when to the mass of mankind throughout history, religion has been and is something so very different? By what right do you shift the word 'God' to cover everything that you may think good, when 'God' has definitely meant throughout the ages so many things that are bad?"

And yet there are leaders who are firmly convinced of the religious nature of Communism. One of the most enlightened men in Russia, Lunacharsky, former Director of Public Education, said in the name of Social Democracy, "Yes, I am a new and mighty religious force, and carry within me a religion which will absorb and replace all others, and raise religion to a higher power."

Certainly the Revolution is attempting to satisfy the human needs usually associated with religion. It is supplying a definite attitude toward life and the universe—scientific materialism. A code of ethics directed toward the prevention of human exploitation is enunciated, calling for the sternest disciplines. The effort is being made to awaken in the coarse peasant and the drab worker a sense of beauty. It was Trotsky who said at the funeral of Yessinin, the distracted poet, who had taken his life, "Ultimately, our Revolution will win for man not only the right to bread, but the right to poetry as well." The important human experiences, birth, marriage, death, are being marked by colorful Communist ceremonies, replacing the religious observances of the old faiths. The Workers' Club is now caring for the needs of man's social nature, formerly satisfied by the church.

Whether these values are definitely religious may perhaps be questioned, but certainly there is something decidedly spiritual in the Communist's veritable passion for a better world order. He is genuinely a missionary prepared to live

or to suffer and even to die for the propagation of the faith. Here is the translation of a legend, copied from a large red banner in a public building in Moscow: "We work for a Revolution that shall encircle the world, until capitalism in every land is destroyed, and the dictatorship of the proletariat has established the workers in control of all nations." The Communist has the earnestness, the exaltation, the sense of consecration, as well as the self-righteousness and the intolerance of the missionary. One young man of sixteen calmly informed a group of Americans that the future of the world rested with the Russian youth. Another, whose father, after years of struggle, had managed to prepare in America a home for his family and to send steamship tickets to his wife and sons, wrote, "Not for all the fathers in the world would I leave our Holy Russia for your bourgeois America."

No attempt has been made to deify Lenin; yet his words have become Holy Writ, and his personality is in a real sense an object of worship. In every public institution, whether it be kindergarten, schoolroom, club, library, museum, there is a Lenin room or a Lenin corner, in which are large pictures or statues of the leader. Some contain relics, an old cap of his or perhaps a pencil that he used. On the walls are pictures of him in various stages of his career, and statements about him, and in large type some of his own important statements and challenges. Day in and day out people come to these rooms, as they come by the millions to his tomb, in just the same way that many people visit a church or a shrine, to meditate, to contemplate, to draw strength from and to commune with the spirit or the personality of which these physical things are the symbolic representation.

IV

In view of the freedom to worship and the right of parents to speak of religion to their own children, it is hardly fair to claim that the Soviet government has deprived its religiously minded subjects of fundamental human rights. Nor is it wise to lift the question into the realm of international politics. Not only would the invoking of political power give the Communist leaders the opportunity, which they eagerly grasp, of denouncing another conspiracy of "Capitalist nations" against Russia; not only would it make the already precarious situation of the religious leaders more difficult, by seeming to align them definitely with the forces of counter-revolution; but it would be contrary to the sound American principle, laid down by Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet, "We certainly cannot deny to other nations that principle wherein our government is founded, that every nation has the right to govern itself internally under what form it pleases."

Americans must not forget the decision of the Tennessee Legislature, forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools of that state. What if the Russian government were to refuse to have political relationships with this country because of the persecution of that phase of the Communist's *Weltanschauung*?

Yet, although political power should not be mobilized, an informed public opinion may and should protest against the persecution of religious leaders and the denial of the right to religious education. This should be done despite the reported condemnation of such action, on the part of the acknowledged spokesmen of the Russian church and synagogue. Their words cannot be understood unless one keeps in mind that these men who have been able to read only Communist newspapers during the past twelve years (for the State which controls the press permits the printing of no others) are by this time convinced that, as in pre-revolutionary Russia the Church was the servant of the Tzar, so in the Western nations religion is the tool of capitalism. It must also be understood that these men may not

speak the truth not only because anything discrediting the Government would not pass the censor, but because they are afraid—not so much for themselves, as for their people and their institutions. Only one who has talked with these priests and rabbis knows the extent of their fear of the G.P.U., the dreaded secret police. At least fifty religious leaders were at various times invited to visit the writer at his hotel. Not one accepted the invitation. Not one dared to be seen entering the abode of a foreigner. Of course such men do not speak the full truth when they issue statements for the foreign press.

Whenever the writer succeeded in gaining the confidence of religious leaders, he was asked to carry the message of their suffering to America, and to urge the American people to protest. They were certain that the protest would be heeded, for they knew that, next to the success of the Revolution, the Communists desire nothing more than American recognition. Protests are of value for, despite its fanatical single-mindedness, the Russian government has, as they say, "its ear to the ground," and does desire, where possible, friendly relations with other nations. It is likely, however, that only those protests will be given serious consideration which are extended in the spirit of friendly criticism, which are based on a scrupulous regard for the facts, and which are definitely dissociated from any political purpose.

The situation in Russia suggests a challenge and a warning to the world's religions. They must bestir themselves in the interests of a better human life. Where men are oppressed or denied justice religion must not excuse or explain or apologize or palliate. It must welcome all truth and not shut out the light. Wherever religion has, as in Russia, sanctioned injustice, blessed war and oppression, encouraged ignorance and superstition, it has lost its sway over the souls of men. There is a statement over the meeting-place in the Red Square of the Second Moscow Soviet which reads, "Revolution is a whirlwind, sweeping aside all that stands in its way." The march of the race toward progress, whether it take the form of violent revolution, or come in the peaceful, evolutionary way, will pass religion by where religion is on the side of darkness. Where religion is a herald of light and hope, it contributes to that progress and is perhaps the most powerful influence in lifting men to the better life.

To this writer, himself a teacher of organized religion, there is something darkly fascinating about a nation's attempt to abolish God. Will they succeed? Will they really prove that we believe in God only because we have been taught to believe in God, that man is not fundamentally religious? Or, once their immediate wants are satisfied, will they find deeper needs which bread cannot satisfy, or scientific materialism explain; will they learn, as this writer anticipates, that man cannot live without God?

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

BY BRENDAN LEE

YOU have heard from the wise that there is no room for any kind of luck in a world which houses both natural law and divine providence. Attend now while a simpleton tells you how pleasant is fisherman's luck, and all about it and about.

Most theories, you know, are based on the assumption that two trout or two salmon, being of the same species, are as alike as two peas in a pod. This new science of fishes, like that of ornithologists who apply it to bluebirds or bustards, is what makes us put a blind eye to the telescope of observation. Let the peas be our professors: put two of them under a powerful glass, and, lo! they instruct you that in form, in coloration, and in a geographical distribution of ridges and valleys they are as unlike as two dogs, for example, or two worlds. And you know, without a glass, that your well-bred dog is very different from the mannerless mutt which your neighbor keeps for some obscure reason; which is precisely what he thinks about his dog and your dog.

Even so do trout differ among themselves when you see them with your eyes rather than with your prejudice. I have caught them above the Square Forks of the Saevogle where they are so sooty-black that no red spots are visible, and in Sourdnahunk Stream (spell it as you like) where their spots gleam like rubies in a setting of silvery green. From the same pool you may take one white-fleshed trout and another that is pink as a salmon. Here they prefer a fly, and there a worm; but yonder a grasshopper is good on the surface or a cricket on the bottom. Try now a cricket on the surface or a grasshopper on the bottom, and you wonder why the fish stop biting.

In temper—or shall we say temperament—trout are quite as various as in form or coloration, one being as roughneckish as a black bass, and another as dainty as a grayling. Moreover, every fish has his moods, some of which make one almost forget that he is cold-blooded. More than once I have watched a big trout and many times a big salmon playing, apparently, with every pretty little thing the river brought down to him; everything, that is, except my fly. To a fragment of colored leaf or grass or flower petal he would rise gracefully, take the plaything into his mouth, and *blow* it back six or eight inches against the current. Up it would shoot, releasing tiny bubbles like a shower of pearls, and sometimes he would catch and blow it again. What the propulsive force is which enables a creature without lungs thus to drive a leaf against a strong run of water is left for some idle-minded scientist to discover.

More in the fisherman's line is the fact that at any hour a fish may be either "on the feed" or keeping a fast, and that he is more hungry after feeding than after fasting. While wintering, a trout is rather notional about what he eats, which is little or nothing; he is then like a bear that comes out of his hibernaculum after five months of sleep and goes looking for tender tips of the first green grass. Later, when he has eaten more freely, a trout becomes omnivorous, and there are times when no

amount of food can satisfy his appetite.

For example, on a northern river I have watched what happened when a game warden released a thousand or more hand-reared salmon fry into the shallows, and went away thinking he had stocked the river for another year. There was no sign of life when the cans were emptied; but when bewildered fry began to flicker about the new place, up from their hidden dens came small trout to take the strangers in. The greedy little beggars would eat till salmon tails stuck out of their mouths, then spew out what they had swallowed and begin all over again.

For years past our state governments have been stocking trout streams in the same foolish way; and still we wonder why the fishing is no better. But I digress.

Every day or week, or every other day or week, fish have long hours for sleeping, though it seems odd to apply the word "sleep" to creatures that never close their eyes, because they cannot. Always in our fishing there is the light to consider; also the wind, the weather, the barometer, the condition of the water, and other such factors which are happily beyond our control. In one light your fine leader looks like a hangman's rope; and only a fish knows what absurdity your fly looks like. Ten minutes later, or twenty, your leader may not be seen against the changed sky, and your fly appears as a fat nymph coming up to try its new wings. Like all other natural creatures, fish are apt to feed eagerly before a storm; on a rapidly falling barometer they seek their dens; and as naturally, when the barometer rises, they go forth again to see the world. A surprising thing, which you discover when a blanket of ice covers the lake, is that fish under fifty feet of water are still sensitive to every change of wind or air pressure. And of course you know, when water temperature rises above 65° F., that neither trout nor salmon will be in a receptive mood.

What has all this to do with luck, you ask? Everything! When you find or rather fall upon the right place at the right time; when light and barometer and water conditions are as they should be, and when the fish have turned from a fasting to a feasting mood—why, that is sheer luck, believe me. I know by deprivation, as it were, because I so seldom have it. The everlasting fascination of fishing is that such heavenly luck is not like the rain, which falleth alike upon those who have and those who lack umbrellas. No, it picks one out of many for its favors, and is as apt to smile upon the beginner or the duffer as upon the oldest or wisest fisherman.

Just to show you how wonderfully it works, once in the springtime I discovered a shallow spot in the very middle of a bay of Moosehead Lake. So small it is, and so unexpected where the water all round is eighteen feet deep, that it seems artificial, an abandoned pier perhaps; or it may be a rock pile dropped by a glacier during the ice age, before I was old enough to go fishing. While crossing this bay to a favorite fishing ground, a gull (a bird that can never hold his tongue when he finds a good thing) called my attention to some minnows, which told me by their erratic behavior that big fish were troubling them. Anchoring the canoe at a good distance, I sent my best lures to the promising spot, both surface flies and streamers. Not a rise did I get in two hours of casting; but an occasional minnow still spoke of something that troubled him from below when I paddled off, thinking, "Well, another day!"

On my favorite shoal I found a small boy stillfishing; while his mentor, an old guide, was soaking up the sunshine, too sleepy even to smoke. His father, having overeaten in obedience to an outdoor appetite, was having a bilious day in camp; and the little fellow evidently thought it an excellent time to fish as he liked. His rod was a cheap "steel" affliction, his line an old hand-me-down, and his bait a can of worms which he had

dug surreptitiously, knowing that his sire had some high-and-mighty notion that any lure but a fly is disgraceful. He was "all boy," you see, as natural and lovable as a setter pup. Why any man should want to make him over into our Adamic image and likeness is beyond me.

Following approved custom, which decrees that a stranger may ask anything of a guide, who is used to foolish questions, I first hailed a figure that drowsed in the stern of the canoe under an old hat, "Hey, guide, has that sport of yours had any luck?" At his headshake I addressed the boy, "Son, old scout, I know where there's a big one feeding, and he doesn't want my fly. How would you like to catch him?"

A smile like a glad sunrise spread to his ears as he came back, "Try me, Mister, I've been fly fishing 'most a week, and this is my only chance." Whereupon I told him how to find the tiny shoal by keeping his eye open for a piece of my handkerchief. It looked as guileless as any other flotsam; but I had made sure by a bit of silk line and a sinker that it would stay where one wanted it.

I was casting again, with somewhat better prospects, when from the distant bay rose a yell, shrill and exultant as a Pawnee war-whoop. There was the boy, doubled up, chin to knees, with difficulty holding a rod that was twitching violently. Later came another war-whoop, and another. That evening, as I awaited the supper call, the little fellow came running to my cabin with a string of three trout that dragged their tails on the ground. The largest weighed five and a quarter pounds, the best squaretail caught that season. "And I lost a whopper; he broke my rig," said the boy, with such mingled joy and regret as one remembers forever. The guide told afterwards that the little fellow had hooked a landlocked salmon which was much too much for poor tackle in unskilled hands; after a single jump he broke the rotted line by a rush and ended the day's fishing.

Now gather all the living actors together—the big trout, the minnows, the garrulous gull, the Columbus of a new shoal, the bilious man, the wholesome boy, the unwilling worm—and converge them with their discordant wills to one harmonious focus, precisely attuned to the place and the minute and the trout's taste; and deny fisherman's luck if you can. Don't tell me that every dog has his day. He who goes fishing learns that there are never so many days as there are dogs.

II

Sourdnahunk Stream, which was mentioned a moment ago, suggests a rare bit of trout lore. While tenting in the wild valley one summer, long ago, I met an odd little man who was "keeping" a supply camp. A lumber crew had left provision for another winter's operations, and every pound of food was precious where transportation was fearfully difficult. Because a solitary man is apt to "go queer" in the woods, two keepers are always employed; but the second man had gone home, saying he was sick. "He was no good anyway—scared to death of bears," the little man told me. He went on to explain that often at night a bear or two would break into the supply camp, only a few rods from his cabin. His only weapon was a little pocket rifle, which to a black bear in the dark was about as dangerous as a pea-shooter.

When I crossed the trail of this genius he was fishing the stream with a battered old fly rod. In his other hand was a huge bucket, half full of water, in which was a two-pound trout. "And what are you doing with him?" I asked, wondering why any man in his senses should burden himself with forty pounds of water while fishing. "Oh, I'm keeping him with a few more to take to my friends in Bangor when I go down river," he answered, as carelessly as if keeping trout were as simple a matter as keeping chickens.

To me it was rather mysterious; so I

chummed with the old fellow, and acquired merit in his eyes by mentioning a simple way to keep bears out of a supply camp. "You don't have to watch, and no bear that tries it will ever come back," I assured him. In gratitude for the "tip" he invited me to eat with him, and proved an excellent cook; but this was to appear later. What took all the tuck out of me was his action on reaching camp. After lugging a trout five miles in a bucket of water, without a word he dumped his catch into the river again. At that I stopped short, thinking, "Lord save us! this bird has gone queer as a coot. I am to dine with a lunatic who may take me for a trout and, with his eye on the axe, ask whether I prefer to be netted or gaffed, and whether he will fry me in fat or broil me on a split stick."

The old fellow's grin was reassuring as he beckoned me to come and look. In a pool under the alders, where a rill from a cold spring entered, were thirty-odd trout, all large, but no net or screen of any kind to prevent them from going back where they had been caught. "They stay because they want to," he told me confidently. "Some of them have been there a month, and I haven't lost one yet. They like that cold water."

It seemed incredible but was nevertheless true, as I learned by going back after a few days. There lay the trout, lazily "fanning" their tails, almost covering the sandy bottom of the pool, with nothing but their own wills to keep them in the cool prison. On leaving the second time, near the end of August, I offered the old fellow a hint, which he took good-naturedly, as men do who have no intention of following good advice:

"If you expect your friends to eat any of those fish," I ventured, "you should dress and dry them before the second week in September. Trout always leave their summer haunts at that time, or a bit earlier or later. Where they go before seeking the spawning beds, I have never found out; but at the first touch of spawning fever they are bound to wander. Don't trust them a minute after their fins begin to color."

Two weeks passed before I again met the old gaffer, heading down the trail with his pocket rifle on a stillhunt for partridges. At my instant inquiry about the trout, a look of gloom spread over his leathery face.

"That bear scheme is all right," he said irrelevantly. "Makes me laugh when a bear hits it with his paw and runs as if the devil was after him. Wish I had taken your trout tip, too. This morning I went to net one for breakfast and— Well, you can go look. They're all gone."

III

The "sleeping" habit of fish came to me in a picturesque way while fishing a grand salmon pool on the Mirimichi. Such a "pool," by the way, is not what the name might imply, being a run of heavy water or even a rush of jumping water. Below it, very often, is a deep and still reach or a big eddy; but it is idle to cast a fly there because salmon seldom rest and never rise in quiet water. The whole river was then "free"; now it is leased to a club. The salmon are still there; but—Ichabod! the glory of the wild has departed.

With one companion I had poled up and run down the river, and in six weeks we had seen no other human being than ourselves. Now on our way out, we had stopped to enjoy a lazy week in camp, and perchance to smoke a few salmon for friends who always ask, "Did you *catch* anything?" and who seldom believe unless they see. On reaching the big pool, about midday, I climbed a tree to be rid of surface lights, and counted a full score of salmon, each with his nose behind a stone where a back-eddy held him in the stiff current with but little effort of his own. A beautiful sight they were, with bluish backs and translucent sides that seemed to melt away even as one looked at them. Having carefully located the big ones, I cast

flies to them all afternoon, and all next day, and the next, without a solitary rise. The water being very clear and the weather sultry, every salmon was taking a long siesta before continuing his journey up-river. After trying every method known to us, including building a fire with a birch-bark reflector and casting across the path of light, we settled down to wait for some change of water or weather that might make the salmon change their mood.

Returning to camp one afternoon, after trout-fishing a cold brook, we saw a pirogue, or log canoe, drawn up on the bank. Above it two men were building a brush lean-to, at a distance from our tent but facing in such a way that an inmate could see what we were doing. "Poachers," said my friend at a glance. Being a native, he could read the signs. For two days they idled, pretending to be busy but doing nothing. On the second evening I watched through my field glass and saw them eat a bit of dry bread. Scant supper for two hungry men! The limp provision bag told mutely of its emptiness when they threw it aside. When their campfire was alight I strolled over, cracking brush as fair warning. One man was big every way, from his good-natured face down to his number-twelve larrigans. The other, small by comparison, was lean and wiry, with keen eyes that met me squarely.

"You fellows have come up here to spear salmon," I said to them, as from a book. "It's against the province law, you know; but a law which permits one who can afford expensive tackle to catch as many salmon as he likes for sport and forbids a poor man to spear a salmon for his family seems rather sumptuary here in this wilderness. There's a good run of fish in the pool. I'll let you try your luck on one condition."

The big man smoked on without a word or motion. The little man turned a surprised head, as if Balaam's ass were again speaking.

"I'm not asking how ye know so much about our business or what business it is of yours," he gave back, a burr of Scotch in his voice; "but I have some natural curiosity to hear your condeetion."

"Simply this, that you take me with you. I have heard that salmon spearing, as you do it here, is immensely skilful, and I would like once to see it done."

"So ye could tell the warden as an eyewitness, no doot," said the little man. His voice was cold, but there was the ghost of a question in it.

"Sorry you've made a mistake, boys, but no harm done. We are staying two more days, and have plenty to eat. If you run out of grub—"

Before one could finish the offer, which was imperative in the wilderness, the big man was on his feet. "Take you, sir, and thank you kindly," he smiled. "We brought only two meals, thinking to try the pool and go home next morning. You've damn' near starved us with your fly fishing. Come on, Sandy."

At the word they were off into the woods behind the lean-to. In a few minutes they came out with a spear, a basket of woven wire, and two bags of chips that had been cut from a pitch-filled pine stump. While they made ready the fire basket I examined the crude spear—a bit of blunt iron driven into the end of a spruce pole between jaws of seasoned maple. The iron would stun a fish by a blow on the backbone; the elastic jaws would slip over his body, and hold long enough for a side-heave, and come free by a single jerk. There must be no catch, no instant of delay—not while a man stood in a careening canoe in fast water. And the thrust must hit fair on a salmon's thick shoulders; if struck farther back, the iron would miss his spine, and his tapering body would slip out of the jaws unharmed.

Darkness was fully come, the velvet darkness of a cloudy night, when we boarded the pirogue. A more cranky craft was never invented. It was simply

a pine log hollowed out, long, narrow, low-sided, with a bottom so round that any shift of weight or sudden motion would turn it over in a twinkling. On the river, only the rock-waves showed white as they broke and released their hidden light; all else was black as the pit. Sandy, a marvelous canoeman, stood in the stern with a pole. Jim, the big man, stood in the bow with his spear; in front of him the fire basket, suspended from an iron rod, flamed and smoked like a volcano. Between them I sat low amidships, making myself "dead weight" the better to sway with every lurch of the pirogue. When a man is poling a canoe, in dangerous water especially, his passenger must be lifeless as a sack of potatoes, and on no account place a hand on the gunwales.

Of the spearing—as we labored up or shot down the rushing torrent, flames leaping ahead, shadows jumping back—I shall not speak here, though I vividly remember it as such an exhibition of skill and nerve and superb canoemanship as I shall not see again. Startled birds flicked out of the night with wild cries, hovered an instant in the firelight, and vanished in gross darkness. Jim alone could see what lay just ahead; a touch of his reversed spear would turn us from a white-capped rock into a sluice of clear water. In the stern, Sandy must learn by the feel of his feet what every pole-man must every moment know—that his canoe sits fair in the current. If the bow swerves aside on the way up, or the stern on the way down, the push of the river is too strong for any man; the canoe whirls broadside to the current with a motion that makes one dizzy. If she touches an obstruction or is checked in that swift turn, over she goes on the instant, upsetting toward the up-stream side. Then, if you don't know the law of safety, any canoeman will yell it out, "Cling to canoe!" With rapids just below, a swimmer has no chance.

Occasionally, as we careened dangerously to avoid a rock, a booming voice would call, "Steady, Sandy!" The pirogue would halt, trembling like a living thing. Under the fire Jim would poise his spear, lunge down where I saw only dancing reflections, and with the same motion hurl a convulsive thing back where no passenger should be sitting. Not being able to dodge, I must take the fish where he happened to hit me. When five salmon were threshing about my legs, and I was holding a twenty-eight pounder in my lap lest he flop over the low side, I called, "Enough, boys!" Well content, they eased the pirogue ashore. Generously they offered me a third of the catch, which was refused, and they were on their way home at sunrise. "Send for us whenever you want another lesson in rale fishin'," said Sandy with a wink when we shook hands at parting.

Somehow, I still think of those two poachers—who together could not have spared cash enough to buy my salmon tackle, but who had made their own gear because they loved the thrill of spearing as we fly-fishermen love our lesser art—as among the finest sportsmen I have ever met. No doubt I deserve a skinning for such heresy, and shall get it; but even so, in any field one must doff his hat to a better man when one meets him.

I mention this night spearing for the reason that it gave me, most unexpectedly, a few hours of such fly-fishing as one dreams of. The fish were mightily stirred up, probably for the first time since entering the river from the sea. Driven from their resting beds, most of them found refuge in a smaller pool above; and when they came back they were wide awake. At my first good cast next morning, two salmon rose to the fly so eagerly that both missed, and came again—the same salmon that for days past had ignored my every offering. A few of the smaller fish remained in the upper pool, and these also were as keen for the fly as salmon commonly are when first they settle in a new place.

Since then, when I have found a pool where trout or salmon refuse to rise, I have sometimes (but not always)

changed their indisposition by treating them as scum o' the earth. Throwing rocks may serve, if you throw enough; a more effective method is to cut a sapling, leaving a brush at the top, and broom every fish out of the pool. In an hour or two they will steal back to a place they like, never fear; then if you return as warily as they return, you may have good fishing. Whether they rise now because excitement has made them hungry, as it makes us when it is over and gone, only a trout or a salmon might tell. And that reminds me . . .

IV

When you go north for the spring fishing, one of your standing invitations is to join the group around the fire at night and tune-in to the talk of other fishermen. To miss that is to eat your strawberries without cream, and with no friendly face across the table. What a happy lot they still are, as Walton found them two centuries ago, all boys at heart, not an expert among them. Arguments they have, endlessly, with earth-wide theories or heaven-scaling imagination; yet theirs is perhaps the only keen argument you will ever hear that never grows controversial or dogmatic but is always kindly, human, and receptive. If ardent prohibitionists would only go fishing and for once listen to friendly men—well, you never can tell. Perhaps they might even learn that temperance is a cardinal virtue, and that any dogmy-cats method of persuasion . . . But again I digress; we were speaking, if I remember correctly, of the very interesting questions debated by fishermen.

Soon or late the talk always turns to the right color for trout flies, and someone is bound to say, "What's the use of all these different flies? The books tell us that fish are color-blind."

At that I am wide awake, like a trout coming back to his pool, having a bit of evidence that seems real rather than bookish. It came to me while fishing some Newfoundland rivers, so far "back of beyond" that they were the virgin waters for which every fisherman is longing. Because salmon flies are an expensive luxury, being mostly tied with rare feathers in their natural color, I had thought by way of preparation, Why spend money needlessly, since one can get practically the same effect by using dyes? Taking this as a happy inspiration, I ordered a few dozen salmon flies from an expert dresser of trout flies, giving him samples of "the real thing" with directions to copy the colors. He did so, very well, and I went north with a portly fly book.

To my eye the imitation Black Dose or Fairy or Popham looked like the original so far as colors were concerned. The only apparent difference was that the natural feathers had a sheen that no dye can give. In her living color, as in the bloom on a grape or a woman's cheek, nature will not be counterfeited; but it seemed beyond possibility that a fish could distinguish between natural and artificial tints when a tiny fly swept over him in rushing water.

Yes, we found plenty of salmon, so many that, for the first time in my life, I could fish as much as I liked when the fish were ready to play their part. On other trips I have had to quit when I landed enough for the table, since I find no sport in catching a thing only to let it go. As for salmon, you may not bring them to net and release them, as many fishermen net and release trout with (as a rule) little or no harm to the fish. A salmon fights to his last ounce of strength, his tremendous rushing and jumping in quick water exhaust him beyond the limit, and commonly he dies if you turn him loose. On this trip, happily, the skipper and the cook of our little schooner had brought salt, and such fish as I did not want were thankfully preserved for winter food.

The astonishing thing, which made me "guess again," was that salmon seemed to know the difference between the natural and the dyed feathers even in heavy water. Several times, when they

were taking an ordinary salmon fly, I would change to another of the same size and pattern but with wings, hackle, and tag of dyed feathers; and they would stop rising as if I had blown a police whistle. After a time of vain casting I would switch back to the natural feathers, and up the salmon would come again. The one marked exception to this rule was a Silver Doctor, which had the same body of silver tinsel as the real fly. A few salmon took this imitation; but it is probable that they were attracted by the shining body, and that the multi-colored wings were in their eyes, as in mine, a confused blurr when they massed together in the water.

The present scientific theory, based upon numerous experiments with tanks, cameras, artificial lights, and such, is that fish are color-blind and distinguish only different shades of black and white. If that be so, I rise to ask, How then does a salmon instantly distinguish between the yellow which nature gives to the golden pheasant and a dyed yellow of the same shade? But don't take this objection too seriously, I beg you. Scientists will probably ignore it, as coming from a poor fish.

V

To another question, which is often debated to a negative end, I must give contradictory answers. While fishing in Mountain Pond one day, thunder began to bellow; and small trout, which had been rising freely, stopped all at once, as human talk or motion ceases when the air quivers to a lion's roar. That pond is high among the hills; clouds were very low that day, and when thunder heads massed and blacked, the friend who was paddling me said, "Let's get under our canoe quick, or we'll get a soaking." As we raced for shore my fly rod was thoughtlessly held straight up. The slender tip picked a strong charge of electricity from a cloud, and my arm was paralyzed by a blow which knocked the rod overboard.

So I say, with the vast majority, that trout do not rise in a thunder storm. As a minority of one, let me add that it is good medicine in a thunder storm to keep your rod down, especially if you are out in the open. As old Gran'pere puts it, in Drummond's ballad of "Johnnie's First Moose":

> Doesn't matter w'at you're chasin',
> Doesn't matter w'at you're facin',
> Only watch de t'ing you're doin';
> If you don't—bah gosh, you're ruin!
> And steady, Johnnie, steady!
> Kip your head down low.

Having said that much, one is bound as an honest angler to record a very different conclusion, which came to me on the Restigouche, a glorious salmon river that is always leased at a high price. Sad to say, I was not one of the elect. Outside of well-known salmon pools, however, trout fishing was then free; and a trout fisherman who is unprepared for the unexpected where the water may erupt a big salmon is overlooking a bet. So it happened, when my canoe brought me down to a swirling pool below a brook that comes in from the northwest, that I used a six-ounce rod, my heaviest, and tied a Silver Doctor to a well-tested leader. If a salmon were foolish enough to take that plain trout fly—why, nobody could blame me for his mistake. And did not, because no unfriendly eyes were there to see, when I played a fourteen-pounder and "beached" him without net or gaff. He would be counted a little one on that noble river.

Next afternoon, while casting for sea-trout that were not rising, a rumble of thunder said, as always it says, "Get to cover!" Up-stream a squall was gathering force; no, two squalls, one over each valley. They were coming down fast against the breeze; they would meet where the waters joined, just above; and I had waded far out in the river to reach a trouty-looking eddy. As I turned back to shore—carefully, trying every step, being nearly up to my hips in strong water, and the bottom was slippery—a flood of rain swept down the

smaller valley, and in thirty seconds I was drenched, as wet above as below. Then down the other valley whooped another squall, so strong that I must bend toward it to keep my balance. With it at a furious clip came big hailstones, millions of them, with the sting of buckshot. They pelted me on the shoulders, where a wet shirt drew tight over the skin; while with one free arm I shielded an exposed neck. Never have I taken such a licking or felt so helpless. Take it I must; the only choice was to take it on my back or stand and get it in the face.

Suddenly a little tug, tug, tug called attention to my fly, which had drifted away downstream. A trout was worrying it; but I dared not strike, being in no condition of mind or body to play a fish in that turmoil, which might turn serious if I lost footing. It is dangerous to swim in fast water that swirls and eddies. Turning away from the storm I reeled in slowly, only to stop when another fish worried the fly, and another. No foolish little fellows, but lusty big sea-trout! As an experiment, to forget my castigation from on high I began to switch-cast, tossing the fly here or there; and wherever it touched the water for an instant a trout boiled up to it. All the while thunder bellowed to crack one's ears, and the whole surface of the river looked like multitudinous collar buttons that leaped up to the lash of the hail.

Why do or don't trout rise in a thunder storm? Is color a factor when they take a Brown Palmer and ignore a Red Hackle? On a river that has never before been rod-fished (one has tried such, in Labrador) why do trout rise to a fly and salmon refuse to rise? Why, when you have vainly cast the same fly for an hour or more over a pool where fish are lurking, will they suddenly take it as if nothing could better please them?

To these and all such questions of deep interest to fishermen one must answer, "Honestly, I don't know." Any explanation of their taste or mood or action is, for me, much like a reason given by a newly-wed man at Niagara Falls. I was contemplating the vast uproar, alone in the evening twilight, when a young couple approached; and though they were silent they proclaimed "Honeymoon!" above the thunder of the falls. When we grew acquainted, as friendly strangers will, I made bold to say, "I wonder why people come here on their wedding trip."

The man looked at me as if I were another dumb one. "Well," he said, as if settling it, "why not? Niagara takes the jump, and so do we."

Just so trout. They do, so they do, or they don't, so they don't, in obedience to some mood or impulse which is beyond our ken. That is why I think that luck is still, as ever it was, the chief element in fishing, yet do not believe that there is any room for luck in a reasonable world. Inconsistency, you say? On the contrary, perfect harmony! A fisherman is lucky just to be a fisherman. He takes a holiday and finds life good, while others hasten to be a long time dead. Sometimes he catches fish; frequently he catches pleasure; always he catches serenity or peace or good will or happy memories. Thus without seeking he gathers the only kind of riches which a man can carry with him into heaven.

TWO CHILDHOODS

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

A MAN'S life bifurcates when he begins to have children: first there is his own childhood, then, like a two or more pronged fork, there follow his adulthood and the childhood of his children. The nature of the one prong is just as much an extension of his earlier years as is the nature of the other. In 1904 I was seven years old, and in 1925 my older son was seven; it seemed to me that, just as in 1904 a new stage in my personal existence began, so in 1925 another new stage, existing side by side with an adult stage of my very own, and as much my own as that, was beginning. Of course I could not tell where this collateral experience would lead save that the general direction lay farther and farther away from me—the "me" of more orthodox nomenclature—until it would finally lead out of sight; but I did know that there were certain experiences which I remembered as having occurred to the "me" who was seven in 1904 and that these experiences must not be allowed to happen to the "me" who was seven in 1925.

I must not give the impression, however, that I regard my children as mere extensions of my own personality; far from this, I like to feel how little I really know about them in many directions. Parents who tell you that they know all that goes on in their children's minds because they are such good friends with them are fools, liars, or hypocrites; and probably all three. It is a delight to watch the being whom one has seen in a period when stupid though necessary physical functions seemed the sum total of its personality becoming daily more inscrutable and more independent. But then the "me" who was seven in 1904 seems almost as independent when I think of him; he is not a dead self, but a friend with whom I have had many conversations, hoping to gain from them a clue which would help me to talk to my son.

But first let me explain why I use, as if it were a critical moment, the age of seven. Why was it an astonishing adventure of the imagination when I realized that I actually had a child who had ceased to be from nought to seven years old and had begun to be from seven to fourteen?

In the first place, when I was very young somebody told me that every cell in the human body is destroyed and renovated in the course of seven years, so that not a vestige of one's body seven years ago remains to-day. This vague biological generalization became not merely an article of faith to me but an important motif in the emotional pattern of my life. It came to my rescue from time to time and actually was the only thing which made life seem worth living at certain moments of stress. Thus when I was thirteen years old there was a little girl six months my senior whom I kissed one evening behind the front door; and for some time after I went about feeling that when I grew up I must marry her to make an honest woman of her; six months later, I discovered that another boy had also, by force I was glad to know, kissed this girl, and that night I lay on my bed saying to myself, "In seven years there will be not one cell of Theresa left; she'll all be new; I

must wait until she is twenty-one, and then I shall be able to feel happy again." On another occasion as a result of mass bullying I had been hurt and soiled; the little savages—the "regular boys" of an orthodox English preparatory school—had spat on me and worse; and once again I wanted seven years of time to dissolve the cells of my unhappy body and bring new and clean ones in their place. My whole body had become for the time being an offense to me and I could not see how to cleanse it short of this septennial annihilation.

But there is a less mystical reason than this: it was at seven that my own childhood was severed in twain. At that age I left South Africa, where I had been born, and was brought home to England *to be educated*. I have never revisited my native land, so that those first seven years remain to me an island of memories separated by a broad ocean from the continent of subsequent events. I can know with certainty that such and such emotions and experiences happened before I was seven if I see them against an African background: it is as if my emotional ontogeny, recapitulating the phylogeny of the human race, at seven left the sea and became a land experience, so complete is the break between the two existences. And so when I suddenly awoke to the fact that I had a son past his seven years' birthday it was almost as remarkable an event as having him born at all. He had entered into his second period, the period which for me had not been as happy as I could have wished. And I began to bother about the perfect school, which would solve his problem and mine.

II

It was then that I first suspected a fact of which I am now quite certain—that the quest which most of us modern parents are busily making for the ideal school is a quest without a real end; and that, in a sense, it has more to do with our own needs than with those of our children. Once upon a time the inadequacy of human life this side of the horizon led men beyond the horizon in search of an Earthly Paradise, where rivers of life and wine flowed between trees laden with apples of gold. We have learned now that such Gardens of the Hesperides are dreams, compensating the dreamers for the sorrows and inadequacies which are so large a part of reality.

Just such another dream is the Perfect School; a dream place wherein we live again—in our children's childhood—our own childhood free from all those things which were irksome, sad, or cruel in it. And if we are not very careful, our children suffer. Every modern parent who in disgust with orthodox methods of education allows his children to go to a more or less experimental school ought to go into seclusion for five minutes every day and ask himself these questions: "Is my child being made to suffer for my childhood? Shall I be upbraided twenty years hence for exposing him to precisely the opposite vices to those which injured my young days? Are my new ideas about education really ideas or only blind revolts or recoils from what hurt me?" In many cases it seems only too possible that modern parents are seeking vicarious compensation for their own sufferings, real or imagined, rather than thinking first of their children; and that some modern schools frequented by pasty-faced and messy children are the product not of reason but of rationalization. In short, for good and for evil alike, the nature of the children's childhood, it seems, must depend upon the childhood of the parent, so that all parents should be on their guard against the dangers which arise from the working of this universal law.

Freud and the Jesuits are agreed that the first seven years of childhood make or mar a man and, therefore, we should all of us concentrate upon a good start for our children during those years at least. But the trouble is nobody knows the first thing about the nature of a good

start. Of course no intelligent parent can be taken in for a moment by all the talk about nursery schools and kindergartens; these may be good or they may be bad, but there is no scientific manner of judging either way. The complicated process of modern life requires that parents should have places to park their offspring as early and as often as possible, and this is at least a partial justification of these institutions. Furthermore, most parents are fools about their children for the same reason as they are fools about other people, because they have not sufficient imagination to realize the existence in this world of individuals with needs different from their own; and this inadequacy of family life may make contact with other adults less dangerous than contact with the parents. But this is as far as we can with decency go; to pretend that we have discovered a better way of educating is mere superstition. We have invented ways of safeguarding our children from our own inadequacies, but we have no shred of evidence that they will grow up any less inadequate than we. For example, the first step in proving that Mr. Bertrand Russell's remarkable school is an advance in education will be if his son proves to be a more brilliant and a better man than his father, or better still if all the children turn out better than their parents; and even then the proof will not be rigorous. For all we know, exceptional brilliance is like a beautifully colored gall on an oak leaf, a reaction to a poison; it may be that a repressed and distorted childhood produces the best sublimations; and then the proof of a good education will be absence of abnormal talent in the product.

Nor does it help that every person who makes an experiment in education starts out afresh with a dogma or two, and practically no attempt to find out what has really been done elsewhere, and that nobody tells us of his mistakes or of his gradual compromise and withdrawal from an untenable position.

In short, unless parents are going to drug themselves with reliance on insecure educational doctrines, they must face my main thesis that the childhood of their children is the product of their own childhood modified only by the use of an occasional burst of common sense. For my own part, I am prepared to confess as much and to see in it the reason why I wanted the first seven years of my children's lives to resemble mine, and the next seven to be as different as possible; for I was happy from nought to seven and miserable from seven to fourteen. I am not suggesting that it is a reasonable position for any parent to take up, but I do suggest that it is a more honest one than some.

III

What then was this seven years of childhood which became the inevitable pattern for my son's childhood? In the last years of the dying century my father and mother, immediately after their marriage, left England and went to South Africa. They settled in the half-tamed bush country of Zululand, where my father, a clergyman six foot three in height, kept a frontier school for children of at least five races, disagreed with his fellows of the cloth, learned to despise missionaries of every sort, read Huxley and Tolstoi, and cultivated his garden in the spirit of Voltaire. What possible future there was for such a man we can never know, for three years later he was to die.

He had overworked in a London slum, read all night instead of sleeping, induced chills by swimming in rough seas for miles round the Isle of Wight, and generally undermined his colossal frame; and when he first reached Zululand was already nursing tuberculosis bacilli. The doctor gave him one hope—to trek upcountry in a covered wagon across the veldt. So we started off with a span of donkeys, the four of us, my dying father, my mother, myself aged two, and an infant younger still. The baby died on the veldt, and my father carried him nine miles in his arms to the nearest

graveyard, and then we moved on. Only last year, by the way, I read in the papers how some Zulus, infuriated by white mishandling, had desecrated that particular graveyard and torn up all the graves.

Then came the Boer War; we could go no farther. My father, a Tolstoian pacifist, lay dying in a military hospital listening to the guns of Ladysmith; and then my mother and I were left alone. I was three years old; my father had taught me how to place a chess board, and the last I remember of him was a disagreement over a game of cards; and then he became a myth in my life, a myth more powerful than almost any living human being I have ever met since. It is not that I have a "fixation" or other devastating psychoanalytic nightmare, but that now, thirty years after, thinking of him produces precisely the same detached inebriation as listening to a string quartet. I have already lived too long for any son of mine to have a like feeling for me!

For four years everybody was too busy to worry much about me, or at least to interfere with me. Such things as heat, trees, thunder storms, and the sight of miles of brown, burnt grassland are my most vivid memories; and the nearest approach to a nursery school that I suffered was a quarter of an hour a day at a little green desk where I learned to read and write when my mother was not too busy to find me. And usually she was too busy: for she had flouted her English class conventions and, instead of going home to take her place and mine in the Forsyte Saga of suburban London, she started a toy shop and did dressmaking in a small town in Natal. She had one fixed idea and almost no other—that she must be independent of her people's charity so as to save me from the sort of education they would want to impose. So there we have it again: my childhood was fixed by her childhood and my father's and, because of the pain and futility of theirs, I was saved for freedom and independence under a hot African sun.

It is not likely that the American reader can comprehend what this declaration of independence on my mother's part involved or the extent to which it was bound to deflect the normal course of my development; because no American has drunk in the English class conventions with his mother's milk; nor born within his unconscious the ancestral specters lurking in ours. As I write I can see the venerable form of my maternal grandfather, a worthy churchman who, at a pinch, would have sat in the same pew as a man who had to do with a shop, but would never dream of acknowledging him in the street; and who spoke of non-episcopalians as "wretched dissenters" as others speak of Bolsheviks or Jacobins. By the age of thirty he had reached the position of chief clerk in a city firm, and out of that position he had to be forcibly retired more than fifty years later when he was eighty-three. He was a genial old gentleman, as I remember him, and I have nothing against him; indeed, his long white beard into which egg and coffee invariably descended at breakfast time was the only help I ever had in my attempts to visualize the first person of the Trinity. Probably he regarded it as a personal grievance that my father had not been content to take a refined lady out to Africa but had died there into the bargain and left her stranded. As for his wife, my grandmother, in 1896 she decided that the best way to make other people suffer for her rheumatism would be to refuse to get out of bed and, being iron-willed, she persisted in being bedridden until her death in 1915. She lived up five flights of stairs and used to ring her electric bell from time to time so as to be sure that the servants would come from the basement "if she really needed them." When my parents married she was much annoyed at the way in which conventional ceremony in the matter of clothes, gifts, and useless paraphernalia was eliminated, and finally when told of a new accession to the general scheme of economy she said

bitterly, "Well, all I can say is, that each day this seems to me to be getting less and less of a wedding and more and more of a marriage!" To some the meaning of these words will be obscure, to others they will epitomize the Victorian Age. But we must not linger over grandparents; we shall not look upon their like again, and I owe most of what I have to my mother's struggle against their incredibly powerful spirit, a spirit which grimly led my generation on to August, 1914.

Did this struggle simply give me the remoteness of a not over-civilized corner of the world? It gave me silence and solitude, absence of supervision, freedom without cruelty and, above all, the absence of a conventional herd with standardized reactions to come between me and my thoughts and feelings. It was a rough life too, and my body was always bleeding from stones and thorns, and bruised from the gentle kicks of adults who wanted me to leave them alone; but never once was I aware that people existed whose pleasure came from hurting other human beings. I was to learn that only when I came back to England to be educated.

One day, or indeed one bewildering, amazing minute taught me this necessary truth; it "converted" me as completely as whatever it was that turned Saul into St. Paul.

I can remember the excitement of my going to school for the first time. It was a frosty morning in late September when all the grass was white and the mist obscured the tops of the horse chestnut trees outside the school. I arrived one hour too early and waited in a room alone for the other boys, wondering what they would be like, longing for the new thrill of lessons to begin. In later months and years I was to creep up to the school gates as the last bell tolled, taking cover behind trees and hedges, so as to avoid being ambushed by a crowd of boys, whose object it was to knock me down and fill my mouth with mud, partly because I did not like it, and partly to extract from me the answers to lessons which they had not done. The change moreover came quickly.

The first Saturday of term my grandfather came down from London to visit us; we walked down the long High Street in the dusk, my mother and I, to see him to his train; he gave me a shilling to spend in exactly the way which would give me most pleasure. No shilling spent on a serious book ever taught anyone as much as this one was to teach me. On the way home from the railway station we stopped at a toy shop and I bought an iron hoop and a hoop-stick with a hooked end, and I remember regretting that it was too late in the day to learn how to bowl the hoop before bedtime came; so I had to fall asleep thinking of how to-morrow was very far away and somewhere in the house a hoop, which ought to be racing along the road, was standing still.

On Sunday afternoon we went as always for a walk together, and only then did the chance come to master this new art: at first I was always picking it out of the hedgerow or watching it sink lopsidedly to rest yards ahead in the very middle of the road. We learn to skate in summer and to swim in winter, and that night in sleep I learned to bowl my hoop. Proudly on Monday morning did I go to school and, turning into the playground where the other boys were kicking a football about, I trundled it along with something approaching mastery and certainly a little hope that I should acquire merit by reason of my talent. What was my astonishment when upon their first sight of me, every one of the seventy boys, more or less, stopped kicking the football and gathered round me with howls of derision. As I flushed scarlet, pushes sent me this way and that, and in a flash I realized that I was a little boy who was doing an unheard of thing, bringing a hoop to school, a hoop which only a guttersnipe who went to a free school ought to play with. Very rapidly my mind began to work; first, they

must not take my hoop from me, then, I must not cry, then the realization that they were enjoying themselves because I was unhappy, and then a feeling of the irony of it all, a white-bearded old man who with all kindness had given me a shilling and had caused this. He must never know, nor must my mother; nobody must know. I had learned in a second, among other things, the difference between solitude in Africa and loneliness in England.

The jeering continued until the school bell rang; but, once only, another voice broke in with, "Oh shut up, you fellows, after all he's only a kid." The speaker was probably thirteen years old, nearly twice as old as I and, therefore, an adult; and the idea that an adult should find an excuse for me helped me to feel that I was not altogether damned. I have forgotten the name of everybody on that day except one name, and the only reason why I have never written to remind its owner of the episode is a fear lest if I made the necessary inquiries I should find that he had been killed in the War.

IV

If this were an autobiography, instead of a revery over two childhoods and the way in which one boy of seven influences another, even though the first happens to be the father and the second his son, I would be able to show what a number of things in my life were irrevocably predestined because of a shilling hoop. Because of it I was to run round another street, whenever I could, if I saw a group of small boys coming—a terror which lasted into adult life and has only begun to be broken by my discovering that my own children, though they are ten years and nine years old, seem to like me and to have no wish to jeer if I meet them in the road. From that day I found myself forced to wear a scarlet letter, and all my ideas and feelings were treated by my schoolfellows as if they were bastards. But this is not as relevant to our subject as that, owing to what I learned in that moment, my children have never gone to an English preparatory school. Had I been one of the jeerers or the sturdy individual who stood out against the jeering, matters might very well have been different.

Of course the episode was only the beginning, and some people would probably say that it was a necessary shattering of a fool's paradise. I am quite prepared to admit that ten years of being bullied, of being plagued by the mass mind of regular boys taught me some lessons; but the very admission goes to prove that the time has gone by when parents will plunge their children into hell simply cause it may be said with plausibility that they themselves were refined by the hell of their childhood. That indeed is the significant thing—we parents of to-day are determined to spare the rod even though this may spoil the child. Sparing the rod is the important thing with us and, starting from a determination to spare it, we look with an almost pathetic faith to the verbalisms of "scientific pedagogy," hoping that they will show us a way of sparing the rod without spoiling the child. So far there is no proof at all that our faith is justified.

And yet we cannot overestimate the importance of this change; for it amounts in practice to the giving up of the dogma that children should be "licked into shape." Pliny centuries ago informed the learned world that bear cubs came into the world as shapeless masses of jelly, and that the mother bear settled down to the task of licking these masses until her tongue had shaped the limbs into their due proportions. Human beings, always true to form, never looked at a new-born bear cub but continued to read Pliny, so that even in Shakespeare's day people believed in the jelly which was licked into shape. Finally some Bolshevik had the indecency to upset authority and describe bear cubs as his eyes had seen them. Meanwhile a phrase had become embedded into the language to describe

an orthodox educational idea: children needed to be "licked into shape," and schools were the place to do it.

It must have been very unpleasant for the parents. My mother, for example, who slaved day and night to clothe and feed me, must have known when I was miserable, but she believed that it had to be. My dying father had said that his education had been ruined by his being shifted about from school to school and had begged her not to make the same mistake with me. Once more childhood of father fixed the childhood of son, and I had to be kept in the school in which I had started. I think it was certainly a good thing in the long run, but it must have hurt my mother at the time.

In these days we are not willing to pay the price because we no longer believe that anything is worth the price of unhappiness; "licking into shape" has ceased to be part of our educational philosophy. But are our children any happier? There must be times when the modern parent, after taking a good deal of trouble to ward off the more obvious forms of childhood sorrows, wonders whether children are not after all congenital martyrs. Thus one day at the dinner table one of my boys, aged five at the time, said suddenly, "You know God is the soul of the world." The statement coming unexpectedly produced a smile, more of surprise than anything else; at once he turned white, burst into tears, and said, "It isn't true; *nothing* I say is true"; and it was hard to console him. The *weltschmerz* of the modern child sometimes defies all adult efforts to control. Childhood and sadness cannot always exist apart.

Indeed, I doubt if we can reduce the sorrows of childhood very much, but at least we have been a little bit more successful in increasing the joys. I can remember countless pleasures during my African days, most of them experienced alone: I can still feel the joy of long, hot afternoons spent in cutting up leaves into little pieces and drying them as I had seen done in the tea plantations; in playing soldiers with my army of discarded cotton reels collected from my mother's workroom—they were so much more amenable to discipline than the ridiculous tin soldiers bought in boxes, which could only keep in one position; cotton reels were in any position you cared to imagine; in watching wild animals, ants, vultures, spiders, bats, and so on; in making clay cows with the help of the Zulu girls. I had no pleasures such as these when I went to school; for even though cricket and football were good fun, they did not smack distinctively of the pleasures of the imagination. Gradually all my emotions went into one thing: I schemed to hurry home as fast as I was able in order to sit down on a particular chair, shut my eyes, put my hand out to the left where the bookshelves were, and grab and read whatever came to my hand. The only saying preserved from my childhood is that when just before he began to die my father asked me to fetch him a book, I replied, "Which one, *Degeneration* or the *Origin of Species*?" From seven to fourteen I read my father's books, preserved when everything else had been sold and brought home to England. It was his copy of Max Nordau's nonsense and Darwin's sense that I read in snatches after hurrying home from school. But even so, South African pleasures were no more. I am determined that they shall linger on far longer in my children's childhood than they did in mine.

V

I confess I am a little puzzled where it is all leading us at present. Certainly the children have their "South African" pleasures still, they spend days devising how to shoot the neck of a bottle at ten yards with blank cartridges and how to invent a target which will collect spent shot so that they may be used again. I am particularly pleased at

these activities, for when my Tolstoian father died leaving me an orphan at three, and became a "myth" overshadowing my whole emotional life, there were probably laid the seeds of my own pacifism—though when attacked on the subject I base it naturally enough solely on the use of my reason—and no pacifist's children could ever be more armed to the teeth than mine, a fact which I take rightly or wrongly as evidence that I am letting them lead their own lives!

It is not so much the pleasures that cause me doubts; it is the endless criticism which falls from their lips and seems so reasonable. Certainly, for example, they are not submitted to the lack of individuality which was a feature of my education; indeed, there are twenty-five children and seventeen adults to teach them. Are they pleased that the staff is adequate? Not a bit of it. "What we need if we are ever going to learn anything," says one of them, "is fewer grownups and more children." And I believe he is right. Certainly, again, everything is done to stimulate their interests; indeed, I sometimes think that modern education consists in boycotting all work and putting the hobbies into the curriculum instead. So apparently thinks my son. "It's impossible to learn anything here; there are so many other things to do that you don't even get time to want to learn." And again I believe he is right. Curiously enough, just as I ran home as fast as I could from an orthodox school so as to read books, my older son runs home from a "new" school as fast as he can so as to read books. In my case they tried to dull my intellectual pleasures by making me learn by heart all the capes and bays on the west and south of Ireland and calling it geography; in his case there is a tendency to "high hat" the intellect altogether and substitute a number of rather silly handicrafts for any reasonable form of head work; but in neither case does it make much difference, at the age of ten we both lay or lie on our stomachs in our homes to read the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Meanwhile, in contrast to myself or his older brother, the younger child at the age of nine has organized a club among the village children to "do for the village what Mr. Hoover is doing for America"; and in case you do not know what that may be, the club is specifically "to put down bullying and encourage football." There you have the man of action who goes through life without too many problems for happiness.

In other words, it seems as if whatever the school some children are happy and others less so. I do not think that the older son is happier or less happy than I was; but I am perfectly certain that the younger one is happier than either. And from this I gather among other things that my grandchildren, by my younger son, will go to much the same sort of school as that in which he finds himself, whereas my grandchildren by my older son will go to a school full of discipline, rewards and punishments, fixed subjects, orthodox curriculums, and everything else that is different from his father's experience. And I only hope, without great conviction, that their father will not be writing, twenty years hence, a complaint against his upbringing.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Surely that we modern parents will do well to regard the education of our children as a matter of emotional experience rather than as a thing to be logically determined. That does not mean that we must not think; thought is needed for nothing so much as for affairs of the heart and feelings; it means, however, that if we are to make a success of education, it will be as artists in the art of life, and not as scientists practicing applied sociology. A great deal of modern education is a confession of emotional inadequacy: we make ourselves believe in "experts" because we are afraid of a difficult human problem. And yet you might as well hand over a love affair to an expert as this other equally personal relationship.

GERMAN WOMEN IN POLITICS

SOME PARALLELS FOR THEIR AMERICAN SISTERS

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

IT WAS at the Conference of the International Suffrage Alliance held at the Sorbonne in Paris, some three years ago, that I caught my first glimpse of the German women as active and powerful political factors. It was then, too, that I was bound to contrast the magnitude of their accomplishment with the small part American women have played in our political life. Over a period of three years in which I have had occasion to learn more about them, I see them, under conditions and in circumstances demanding astute convictions and complete valor, as a direct indictment of our own women who, in pre-suffrage days, strewed the floor of their arena with flamboyant prophecies of the millennium that would come with their right to vote and to govern.

They came, these German women, from a country pinched by hunger and defeat and revolution. They came as under a cloud into an enemy land, where prejudice, and even hatred, were likely to be their welcome. They came with their heads held high, their eyes blind to all but their purpose, their banners proclaiming to the women of twenty-six nations what women can do when they are put to the test.

And from the moment of their entrance they furnished a comparison by which the tactics and the technic of our own women were to suffer. Whereas the American delegation of twelve actual representatives and twelve alternates was picked from the members of but one of our national women's organizations, nearly all from the leisure class, the German delegation was made up of women from all political parties and from all walks of life. They were lawyers, physicians, social welfare workers, doctors of political economy, of letters and of science, teachers, members of the Reichstag, and women who, working with their hands, had come to know the problems of the poor and the oppressed.

While the chief concern of our American women was the exclusion from the conference of a delegation from another of our national organizations, the common cause of the women of Germany was the bettering of conditions for the men and women and children of their own country and of the world, and the exhortation to all women to pledge themselves to work for international understanding and accord.

The American delegation had its way. And for but one reason. The women of the other countries felt they could not afford to antagonize a group to which they must look for the larger part of the money necessary to carry out the program of the Alliance. But they shook their heads, many of them, in derision or disdain, at the whispering campaign which had been an implement of the American victory.

Our complete eclipse—and I might also say our collapse; for the bubble of our superiority was well-pricked—occurred the last evening of the conference when women members of the various national parliaments were asked to speak.

One by one they arose, and without interpreters, for they all had at least a fair knowledge of French. One by one they spoke with conviction and with a precise knowledge of their policies and of the work they had done and hoped to do in their legislative halls.

Nearly at the end, Frau Gertrude Baumer, Deputy in the Reichstag, came to her feet. The Amphitheater of the Sorbonne was packed from floor to roof with an audience for the greater part French. A few timid and scattered clappings of the hand were her only greeting.

This little dark-eyed, sleek-haired woman, simply but tastefully gowned, looked about her, bowed gracefully, and in perfect and beautiful French began to speak.

Before the end of her first paragraph the whole house was on its feet, shouting its applause. On and on she went unfolding her idea of woman's purpose in politics, a purpose magnificent in its scope, penetrating in its vision, determined in its ideals. When she had finished, the audience was moved to an uncontrolled emotion. Frenchmen were kissing one another and calling out their commendation. Women were weeping. It was ten minutes before the voice of the Chairman could be heard calling the meeting to order. The French papers the next day published the speech in full, many of them commenting upon it editorially and declaring that seldom nowadays did the walls of the Sorbonne echo to words of "such sound logic, deep insight, sincere purpose, and inspiring ideals." One editorial writer acclaimed her as a shepherd leading her flock by still waters. Frau Baumer's speech was the great moment of the Conference.

The next speaker was an American—not a Representative in Congress, as we had but three women members at that time and none was present—but a lone woman from a state legislature. As she arose to loud and prolonged applause, the audience moved forward in their seats, murmuring expectantly. She was pretty and well-groomed and gentle in appearance. As she made her bow silence reigned. In timid English she spoke—this when, as I have said, all of the other women, even those from Iceland and from China, had spoken in French. She said nothing because she had nothing to say. She was there, she explained, in all humility, as she had accomplished so little, but she did want the women of the other nations to know how pleasant and amenable the men legislators with whom she worked had been in their attitude towards her. That was all.

As she sat down there was a slight and desultory clapping of hands. A wave of disappointment went through the hall. Behind me were two French women and a man. They snickered. At my side a group of Americans whispered noisily, "So that was all we could do—we American women to whom the women of the entire world looked for example as well as counsel!" It would be funny if it were not so indicative—so chafing to our pride. If they had chosen a woman from the organization which they had excluded and which had a number of accomplished and articulate women the audience might have heard something.

It was an anti-climax in no way to be laid at the speaker's door, but one rather which set squarely up to all American women the many things which they have to learn before they can claim anything like an equal status with the politically-minded women of other countries. It declared that we do not know how to pick leaders or spokesmen. It showed ineptness and unaccustomedness. It betrayed a definite weakness in our ranks which marked us as neophytes in a game where we had been flaunted as experts.

II

This Conference stood me in good stead. For later when I went to Germany I was not entirely unprepared for what I was to learn of the political achievement of its women.

They have a power which is by no means second to that of men. They are fulfilling all the promises which the women of other countries made when they pleaded for the vote and have as yet failed to keep. They have made Germany a better world to live in. They are determined that she shall maintain peace and order within her borders as well as outside of them. They stand firmly together as women, a bulwark of unity, against all attempts at chicanery or charlatanism in government or politics. Their men acknowledge their power and dare not try to thwart it. What they have done is a story well worth the telling. It is one which the women of all countries should be glad to hear. It is one which men may well heed.

Before the War no woman was so completely under the domination of her man as the German woman. A kindly domination in some respects, it was none the less abortive of any independence, social or economic, to which women as individuals are entitled. With the exception of the lower classes, where women have always worked in the fields or factories or have gone out as domestics, it was rare for a German woman, unless she were a widow, to work outside of her own home. *Küche, Kinder und Kirche* was the legend on her banner. Man was master in his household. Woman was his handmaid—a condition she accepted as the natural order of things, placing herself at all times a subservient if loving worshipper at his feet. No sacrifice was too great for her to make for him. And this extended to the denial of whatever individual desires and aims she might possess which could in any way conflict with his wishes.

There were, however, a few women who had, unconsciously perhaps, been preparing for a day when this old order would be changed. As intellectuals—and in Germany the intellect is honored even if it happens to have been bestowed upon woman—they were admitted to the universities and permitted the same educational opportunities as men. Graduates from such universities as those of Heidelberg, of Leipsic, of Berlin, in economics, philosophy, political economy, and letters, their contacts had widened their horizons, affording them a sure knowledge of the intricate questions of history and politics. Except for a few who went in for social work, or who taught as subordinates under men, they had no chance to exercise their intellects.

When the War came, like the women of all warring nations, they became an economic and industrial factor, taking the places of the men who had gone to the front. There was no end to the suffering and sacrifice they were willing to endure and did endure. When revolt took hold of the people, the women's voices were heard in the shouting. When the end came with defeat, disorder, and revolution, a new woman had arisen in Germany—one who demanded suffrage and equal rights with men.

At the National Assembly at Weimar, when the republican constitution was framed, the Socialists were in power. The men, realizing that the women were tired of imperialism and of war, and thinking that they would naturally favor socialism, voluntarily and without much persuasion granted them an unequivocal equality. According to the clause which defined their status, they were to vote exactly on the same terms as men, and there would be neither political nor legal discrimination against them.

It was then that the new order of German women came to the front. They were wise women. They did not organize themselves into groups attacking the methods of men, nor promising to change the world by some peculiar power which Providence had for some reason or other denied to men. Neither did they align themselves against the parties. They joined them, each woman according to her own convictions. Once inside the parties they went to work, and they have kept on working, not for party first, according to old ideas, but for Ger-

many and the general good first and party afterwards. This was a blow to the men of the Left Wing who had thought that women, over-tired, would grasp eagerly at new implements of persuasion. They did not realize that patterns repeat themselves and that one so deeply impressed as that of conservatism upon the German woman's consciousness is not easily eradicated. When the first great upheaval was over and the German Republic began to act, the majority of women, no matter what their parties, leaned towards progressivism as opposed to radicalism. They did not wish their country to break up into small factions, each one warring against the other. They wanted peace and rest. Above all, they wanted an economic stability which would protect the home and not disintegrate it, and they have stood firmly against any movement or measure which threatened their desire.

Upon joining the parties they automatically became by force of numbers a factor to consider. The men, seeing this, quite as automatically nominated them in considerable number for the Reichstag. To-day there are twenty-seven sitting as deputies in its halls. Happily the women most interested in politics are those fitted by education, experience, and intellect for political careers, and they are elected because they have the character and ability to carry the vote.

These women meet together to discuss all proposed legislation. They study all conditions thoroughly and, irrespective of party, they come to an agreement on the subject by which they stand together, even against their party leaders. To the woman deputy who betrays them they are ruthless. There was such a one who failed to stand by her part. Hers was the one dissenting feminine vote on a question involving the welfare of a large group of women workers. For the remainder of her term she was completely ostracized by the other women members. When election-time came they worked as a unit and brought about her defeat.

As the German constitution provides against all discriminations, women are on all the committees—even those of Finance and Foreign Relations. Because of their ability to carry a point, they have a real voice in German affairs.

When I was told that it was the women of Germany who elected Von Hindenburg to the Presidency, it seemed a great deal to say. I was assured by every man with whom I talked—Germans who were for and against Von Hindenburg, and Americans residing in Berlin—that the statement was correct. The women were weary of the constant changes. They were worried about the growth and threat of Communism. They feared that Germany might go as Russia had gone. They knew that the people needed a strong and courageous man to guide them. A number of the women deputies met in council and pledged themselves to work and fight for Von Hindenburg, because they felt that he had accepted the overthrow of the monarchy with dignity and had worked quietly and persistently for the good of his people in the hard days that had followed. To them he represented authority—the iron, dominant intellect which was Germany's great need. They worked hard, these women. In many instances they defied and heckled the men of their own parties, holding up caucuses until they got their way. They wrote for newspapers, wrote and distributed brochures, spoke on street corners. When the vote was counted, although it showed that just as many men as women voted for Von Hindenburg, it also implied that thousands upon thousands of women belonging to parties opposed to him had voted for him.

At a luncheon given for me by the Foreign Ministry I met several of the women who are doing such big things for Germany. Through several courses the conversation was confined to generalities. Suddenly, with the appearance of dessert, a little man who sat across from me,

a confirmed royalist and still bristling at the unpleasant aftermath of the War, grew rancid in his mood, launching into a tirade against the Allied Nations, the occupation of border territory, reparations, and the return of Alsace to France. "In the next war Germany shall have her day," he sputtered. The men at the table frowned him down. The women assaulted him in a chorus of vigorous German. One of them, a natural leader, brought a determined fist down upon the table. "We shall have no more war, Baron," she declared, "the women of Germany will not permit it. Do you hear me? We shall have no more war." He heard her, and was completely subdued during the rest of the meal.

III

Later, when I came to know these women better, I learned that their ability to face an issue unflinchingly, without evasion or a weak persuasion, is one of the virtues of their success.

There is Frau Mende, a graduate in history and French from the University of Berlin, and for many years a teacher in the schools of Germany and in those of the Balkan States. Before the War she had taken an active interest in politics, although women then had no voting power. After the revolution she aided Stresemann in founding the People's Party. At the Constitutional Assembly, held at Weimar in 1919, she was the only woman on her party's committee. There was in the Assembly a man who had held a high position under the monarchy and who was violently opposed to the admission of women.

"I can't see," he declared to Frau Mende, "what use women can be in a Constitutional Assembly."

Frau Mende smiled and gave a quick reply, "I can't see what use a minister of the old regime will be. Let us wait and see."

"He did see," said Frau Mende to me. "When Franz Ebert was mentioned for the Presidency, the committee of the People's Party met to consider a candidate, as both it and the Nationalists were opposed to him. We had under consideration a man of high standing. I knew he would poll only such votes as our own electors could give him. So I held out against his nomination, suggesting that, since we could not elect a man of our own, it would be best to support Ebert. He was popular and could be depended upon to hold his 'head.'

"The chairman grew very ironic because one woman was holding up the decision. Nevertheless, I managed to do so until the afternoon when two very important members of the party, who had not been with us in the morning, declared themselves of the same opinion as I. We carried the day.

"Of course this got around and a few days later I met the man who was so much against women in politics. I said to him, 'Ah, Graf. You asked me what use women were in committees and in assemblies. I told you to wait and see. You have waited and now you see.'"

Frau Mende is on the Foreign Relations Committee, the Housing Committee, and several of those committees which have to do with child welfare. She is also working to bring about a change in the divorce laws of Germany.

"Our divorce laws are very difficult," she explained to me. "It sometimes takes years and years for a divorce to be granted. This means great hardships to both men and women, particularly because of the War, when young people married under the stress of swift emotions, to find later that they were utterly incompatible. There are so many cases in which, because they could not be divorced, couples have separated and have formed new relationships outside the law, which have done much to increase illegitimate children. Now we shall change the laws.

"Naturally we have met with opposition, especially from the Centrum Party, so I went to see Herr Marx, who was Chancellor, explaining the situation to him. He refused his support, telling

me that people should be taught self-control.

"'That is all very well in theory,' I replied, 'but not in practice. You cannot defeat human nature. If we do not change the laws we must learn to be tolerant of wild marriages.'" (The German description of marriages without benefit of clergy.)

Despite the opposition of so powerful an influence, the proposed divorce law has had its committee hearings through several sessions of the Reichstag and is recommended for passage at the next one. "We shall not be put off," said Frau Mende. "We shall keep at it if it takes ten years."

I asked Frau Mende how far she thought women would go in politics.

"We shall have more and more power," she answered with emphasis. "Only we must remain reasonable. We must not work so much as women opposed to men, but as the right kind of women working with the right kind of men for the good of all. We must get real political knowledge. Our horizon must grow ever wider and wider. We must refuse on all occasions to consider self or party interests before the interests of the people and the nation as a whole."

Everywhere one goes in Germany one hears of Dr. Marie Elisabeth Lueders. "She has as much power as any man in Germany," was the way in which a man in high political position described her to me. "She has more than most men, because of her dynamic intellect and personality," was another important man's estimate of her.

There is something titanic about Frau Lueders. Tall, straight, strong-limbed, and without an ounce of superfluous flesh, she might be happily modeled to represent a woman triumphant. Her head is set high on her fine shoulders. Her profile is delicately and yet powerfully chiseled. Her blue eyes are as keen and as swift as lightning. Her mouth, mobile and yet firm, turns up with an indisputable sense of humor. Although she must be beyond forty, she is unlined except for two deep furrows across her broad white brow. From the University of Berlin she bears with high honors the title of Doctor of Political Economy.

She has introduced more laws and seen them through to victory than many men in the Reichstag. It was she who led the fight for married women workers, when it was determined, because of the excessive unemployment in Germany, to pass a law excluding them from the civil service. She proved by argument that such a law was against the constitution which especially provided that there should be neither political nor legal discrimination against women.

"What is going to happen," she asked, "to many of these married women who for years have been working in the government, who have no other means of livelihood, whose husbands are too enfeebled by war or too lacking in ability to care properly for their families? Do you seek to pass a law barring men whose wives are earning money from government employment? Why this unconstitutional discrimination?"

It looked for a while as if the women's opposition would carry. No doubt it would have, had it not been for a reasonable compromise effected by them. "Very well," they said, with Frau Lueders in the lead, "recognizing the unemployment crisis, we will give in, but we demand that the women turned out of work because of this law shall receive adequate indemnity."

A bill was introduced by Frau Lueders, which gave to the women either a pension until such time as they would be allowed to return to work or a lump sum which would tide them over until they could find other occupations. This measure caused a storm among certain groups in the Reichstag. The Minister of Finance called upon Frau Lueders and asked her to withdraw it. When she refused he exclaimed, "If it is accepted I shall go out."

"That is too bad," replied Frau Lueders, "but after all there are many

men perfectly capable of taking your place."

The bill was accepted, became a law, and the Finance Minister did go out. "A better one came in," Frau Lueders told me with a laugh.

Another bill, introduced by Doctor Lueders, and worked for by most of the women deputies, was a modification of the birth-control laws condemning any doctor or person proven guilty of giving contraceptive advice or any such aid to a long term in prison and complete deprivation of citizenship rights. The penalty was applicable also to the women so aided. While it was impossible to revoke the law entirely, it was modified, after loud denunciation, so that the penalty was left to the judge, who must now render a decree according to the economic and physical condition of the mothers and fathers.

After the Armistice, because mothers could not nurse their infants or afford to buy milk for them, the infant mortality in Germany increased with alarming rapidity. The result of this is the Mothers' Milk Law, introduced by Frau Lueders at the instance of the women deputies. It provides the money for the required amount of milk for babies of poor mothers. Nursing mothers are given the allowance to buy milk for themselves so that their babies shall have adequate nourishment. "It has done much to decrease the mortality rate and to raise the standard of health among the babies of the poor," Doctor Lueders told me. "In order to get the allowance the mothers must take their babies to a clinic twice a week where the babies are given the best of medical examinations, and the mothers advice."

A law under consideration which is to be taken up at the present session is the illegitimacy act which provides that the proven father of the child born out of wedlock shall educate and support such a child.

Margaretta Behm was another forthright and exemplary member of the Reichstag. It was she who rallied to the support of the women who took in work at home and introduced and mothered a law which included them in the workers' insurance act. Known as the Lex Behm (the Behm Law), it was passed only after months of hard work to overcome bitter prejudices.

And there is Frau Ulrika Scheidel. I write of her to indicate the enormous capacity of the German women for hard work. A graduate of the Lyceum in Berlin, she is the principal of a Girl's High School there, one of the first to be given this position in Germany. "There are six of us now," she laughed, "but, oh! what emotion among the men teachers when we were appointed."

When the Reichstag is in session Frau Scheidel arises at six o'clock, makes her plans for the day, goes through her mail, answers her letters, confers with her subordinates, gives two lessons in higher mathematics, and is at the Reichstag by ten o'clock. At the noon recess she has a quick luncheon, gives another lesson in higher mathematics, and is in her seat when the Reichstag reassembles in the afternoon. It is no uncommon occurrence, because of the many problems vexing Germany at this time, for the parliament to remain in session until midnight or thereafter. Frau Scheidel is there so long as there is work to be done or a vote to be taken. I asked her how she was able to keep up.

She replied, "I could not do it without my Anna." (Anna is her maid.) "She takes charge of my entire life. She cooks, cleans, markets, plans my menus, sees that my clothes are in good order, makes the appointments for my dressmaker and sees that they are kept, caters and arranges for whatever entertaining I must do, keeps expenditures within my budget, and takes care of my calendar for me."

When I remarked that I did not see how she could get one maid to do all of this, she responded, "Ah! But she's doing it for Germany. She thinks I have a mission to perform and is proud

to consecrate herself to what she considers a sacred trust."

It is not so much what these women are and what they have done that brings them credit, as the long odds against which they had to fight to be what they are and to do what they are doing. For the majority of men in Germany did not take kindly to the political equality of women. Many of them are fair enough to admit that the women have acquitted themselves admirably and that they are an established force for good.

Ex-Chancellor Marx told me that he had "come to see that the women were of valuable aid in government"—a subtle but tacit admission that he had not always thought so.

Others are not so willing to set aside their antagonisms. A cabinet officer spent a futile half-hour trying to convince me that women could accomplish just as much if they stayed at home and influenced their men by personal persuasion. "Look how wise the Spanish women are," he exclaimed. "They exercise more power over the policies of their country than any other women. And they do it by staying home and counseling their men." I could not refrain from replying that if Spain, in so far as progress and prosperity and method of government are concerned, is the result of the Spanish woman's wisdom, then Germany should thank her own women for their bit of folly.

IV

Now I do not maintain that our American women have been a complete failure. Women's organizations, such as the National League of Women Voters, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the National Woman's Party, by skilled lobbying have been effective in establishing better property rights for women and more equitable and equable laws regarding the joint guardianship of children in several states. They have been instrumental in improving in a few of the states marriage and divorce laws and in raising the age of consent. It was through their perseverance that the Infancy and Maternity Act known as the Sheppard-Towner law was passed in 1921. Through them it may be restored. The granting of equal citizenship rights and the choice of domicile is due to their efforts. The Child Labor Law, as it was passed in Congress, was their project, although they have as yet been unable to bring about its ratification by the states.

But as a real power in the nation's politics they are a cipher. Those who have affiliated themselves with the parties have been content to sit in the back row, accepting those bones from the political table which the men throw them as a sop. They have had neither voice nor action in party platforms. They have followed the men leaders as sheep to the slaughter of pre-suffrage promises and ideals. Among those who have been nominated by their parties and elected to office are a number who were even opposed to suffrage. Of the seven women at present in the House of Representatives, four were chosen to fill the vacancies left by their husbands. With one exception—the Rogers bill which carried an appropriation for the care of disabled veterans, introduced and fostered by Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers—they have done nothing which the most mediocre man might not have done.

I have, on occasion, talked with several of these women, and I found them timid in expressing themselves. One whom I interviewed declared herself in favor of certain legislative measures but refused to go on record for them, explaining that in the event of her having to vote against them through party loyalty, she would then be criticized for changing her mind. Another, in outlining her opposition to prohibition, was stopped in the middle of the interview by a solicitous woman secretary. "I don't think," said the secre-

tary, "that it is wise to say that. It will hurt you either with the public or with the drys in the party." The Congresswoman listened to her, and obtained a promise from me not to mention the issue in the interview.

We find nothing like this in the German woman in politics. She has valor—a hard valor that has come from having to stand up against her men and against life. She has known national hardship which bred in her that fervent passion without which any cause is doomed to failure. We American women are soft. Since pioneer days we have not had to fight for our sustenance. Where our personal desires are concerned our men have been as marshmallows in our hands. When, therefore, we have to encounter outside the home men who have become hard through having to wrest their way from a hard world we have not the inner stamina to defy them. What we need are leaders—women like Anna Howard Shaw, Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Chapman Catt, Mary Garrett Hay, Jane Addams, Alice Stone Blackwell, Alice Paul—women who have taken a cause as their own, and have had the passion and the fortitude to fight for it unto victory. These qualities the German women possess in high degree.

Whenever I think of them there comes to mind a woman I saw one Sunday morning sixty miles or so north of Berlin. She came sailing toward me down the long, straight road which cut like a white and vivid river across the countryside. She was old—a full seventy, I should say. Upright she sat upon her bicycle, her sea-blue skirts swirling in the wind. Only a lily in its first bloom could have rivaled the whiteness of her stiffly starched apron. Only a saintly Carmelite could have matched the austerity of her weather-beaten face, the skin of which was drawn like parchment over the wide cheekbones. Her eyes were like glowing coals. Her mouth was set in a fine, thin line. Her head was held high. From it floated the heavy black veil drawn over a comb which marks the costume of the women of Lubenau. Strapped to the handle of her bicycle, was a large black prayer-book. Behind her, in rhythm with the steady, measured tread of her pedals, rode in succession, like a series of steps, her eldest son, his wife, her younger sons, and a sequence of grandchildren. All were as erect, as intent in purpose, as clean and as stiffly starched as she, and with their prayer-books strapped as securely and as significantly to the handles of their bicycles. An epic figure she was, leading her fold to worship at a church ten miles distant. Riding along between the high, dark forest on one side and the gentle sweep of green, tilled fields on the other, she was a fair symbol of the woman triumphant—the woman who rides undaunted along the relentless road of duty—the German woman whose clear head is helping to carry her people above the adverse winds of national dilemma.

CAN WE EXTEND THE LIFE SPAN?

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

MAN has always sought to lengthen his days. Because life is the most desired thing in the world, an unrelenting urge has spurred the perennial quest for the Fountain of Youth. Every land and every area has had its Ponce de Leon. To-day, more urgently than ever, the quest goes on. The Metchnikoffs, the Steinachs, and countless others of less scientific repute are engaged in the old occupation—attempting to rejuvenate the aged and to prolong our days. All sorts of schemes and programs have sprung up in answer to the universal longing. But no one has as yet solved the riddle. In this essay, however, we shall not engage in a theoretical discussion but consider the problem of longevity as it presents itself to the scientist who, measure in hand, deals only with ascertained facts. Recent researches have uncovered much information on the structural make-up of man and on the influence that environment exerts on his life cycle. We shall summarize this new knowledge and attempt to answer such practical questions as, what is the present duration of life? How has it changed from time to time and from place to place? What possibility does the future offer for extending it beyond the present limit?

In considering the duration of human life there has been much confusion, because the popular mind has not usually made sharp distinctions between two very different aspects of the problem. The first relates to the vitality of the community as a whole—to the duration of life to be expected by the individual when considered as a member of society and in relationship to the social organization of which he forms a part. Most people have this idea in mind when they say that under modern conditions man lives longer than he did in the past. But this is a purely statistical concept. It concerns the "average" man and reflects the ability of a large group of people to overcome the natural difficulties of survival. It has nothing to do with personal idiosyncrasies or with inherited tendencies on the part of individuals to live long or short terms. Whereas the first concept concerns the community, the second concerns the capacity for longevity of the best endowed of its most fortunate individuals. The first is ordinarily called the average after-lifetime or the "expectation of life"; the second, "the span of life." These two concepts, although interrelated, are really very different. We shall consider each in turn, and attempt to show the future possibilities for adding to the expectation of life on the one hand and to the life span on the other.

II

In order to measure the average duration of life whether in the past, in the present, or in the future, it is necessary to devise a yardstick by means of which we can chart the course of events. Halley, the great English astronomer, developed such a measure in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He studied the facts of population in the town of Breslau in Silesia, and on the basis of the figures constructed what has since been called a "Life Table." He found out how

many years would be lived by the total group of persons from the day of their birth until all had passed away. From the facts presented he was able to conclude that about the year 1690 the average after-lifetime, or as we say, the "expectation of life," was thirty-three and a half years. This means that an infant born in Breslau had an even chance of surviving to that age. Some would die in infancy, others would live to a ripe old age, but the average for all would be thirty-three and a half years. This was the first of a series of life tables, which followed, at first intermittently, but recently in rapid succession. As our statistics have become more trustworthy, and the facts of birth and death are better recorded, our life tables also have improved in accuracy and value.

A life table, as now constructed, shows exactly what happens to a group of 100,000 people who are assumed to be born on a given day and who are followed year by year throughout their lives until all have died. Such a table gives us the total number of years of life which these 100,000 people have lived and shows us at a glance the average duration of life of each individual in the group. A life table which we have recently constructed, for example, shows that 100,000 people born and living under present conditions of mortality would live a total of 5,910,000 years; in other words, that the expectation of life at birth of the average individual is one hundred thousandth part of the total, or 59.10 years. We need not here go into all the complicated mathematical calculations which are necessary in order to arrive at this simple conclusion. The method is well known to statisticians and mathematicians and is used by them daily for all sorts of purposes, not only in our own country, but all over the civilized world. As a result we are now able to compare the expectation of life at birth and at various ages of life for people in lands where records of birth and death are kept.

It is unfortunate that we do not know with any accuracy what the conditions of longevity were during ancient times. We can only piece together bits of evidence which modern research has uncovered. Pearson and Macdonell have very ingeniously constructed partial tables for conditions of life under the Roman Empire. Guided by the ages at death of a group of mummies, Pearson has estimated that the expectation of life among these Egyptians, at the beginning of the Christian era, was about 30 years, or about 5 years less than that of the people of Europe at the end of the 17th century. It is likely, however, that these mummies represented a group of important people, and for that reason their expectation was probably greater than for the populace in general, whose bodies would hardly have been preserved with such care. The common people, we know, were subjected to the greatest hardships and one would, therefore, look for an expectation of life considerably less than Pearson's figures. This assumption is substantiated by the findings of Macdonell for a more mixed group of citizens living in Rome during the first three centuries of the Empire. He estimated the expectation at birth at a little over 20 years. Conditions of life in ancient times were clearly very bad. It was only after the period of middle life was past that the expectations of the ancients began to look at all attractive. The curves prepared by the investigators indicate that those who survived to old age were more vigorous and that, on the average, they lived a little longer than persons of like age to-day.

III

But it is better to consider what has happened since the day of Halley, with information more adequate and reliable. A life table based on the vital statistics of Northampton (England) in the middle of the 18th century shows an expectation of life of about 30 years. The first life tables made in America, covering certain communities in New

Hampshire and Massachusetts at the beginning of the 18th century, give an expectation of life around 35 years. By the middle of the last century, the expectation of life in Massachusetts was just over 40 years. This is very similar to the figures for England and Wales and to those for the Scandinavian countries. A series of official tables followed showing successive gains in life expectation from decade to decade, slow at first, but steadily gathering momentum during the last years of the period under consideration. These advances were contemporaneous with the development of the new public health program and the sanitary regulations which began to be enforced about this date. By 1890 the expectation of life in Massachusetts had increased to about 44 years, or a gain of 4 years in approximately 50 years. In sharp contrast has been the really striking addition to the expectation of life, totaling over 14 years since 1890. What is true of Massachusetts, applies to the United States as a whole, where between the years 1900 and 1927 there has been an extension of 9 years; so that now, as we have said, the expectation of life is about 59 years, being a little less than that figure for males and a little more for females.

In Europe, conditions are, in general, much the same as here, since the conditions of life are very similar. Denmark has the best standing as is shown by the fact that its men may expect to live a little over 60 years and its women about 62 years. In England and Germany the figures are about 56 years for men and about 60 years for women; for France, they are about seven or eight years less, as the death rate is somewhat higher. It is interesting to note, however, that the country which leads the world in the average lifetime of its people is not in either Europe or America, but in far-away New Zealand, where at the beginning of this decade, a male child at birth could look forward to 63 years of life and a female to over 65 years. In Australia the expectation of life is two or three years less, but is, nevertheless, higher than that of any country in either America or Europe. At the other end of the scale stands India, where the expectation of life reaches the amazingly low figure of 22 years for males and 23 years for females, a figure about equal to that of the people of Rome under the Empire.

IV

These seemingly dull figures carry significant and wide-reaching implications. Let us, for example, translate into terms of human welfare the differences in longevity prevailing in New Zealand, on the one hand, and in India, on the other. A child born in New Zealand has a most excellent chance of passing through all the hazards of childhood, reaching maturity, and living to the end of a well-rounded life span. This means that there is every likelihood of the individual returning to the community the outlay in money and in other less tangible assets which have been lavished in bringing him up to the years of productivity. These conditions of life are conducive to economic prosperity and engender an attitude of cheerfulness and of hope. Much energy is released for the cultivation of the arts and the enjoyment of leisure. It is no wonder, then, that we find in this corner of the world an emotionally well-balanced people who have carried the experiment in democracy and civilization to its highest development. In India, on the other hand, much of the energy of the people is expended in mere procreation. The children born are ushered into a world where depression and misery await them. Large numbers are cut down soon after birth. Further decimation occurs year by year throughout childhood, and only a relatively small fraction of those born at a given time survive to the point of productivity when they can repay the community what it has cost to bring them into the world. A ghastly pall of sickness and of death hangs menacingly over the whole people. The contrast

between India and New Zealand presents a striking illustration of how civilization is advanced by eliminating pestilence and protecting infants and youths from the hazards of a cruel nature.

The favorable situation in New Zealand, Australia, in the United States, and in the advanced countries of Europe did not result from mere chance. The improvement in the expectation of life during the past seventy or eighty years is the result of an elaborate and painstaking effort to better the living standards of the common people. A veritable revolution has taken place in making available new facilities and comforts that the average man may now enjoy. The development of industry has, for one thing, improved the economic status of the working population. The discoveries and applications of sanitary science have resulted in the installation of safe water supplies, the adequate removal of sewage and filth, and the more intelligent planning and organization of our rapidly growing cities to which large numbers are attracted by improved opportunities of life and work. Possibly the most important single factor in the changed situation grew out of the series of discoveries made by Pasteur and his followers. These laboratory experiments when carried to a logical conclusion resulted in the germ theory of disease, and their application to the practice of medicine provided an effective weapon against infection. One by one, these discoveries have ended the pestilences which made life dismal for our grandfathers. Smallpox, typhoid fever, malaria, and yellow fever no longer take their heavy annual toll. Over large areas of the world these diseases are almost unknown, thanks to the public health program which has utilized the discoveries of bacteriology and sanitary science. Diphtheria and the other diseases of childhood are rapidly coming under control. And even tuberculosis, once the dread scourge of cities and a leader of the forces of death, has lost so much of its virulence that we now actually speak of the day when it will become a medical curiosity very much as smallpox and plague now are in the advanced countries of the world. It is a striking characteristic of modern life that, with the exception of a few diseases like influenza and the common cold, we have become virtual masters of the acute infections. That is the reason why the expectation of life has been increased by 50 per cent in the last three generations.

But it is a chastening thought that, substantial as these gains are, they have been confined to the early years of life. The pasteurization and proper safeguarding of the milk supply have practically prevented infantile diarrhœa, thus curtailing infant mortality. In the last quarter of a century the infant death rate has been reduced from 17 to 7 per cent, or considerably more than one-half. This change alone has added about two years to the expectation of life, because obviously a child saved in infancy may have 50 or 60 years of life before it. And so the prevention of the other communicable diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and diphtheria has lengthened the expectation; while the reduction of typhoid fever, and especially of tuberculosis, has likewise saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of young people. The infections which have proved the easiest to control have been primarily concentrated in the first half of life. However, when we examine the series of life tables covering the 80- or 90-year period of modern scientific procedure, we find unfortunately that there has been a gain of but little more than a year on the average for those who have reached the age of 40. Since 1880, there has been hardly any progress at all. In Massachusetts, for example, the expectation of life at age 40 has actually declined somewhat since 1880. Much the same picture is presented by the Registration States of the United States during this century.

These losses simply reflect the fact that there has been no improvement in

mortality at the later ages of life. Only at one moment was there some hope that conditions might be changing for the better. The 1920 mortality figures for middle life and old age showed a slight improvement over those of 1910; so for a while this gave encouragement to those engaged in the life-conservation campaign who hoped that the tide had turned. But later events have demonstrated only too clearly that the apparent improvement in 1920 had been due to purely fortuitous circumstances. The death rates of 1920 at the older ages were abnormally low as a result of the ravages of the influenza epidemic a few years before. Undoubtedly what had happened was that many older people in precarious health had fallen victims to influenza and its sequelæ instead of succumbing a few years later to some degenerative disease. In any case, every year since 1920 has shown a slight but continuous rise in mortality for those at the older ages of life. This, of course, means a declining average after-lifetime. Half a year of expectation has been lost to those at age 40 during the short interval since 1920.

It would appear, then, that for the moment we have arrived at an impasse so far as adding to the expectation of life of Americans is concerned. The average after-lifetime at birth is now about 59 years. At age 1, it is 61½ years, and this figure has not changed since 1920. It is, of course, possible that this situation represents only a temporary check. The indications are, however, that if there is a renewal of life-saving activity, it is much more likely to affect the beginning and early years than to increase the expectation after the half-century mark is reached. What, then, is the outlook for the future? What do modern medicine and scientific public health programs hold out as an attainable goal?

Obviously, progress depends upon our readiness to utilize the information we have and to organize the community to prevent mortality as far as possible. Much remains to be done in spite of all the achievements of the past. Seven per cent of our babies still die before they are a year old. Although we know how to prevent diphtheria completely, almost 9,000 deaths from this disease occur each year in the United States. Typhoid fever still afflicts our rural areas; there are even now over 95,000 deaths annually from tuberculosis. Piecing together all the accepted facts regarding life conservation, I drew up a hypothetical life table a few years ago which represented the maximum expectation of life, assuming that mortality could be reduced to the very limit of present-day knowledge. This would mean cutting the mortality rate for the first fifty years of life to about one-half its present figure. After that age some slight reductions in mortality would tend to delay the onset of old age. But no saving appears likely after age sixty. Our hypothetical life table forecasts an expectation of life of about 65 years at birth. In other words, on the basis of our present knowledge, we should be able to add six years to the life expectancy of the average individual. It is, of course, conceivable that an important discovery regarding the cause of cancer, its control and treatment, and the perfection of our treatment of the pneumonias might add an additional few years; but that still lies in the future. To be liberal, three score and ten years would seem to bound the community's average capacity to live. This is the best answer that scientific research to-day gives to our first question—What is the upper limit of the expectation of life?

V

Turning now to a consideration of our second problem, namely, the length of the life span, let us see what changes have taken place in the individual's capacity to survive. What has happened in the interval during which the expectation of life has increased? Has the ability of man to live longer changed?

Are there now a larger number of centenarians? And finally, what is the likelihood of an extension of the life span in the future?

Relatively few people live to extreme old age. The last Census enumerated only 613,144 persons who had passed their eightieth birthday, out of a total of 105 million. This was under six-tenths of one per cent of the population in 1920. Centenarians are and have always been extremely scarce. There were only slightly more than 4,000 people in the United States in the last Census who claimed to have attained that age. But it is significant that of this number almost 3,000 were colored; close to 2,000 colored women said they were 100 years old or over. Although colored females form only five per cent of the total population, they give the country half its centenarians! On its face, such a situation is highly improbable, and while we are not questioning the honesty of those who make the claim, we strongly suspect that in the great majority of cases they are mistaken as to the exact number of years they have lived. Many of the old colored people are illiterate, and nearly all of them lack authentic records giving the date of their birth. In fact, we find that wherever records are absent centenarians rise up and flourish. Turkey and the Balkans have long been a happy hunting ground for centenarians, in spite of the fact that conditions of life are very hard and public health standards are exceedingly low. The claims to extreme old age are nearly always appealing fictions.

A number of critics have carefully studied the records of a few notorious individuals who at different times were supposed to have lived for an extraordinarily long term of years. The most careful investigations were those of T. E. Young, a former president of the British Actuarial Society, who has written an extremely interesting book, *On Centenarians*. He studied many of the isolated cases of extreme old age and the records of the entire mortality experience of the Life Assurance and Annuity Societies of Great Britain and the annuity experience of the National Debt Office, which gave him a group of about a million individuals. In this large number, he found exactly thirty persons who lived 100 years or more. The longest record was of a man who lived 110 years and 321 days. In many cases, Young found a confusion of identity, whereby two persons of the same name were counted as one individual. For example, the Countess of Desmond, one of the historic illustrations of longevity, is said to have lived 130 years, because as it later turned out, two persons of the same name (one of whom lived to be 100 years and the other, her mother, died at age 30) were mixed up and their lives combined in subsequent records. Granted that a few individuals do pass the century mark, there is apparently no authentic information that anyone ever attained an age much greater than 110 years. In my opinion, authentic centenarians are so few in America that they can be counted on the fingers of one's two hands.

VI

So far as we can piece together the picture of ancient times, we are confronted with a very similar situation. While proportionately fewer individuals arrived at old age than do now, there was apparently no great difficulty for a few sturdy souls to enjoy a life span as long as our own. The biblical Methuselahs are undoubtedly only mythical. On the other hand, an examination of the ages at death of a group of leading historical characters of antiquity shows that many did arrive at a ripe old age. Isocrates lived to be 98, Sophocles 89, and Plato apparently died at 80. The average age at death of a large group of prominent Greeks, who graced the classic period, was about 70 years. They did not live so long in Rome, because of the common Roman habit of killing off their leaders or driving them to suicide. But Livy the historian

lived to be 76 and Juvenal 80. The average age at death of a group of prominent Romans was only 53 years, and no centenarians appeared on the horizon. It is unfortunate that no exact information exists as to the ages at death of the Egyptian Pharaohs; although some were known to live to a ripe old age, none passed the century mark. The words of the Psalmist, "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength but labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away," were based on keen and accurate observation and are as true to-day as they were then. For the great majority of people, the practical limit to the life span is 80 years; for only six out of one thousand reach or pass this goal. As far as available evidence goes, there has been no change in potential longevity throughout the entire period of human history.

The future remains in the lap of the gods. A few scholars like Professor Irving Fisher of Yale and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk of the Life Extension Institute believe that it is distinctly possible to increase the length of human life. These men are especially optimistic about the life-conservation campaign which is being developed rapidly in all civilized nations. Though actuaries have consistently regarded one hundred years as the limit of the life span, Fisher thinks that it will be possible for many to live well beyond the century mark. He stresses three ways by which this may be accomplished: the advancement of the eugenics movement, the intensive development of the public health program, and the improvement resulting from better personal hygiene. The last he considers especially promising because faulty habits of living now all too often curtail life. Again and again, he stresses the value of the periodic health examination as a weapon of defense in the campaign against the degenerative diseases. Such examinations will discover impairments when there is yet time to correct these defects and thus avert chronic disease. He stresses the findings of modern biologists that cells and tissues are potentially immortal and denies that natural death is due inherently to physiological processes. In short, the life span could be materially prolonged by removing deleterious influences, and especially infection (provided, of course, that high standards of public and private hygiene were enforced).

We believe that Fisher and his followers are altogether too optimistic. Little evidence, if any, exists that the eugenic movement is able to add materially to our life span, because unfortunately we know all too little about heredity. The gains accruing from a public health program, as we have already shown, are clearly in the direction of curtailing mortality in the early ages only. There is no recently discovered technic that gives us any appreciable power to combat the hazards of middle life and of old age. The improvement in personal hygiene does hold out some promise, and the growing popularity of periodic health examinations is leading to beneficial results. But we have not yet learned how to check the processes of degeneration. To-day, ever larger numbers of people are dying of heart disease, cancer, cerebral hemorrhage, arterial diseases, Bright's disease, and diabetes. Together, these so-called degenerative diseases account for 66 per cent of the entire mortality after the age of 70, as compared with 52 per cent twenty years ago. This is in a sense inevitable, for people must die. If children and young folks no longer fall victims to the diseases characteristic of early years, they must in the end succumb to the illnesses typical of old age. It is, therefore, not surprising that in spite of increasing knowledge and improving medical practice, the mortality from heart disease, from cancer, and from diabetes is constantly rising. Even where a definite specific has been discovered, such as insulin, its effectiveness seems to be limited to the younger ages,

for after middle life the trend of the death rate from diabetes is distinctly upwards. We seem, in fact, to be confronted at the older ages with the gradual breakdown of the human organism. Apparently the human body, like the machine in industry, has a fairly definite working life and each year of activity produces a certain amount of depreciation. Consequently we see little hope of any improvement until we find out more about the causes of senescence. Perhaps medical research in the future will give us a new point of departure, but this also remains veiled in mystery.

VII

There is much talk, at present, about rejuvenation, and some doctors are making extravagant claims from the transplantation of glands, from operative procedures, or from x-ray stimulation. No convincing proof has yet been advanced substantiating these claims. Few of these experimenters inspire much confidence, and there is so much confusion in their results that no definite statement concerning them can be made at present. It is altogether improbable that any single glandular substance can ever materially postpone the aging process. Though the subject is obviously full of interest, one cannot escape the feeling that the basic scientific work underlying a rational theory of rejuvenation still remains to be done.

Perhaps the most promising activity at the present time is the quiet scientific work being done by those who are studying the effects of the internal secretions upon growth and development. We know, for example, that the deficiency of the thyroid gland arrests the development of a child so that he does not advance beyond a mental age of three or four years, and that the administration of glandular extract may restore normal development in such cases. This fact has led some keen investigators to believe that it may be possible in like manner to isolate glandular substances which, when utilized, would bring about a state of chemical equilibrium in the body. If one could hold the organism stationary at the most favorable point of the life cycle when evolution has reached its highest functional efficiency and before degeneration sets in, it might be possible to prevent, or at any rate to postpone, the chemical modifications that are characteristic of regression or of aging. Certainly this seems like a more plausible procedure than that of Steinach who concentrates attention on the sex glands and expects, by stimulating them, to restore lost vigor and youth to an aged individual. But all of these attempts are based on the theory that old age and death are pathological phenomena and can be staved off or at least postponed by learning the secrets of metabolism and of the function of the internal secretions.

It is only fair to say, however, that the majority of workers regard the whole subject of rejuvenation with great skepticism and look upon senescence and death as a natural physiological process, normal and inevitable, no matter what new facts may be discovered through the isolation and application of glandular extracts. When all has been said and done about personal hygiene, periodic health examinations, and rejuvenation, we are still confronted with the stern fact that apparently no way is yet in sight to keep the heart functioning beyond a rather distinctly fixed number of years. The senescent heart is the crux of the whole matter. Like the wonderful one-horse shay, the human mechanism, even when it survives to hale and hearty old age, is apt suddenly to go to pieces and break down all at once, because the heart quietly stops functioning. Examples of this are legion. We marvel at the strength and vigor of a Stephen Smith, of a Choate, of a Clemenceau, and of the others who arrive at a ripe old age with mental faculties unimpaired and with a sound and forward-looking outlook on life. But a

slight indisposition comes, and within a few days their story is ended. Human life has a biological limit which, apparently, we cannot alter, and at its very center lies our inability to keep the heart from growing old and wearing out.

But after all, is it not vain to complain that we cannot extend indefinitely the term of our life? Within the space of a century, or even the more practicable period of eighty years, cannot man attain the fulfillment of every reasonable ambition? Instead of harassing our minds with a futile desire for added years at the dusk of life, should we not rather in a spirit of peace and submission face facts as they really are? A period of old age free from the pain and hardships of early years, serene and calm in the possession of one's mental faculties, is most beautiful, but it should be enjoyed in the untroubled realization that the final scene in the drama of life will necessarily be brief. The unwarranted sacrifice of infants and young children, of youths and of adults in their prime is an unpardonable social waste; to control and check it calls for the employment of every device within our power. And it is our hope that an ever greater proportion of people will be enabled to utilize all their productive years, arrive at the threshold of old age, and even live well beyond into the fullness of years. But at the same time, nothing is to be gained by loading down the rising generation with a staggering burden of helpless old age. The social welfare does not demand the indefinite continuance of the profitless and often senile existence of those who have completed their work. Perhaps, after all, it is well arranged that nature is inexorable and will not permit our life span to be extended. The old order changes and gives way to the new.

WIND HORSES

BY CARL SANDBURG

ROOTS, go deep: wrap your coils, fasten your knots,
Fix a loop far under, a four-in-hand far under.
The wind drives wild horses, gnashers, plungers:
Go deep, roots.
Hold your four-in-hand knots against all wild horses.

The Lion's Mouth

THE POLICEMAN'S PROPHECY

BY LORD DUNSANY

"GOING by a cross-road at that pace," said the policeman to my taxi-driver; "and when I held my hand up. You'll kill yourself and everybody else."

The rebuke stuck in my mind until I began to wonder what would happen if he did; and what it would be like when he had done it.

No doubt the motor buses and private cars would help him; and then the traffic would begin to slow down; one day it would stop. And at once the brambles and convolvulus on each side of every road would get to know of it, and their tendrils would slip out softly on some still evening and begin to scout over the tar. But in London, where the forces of nature seem so weak and few, what would happen there? Why, the very window-boxes would know of it. Small tendrils would stray over sills and peer about, to welcome the weeds that would soon creep up from below. The seed of the plane trees would go abroad in their season and sweep along pavements like dust, till they found the homes that they sought in cracks and in crannies; and the winged seed of the limes traveling farther than anyone guesses would find hard lodging at first, but would rustle a little farther with every breeze till they also came to their rest in soil however scanty.

The news of the work of that taxi-driver would spread to flies, as rapidly as the swiftest winds could carry it; and not only would they come from incredible distances to settle down upon London in one rejoicing cloud, but billions would be born for this very occasion; and in all our empty cathedrals, in all our trafficless streets, their hum would be the first anthem to announce the passing of man. It seems to me that an important duty would fall on the flies, to tidy up after the taxi-driver, and to make the Thames Valley habitable for whatever forms of life were coming there next.

Birds would follow the flies and of course kill millions, but could never check their rejoicing. The air would be full of swallows all through summer, and the swifts sailing above them; the little dun-colored fly-catcher would perch on abandoned walls, and leap up to catch his prey, and return again to his perch; and the predatory birds in far woods would immediately know of the sport, and would come swooping in to prey on the lesser hunters.

The abandoned food of London would become a patrimony for more rats than there are in the whole of the Thames Valley, and they would increase until their numbers were worthy of that opportunity. The cats would never check them; and though there might be cats that would think the houses of men were now their own, curling up cosily in soft chairs in the best rooms, they would learn soon that there dwelt in each house a vast population that cared little enough for them and their dainty airs.

And what new alliance would the dog make when his old master was gone? Would he oust the jackal and serve the lion? In Africa perhaps. But what

would he do in London? He would be lonely at first. And then he would form into packs running wild through parks and through squares, in at doors and out of windows, hunting down streets become populous with all manner of things except man. And some trace, though I can't think what, of us and our customs would still be felt in his packs; for it is always so when something great has gone; there remains a trace of it amongst lesser folk for century after century. What sport those packs would have, free to follow forever that instinct that they had learned for a whole geological era, yet touched now and then by the memory of a friendship which, though it had only started a little before history, might yet be poignant enough.

And all the while the little weeds would be growing; every wind would do their work, every shower soften their beds for them; and great far-traveling gales would come in from the hills, bringing flowers new to London. It would probably not be long before the traces of man's supremacy began to grow indistinct, the outlines of all his work in steel or stone being blurred by weeds till they grew as vague as old footprints. And at that weedy touch a certain angular look, a certain feeling of hardness, would be all gone from the houses, so that all the wild things would know at a glance they could enter and be at rest. What kind of habitation will they make for those that are other than we? Some know them already, the cat, the mouse, and the spider; the jackdaw too has known the chimneys of man. Will these be our heirs when the work of the taxi-driver is finished? Or will others oust them?

And another question one cannot help asking: will the world be the worse for the change? We cannot answer that; we are too much absorbed by our point of view to be able to say if the greenery of grass and moss and ivy, tenanted by all manner of creatures, molested no longer by us, will be a better or worse habitation than our pavements trodden by men. That green will rise like a tide, bringing with it forgetfulness, and drowning a little deeper with every leaf of the buttercup, and every downy clock of the dandelion, the fear and remembrance of man.

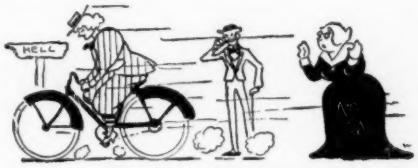
What a noise we made! But it will all be forgotten. What a mess we made with our hoardings, what a glare in the sky! But a few clean winds will tidy the hoardings up, and the sky above London will return to its stars, as a patient from fever to health.

And who will remember, when all these things are forgotten? Who will remember at all? Who will look at the soft green mounds and recall man's angular houses and remember that we were here? The dog. The dog will remember. On some night when he is not hunting, some dog may stray from his pack; and in a clearing of young woods of lime, growing dense by the banks of Thames, may suddenly see his old enemy the full moon rising huge over weed-covered houses. At once he will lift his head, and cry out to warn man. Not a voice will answer him, not a harsh ungrateful cry, which he never resented of old, for he never asked for man's gratitude: it used to be enough to warn him and guard him without looking for recompense. And now not a voice would come, except perhaps from a dog far off in the marshes passing the warning on, and the quiet mutter of geese. And suddenly he will remember, then, man has not been seen for years. He'll be sorry, at that, and think of all we've done, so far as he can understand it, and will think of our motives and praise them: not the motives we knew (even historians, likely as not, miss them), but those divine purposes, mysterious, almost inscrutable, that he guessed at and credited to us and humbly revered. Don't let us be too greatly elated at that reverence that may outlast us, for it will not come so much from our own deserts as from the depths of the fathomless loyalty that is in the heart of the dog. The mouse will remember houses, the cat

will remember soft rugs, the jackdaw for many a year will remember chimneys; but the dog will remember man.

And what an odd memory it will be, that memory lingering on in the marshes and woods of the Thames, a memory of something that once was here, so wise, so powerful and so far-seeing that it could alter the face of the earth, and yet so blind that it could not see by starlight, so deaf that a footfall coming up from behind could not be heard till too late, and quite unable even to smell at all. One who never even knew who his enemies were; never guessed the plotting of wild things, the disloyalty of cats, nor the enmity of the full moon. And in the end the face of the earth, for all that man had done to it, went back in spite of him to its old, old way. And here were the cats and the rats, the foxes and the full moon, all quietly triumphant over the end of that mysterious figure that was so much mightier, wiser, and kinder than they. And just when a thought arises too deep for tears, that watchful dog by the marshes under the moon will turn to another thought more swiftly than we can turn—for I know the ways of the dog—and will raise a hind leg to scratch at his neck with a sudden vigor. Ah, yes, that flea will interest him more than man. We must be content with whatever memory we can get when we are gone. When nature is busy everywhere hiding our work away, belfry and factory alike dumb under cascades of clematis, it will be something to have even that much memory, even though it come briefly and rarely on nights of a full moon.

And, after all, that policeman may have exaggerated, though he spoke so deliberately and calmly and seemed so sure, and though I myself have long thought on similar lines, and have not at all supposed that machines were for ever. I had always thought that machines in the end would overthrow machines, the bombing plane and the pullman cancelling out, and that nature at last would return; so that when I suddenly heard the policeman's prophecy, and saw his confident bearing, I did not doubt at first that what he predicted was true. But after reflection, and in the policeman's absence, it seems there may well be a chance that the taxi-driver may kill himself before he has time to kill everybody, and that he may be buried by folk of our race, who only dimly and rarely guess with what he had threatened us all. What will they write on his tombstone? I can think of no more fitting inscription, if after all we survive him, than those words so often uttered over the dead in London: The Driver Was Exonerated From All Blame.



THE ROAD TO PERDITION

Not to Say the Highway of Cosmic Amelioration

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

When Grandma's winters were a score,
She had her virtues; but her faults
And sins came from the schottische or
The waltz.

For Grandpa and his chums were churls,
And Chivalry was a thing to flout;
The boys were bad; and what were girls
About?

And when my bloomered mother rode
A safety bicycle in style,
My Grandma said the current mode
Was vile.

And Virtue sank beyond recall;
Depravity could no deeper go.
The bicycle was the source of all.
Our woe.

And plumbless was my father's grief
When the nickel novel was my book.
I'd grow to nothing but a thief
And crook.

Came motor cars and radios
To make existence more complex,
And life was parties, cocktails, shows,
And Sex.

The clothesless girl, the Blues Review,
The tabloid age of wild unthrift;
Our boys and girls—ah, whither do
They drift?

Speeding the primrose path to hell,
Gone are the Family and the Home!
Ill fares the land . . . All nations fell
Like Rome!

Age, drop thine old chastising arm!
Hop to it, eager maidenhood!
I know that nothing does much harm
Or good.

THE WEEK-END COMPLEX

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

ONE of the most brilliant chapters of my forthcoming opus on the Psychology of Marriage will be that on the Week-End Complex. This complex, though it takes strikingly different forms in husband and wife, is the cause of so many altercations in otherwise happy households that I feel it my duty as a psychologist—or practically a psychologist—to set the facts before the public.

An interesting case in point was that of Mr. B., a New York business man who lived with his wife and two children in a Long Island suburb. I was called in after Mr. B., a man of usually equable temper, had injured his wife by throwing a tack-hammer at her. None of the ordinary complexes seemed to explain this unfortunate incident. Mr. B., thirty-eight years old, was doing well in his business, was well regarded by his neighbors, had no illicit love-affairs, had not sucked his thumb in infancy, and according to universal testimony lived in the most complete amity with his wife during the week. Mrs. B., thirty-four years old, was by all accounts a dutiful wife and mother, without a sign of Œdipus, Narcissus, Telemachus, or Gladiolus complexes. It was not until I noted the time when the incident took place and recalled what Mr. B.'s weapon had been, that I hit upon a clue. He had struck Mrs. B. at 3.15 Saturday afternoon, and—as I have previously stated—with a tack-hammer.

A psychologist learns to think quickly, and I asked Mr. B. what he was doing with a tack-hammer on Saturday afternoon. "Why weren't you out on the golf links?" I asked, taking care to put the question just as if it did not probe to the depths of his unconscious.

"That's just it," said Mr. B. violently. "That's just what I asked my wife." And he began to talk. Realizing that I had before me an acute case of Week-End Complex, I whipped out my notebook and set down the following tragic story.

Every week, said Mr. B., he worked like a slave at the office, and looked forward to an interval of freedom on Saturday and Sunday. As the family breadwinner he thought he was entitled to it. His idea of the sort of week-end which was his due was somewhat as follows:

Saturday afternoon, golf or tennis.

Saturday evening, a big party.

Sunday morning, breakfast at 9.30, followed by golf till 1.30.

Sunday afternoon, lunch at 2, followed by dozing and meditation in a position close to the horizontal.

Sunday evening, a small party.

Mrs. B., however, according to Mr. B., had a different idea of what was his due. He said that it was something like this:

Saturday afternoon.

2.30–4. Put up the screen door or take it down, put up the storm window or take it down, clean the furnace, mow the lawn, or rake the lawn, according to season. Mr. B. remarked in passing that it appears always to be the season for something.

4–4.15. Taxi service for Mrs. B.'s visiting relatives.

4.15–5. Wash car, put chains on car, take chains off car, clean garage, or do something about that pile of brush back of the house that's been there for weeks.

5–6.30. Duties in the cellar. There's always something to be done in the cellar—something to be cleaned or cut up into pieces or taken away. Or if it isn't in the cellar, it's in the attic. When are you going to go through that bundle of old papers and things in the steamer trunk in the attic, and decide whether to throw them away? And how about driving over to the service station to get that tire they've been mending? And what are you going to do about that gutter that drips? It's probably stuffed with leaves. Hadn't you better get a ladder and go up and see?

6.30–7. What is technically known as a romp with the kiddies—which takes the form of extended pickaback riding on a back painfully weakened by previous labors.

Evening.

Dinner with wife's relatives, and further taxi duty.

Sunday morning.

After breakfast, write letters (how long is it since you've written to your Aunt Agatha?), pay bills, balance check book, do something about that pile of stuff that's accumulated on the desk, and why isn't this a good time to answer that invitation to the club dinner? And I wish you'd clean out that closet of yours, and decide about the old brown suit—do you want to keep it, or is it to be thrown away? Put it on and see how it looks. And all that stuff on your bureau—please make up your mind about it. Are those woolen socks worth mending? The driveway needs raking, too.

11. To church.

12.30–1.30. A nice walk with the children. (Mr. B. finds that all the children in the whole neighborhood want to come along, and that he must act as leader for a troop of some dimensions, all of whom want to examine and take home with them all pieces of rusty iron found by the roadside, climb all sizable trees, and leap into all piles of hay or snow, according to season. Average speed, one-half mile per hour.)

Sunday afternoon.

1.30–2.15. Lunch.

2.15–2.30. Taxi service for wife's relatives.

2.30–4.30. Plant garden with wife—the two of them "working together, renewing themselves by contact with the soil." Mr. B. says that's the theory but the practice is somewhat different. Mr. B. gets out the spades and things. Mrs. B. comes out and says she'll be ready in a moment and won't he start in over there by the wall? He does. He makes contact with the soil. He keeps on making contact with it. It does not renew him—it renews the crick in the back that he got yesterday mowing the lawn. At 3 o'clock Mrs. B. calls to him and says she was delayed by some telephoning but she'll be right out. Mr. B. makes contact with a submerged ledge and seven roots that apparently lead to New Jersey. Two lady callers arrive, and he laughs hollowly at the thought that Mrs. B. was going to be right out. At 4 o'clock he sneaks upstairs for a bath after his afternoon of planting the garden with his wife.

At this point the psychologist asked if this was all for the day, and Mr. B. broke down and sobbed. The psychologist, therefore, left him and interviewed Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. stated that the foregoing was a preposterous and misleading exaggeration. She, too, worked all through the week, and *her* work went right on through the week end. Did Mr. B. think she was a slave that she should do everything about the house and he nothing? A husband ought to take some interest in his house and grounds and in his children. But she was very moderate in her requests to Mr. B.; all she had asked

him to do last Saturday was to put up those glass shelves in the bathroom. They'd been lying there waiting to be put up for weeks. He seemed to expect the shelves to put themselves up. He seemed to expect the garden to plant itself. As a matter of fact he didn't pay any attention to the garden anyhow unless she asked him about it. If he did something about it himself he would take some pride in it. And after all, wasn't it his garden as well as hers? Mr. B. was all right all the rest of the week, but he went into a sulk when she suggested his doing even the littlest things on Saturdays and Sundays.

A psychologist like myself had only to have a picture like this set before him to realize that the difficulty was that Mr. and Mrs. B. had different ideas as to how he should spend his week-end.

I knew at once that the source of these Week-End Complexes lay far back in the respective childhoods of Mr. and Mrs. B. In infancy they had been conditioned to look at week-ends differently. Mr. B. had been conditioned in such a way that a mashie gave him pleasurable reflexes and a tack-hammer was associated with grief and pain. Mrs. B., on the other hand, had probably had "Everybody Works But Father" sung to her by her nurse, and had associated tack-hammers with merit.

"Is there no hope, then?" asked Mr. and Mrs. B. sadly.

"None," said I. I told them that even if I prescribed thirty-six holes of golf every week-end for Mr. B. and the employment of a special man-of-all-work for the week-end use of Mrs. B., this would be no cure. Mr. B. would play his golf with a sense of guilt hanging over him; his mashie shots would be ruined by a conviction that he should be using a tack-hammer. And Mrs. B. would get no real satisfaction out of seeing a mere man-of-all-work do his duty. "Your early conditioning," said I, "would be too much for you. You are doomed—but wait! How old are your children?"

I was told that the boy was nine; the girl, five.

"Splendid!" I cried. "Science will solve our problem after all. The boy is still a little young for putting up the storm window, but he can begin very nicely on washing the car and mowing the lawn. Tell him at once that if he is *very* good this week he may possibly be allowed to wash the car. You, Mr. B., must express rapture at the very thought of such a privilege. You must slap your knee and shout, 'Think of it, Junior, you can wash the car! Well, well, well, what a time you'll have! With a real hose!' Work him gradually into privilege after privilege; that's the way to condition him. Your daughter, on the other hand, must be fed on bed-time stories about the Fairy Prince who spent his week-ends playing golf and won the Fairy Princess by getting an 83, which would have been a 79 if his Ugly Aunt hadn't got him all tired by telling him to put the screen doors up. Pretty soon you will have done your part in ridding the next generation of Week-End Complexes. And meanwhile, Mr. B., you may find that Junior has learned to do all your week-end work for you."

The smile that broke over the distracted face of Mr. B. is among a psychologist's happiest memories.

It is three years now since I treated Mr. and Mrs. B. The other day I returned to the house and found Junior mowing the lawn. Mr. B., I was told, was out on the golf links. They were a happy family once more—even on week-ends.

Such are the conquests of science.

Editor's Easy Chair

HAS RELIGION GONE TO GRASS?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A NUMBER of gifted and highly instructed gentlemen discuss religion nowadays in the public prints (and quite profusely in this magazine) whose knowledge of it seems to be a result of reading. We have heard of closet naturalists who did not keep a dog, a cat, an aquarium, a monkey, or hens, or cultivate gardens, but studied natural history in books. So these gentlemen who discuss contemporary religion seem to get their knowledge of it exclusively from literary research.

Up near the top of the list are George Santayana and Walter Lippmann, both able and discerning persons, admirable students and good writers, Mr. Lippmann, indeed, being so good that even an ordinary reader can usually understand him. In a recent exchange between them in the *Saturday Review of Literature* Mr. Lippmann seemed to have the advantage of Mr. Santayana in that you could understand, or thought you could, what he was driving at. But perhaps that was not an advantage, and perhaps Mr. Santayana really does better by leaving us in the air.

However, these accomplished gentlemen seem to agree that religion is going or has gone to the bowwows, and that the regulation of human conduct must find some other basis. The natural reply of ordinary minds to them both is that neither of them seems ever to have got religion. It is extinct for them, of course, until they get it, just as it is for everybody else; but if once they got it they might perhaps realize that it is still a going force in human affairs.

It seems that Harold Begbie has died. As it happened, the news of his departure did not get to the *Easy Chair* until months after it took place. He died on the 8th of October last year. He was interesting as a religious writer and seemed to know more about the subject, and what was really going on, than Mr. Santayana, Mr. Lippmann, or even Mr. Elmer Davis and Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes. Possibly, his advantage over these other gentlemen was that he had actually domesticated some religion and kept it in the house and lived by it. He may best be remembered as the author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street* and a succession of biographical books of that sort; but he wrote much else, including one very remarkable book—*Twice-Born Men*—which tells about complete changes of character and deportment that had come to notice in connection with the work of the Salvation Army in England.

The big job of religion is to change the will and make people want to live better then they did before, and to help them to understand in what better living consists. What religion seems to do where it works well is to provide a new background for the mind; and this in many cases is urgently needed. The thing that ails the criminals whose exploits we read of day after day in the newspapers is that the backgrounds of their minds are not right. If religion can out-

fit them in this particular, the job is worth doing, and the agency that can do it is worth notice.

THESE gentlemen who think that religion has gone to grass seem, as a rule, not to get along with what is called the supernatural side of it. But these cases of changed characters seem to belong to that side of it. That was the side which Dwight Moody worked on. That is the side which every notable evangelist has worked on from St. Paul to Wesley, Whitfield, Finney, and scores of others. The great asset of religion is this power to change character which seems to belong to what is thought to be its supernatural side. It certainly belongs to psychology; and as psychology is more studied than it used to be and might be defined as the science of the soul, there is a fair prospect that we shall yet get useful light on religion from contemporary research.

One finds in print a record of a conversation between Roger Babson, the business statistician, and Charles Steinmetz, the electrician who lately died. Babson asked Steinmetz what line of research would see the greatest development within the next fifty years. Steinmetz did not say what might have been expected—that the development would be in some line of electrical application. He said he thought the greatest discovery would be made along spiritual lines. "Here is a force," he said, "which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. Yet we have merely been playing with it and have never seriously studied it as we have the physical forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been scratched. When this day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four."

The vitality of religion does not depend upon whether the Almighty wrote the Ten Commandments on stone for Moses, nor whether the whale swallowed Jonah, nor whether the story of Genesis about creation can be reconciled to Darwin, nor even about the Virgin Birth or the understanding of the word "atonement," nor whether the keys of Heaven were entrusted to St. Peter, nor whether St. Paul was a true interpreter of his Master. Various opinions on all these matters are consistent with a continuing value in religion. But what really matters is its power. If it has lost its punch—if it cannot make over human characters, if it is no longer the inspiration of great labors, then to be sure it may be a washout, as Santayana and Lippmann would have us think. But the people who know whether religion can still do these things which it has been used to do are not so much the research students as the people who see and study and understand what is going on under their eyes.

Begbie always seemed to be such a person. He might be right; he might be wrong. He was far from infallible. But at least he was not blind, and he wrote what he saw to the best of his understanding. He was always a seeker, and other seekers kept in touch with him and he with them. One of his books, *Stained Glass Windows*, was about bishops and other conspicuous lights in religion in England. He searched to discover whether they were, as we say in the vernacular, really "on the job" of making true religion visible, and some of his estimates of conspicuous ecclesiastics were not flattering. He must have known that prodigious character, W. T. Stead, for when Stead went down with the *Titanic* in 1912, Begbie was forty-one years old and in the full tide of his activities as seeker, writer, and journalist.

Religion cannot live by architecture and decoration and bookkeeping; nor yet by prohibitions and rules of conduct, and legislation. It cannot live even by

oratory unless the orator has something effectual to put across and can convey it. It must live by spirit; by something more to come through its speakers than is in themselves. And it must be judged by its fruits.

People will not be apt to believe in the power of the Christian religion unless they believe in the environment that it presupposes. The very pith of it is what we call the belief in immortality, that is, that we go on from this life into another and that that other life is always more or less about us, and available to draw upon for purposes of conduct and understanding. There is a good deal doing nowadays to reinvigorate and extend that belief, and so to reinvigorate religion.

THE great fight on religion in Russia is extremely interesting. I presume that a distinction can be made between religion and the organization of it. There is a story that The Adversary, being informed by one of his heelers that there was something going strong on earth which was contrary to his interests, replied cheerfully: "Never mind, we'll organize it!" This implied that organization, which is a practical matter, was not helpful to the spiritual prosperity of what was organized. This suspicion is widely entertained and makes for hope at least that even if the Soviets should be able to destroy the organization of the Christian religion in Russia—which is to say the Russian Church—there would still be a lot of religion left in that country and no impossibility of its continuing to do its work.

The old Russian Church was a reactionary, Jew-baiting organization, and a strong supporter of the Tzars' government. The Tzars, latterly, were apt to be a good deal better than their governments, but that hardly could be said of the Russian Church under the headship of such persons as Pobiedonostzeff. Tolstoi saw its failure and broke with it. What is left of it as an organization seems at the present to be subject to the Soviets, which is not an encouraging thought.

The Soviet revolt against religion is connected with its economic policies. The present government wants to communize not only industrial but agricultural Russia; and in dealing with the peasants it has a job of extreme difficulty in which it thinks it finds the old religion arrayed among its opponents. The Soviets are not in the least squeamish about the use of force; the Russians never have been. Soviet Russia will kill, exile, and punish, even by torture, to any extent it thinks expedient. Much of that seems to be going on now. It is hard to say how much, because the truth about Russia is so difficult to obtain; but that the Russian people can be persuaded or constrained by education or by force of any kind to forsake the Christian religion must seem likely only to persons who think that religion has lost its power.

THE Soviets are in trouble with their farmers. The United States to some extent is in the same predicament. Our farmers are getting pretty grumpy. They see, or think they see, everybody getting rich except themselves. Governor Roosevelt lately made a speech in favor of country life. There has been a tide away from the farms for the last two or three generations. He believes it will turn back.

Maybe it will. The obstacle most considered is the difficulty farmers now have of making a reasonably good living. With that they begin to think the tariff is concerned. Some of them think they would be better off if most people were more nearly in their case—that is, if most people were poorer—if the wages of everybody, mechanics, farm hands, union labor of all kinds, were leveled down to something nearer the farm standard. Possibly they would be happier if that should happen, as would various other groups in the community, but the prevailing sentiment is that it would be a good deal better to maintain the

present standard of wages and living and contrive that the competent farmers should have more than that everybody else should have less.

Would the farmers be better off if our present sixty-cent dollars had their purchasing power increased to one hundred cents? If dollars got scarce enough their purchasing power might so increase, and possibly something like that will come about from the inadequacy of the gold supply to meet the trading needs of our present world. But that is a far-off and speculative remedy. Austin, a farmer in the Genesee Valley, used to feel that the prime requisite of being a farmer was to like the life. He did not find farming especially profitable, though in his time, a generation ago, it was relatively better than it is now because there had not been such an enormous increase in the profits of other callings. But he liked the life and stuck to farms, though it is true he had a very comfortable income derived from other sources.

A great deal has been done to make farm life likable. Telephones, electricity and, especially, roads and motor cars have done an immense deal for country life in fairly civilized districts. Farm life is not so great a solitude as it used to be, and hospitals within motor distance make it less precarious. Good roads make about as much difference to country life as good arteries do to the human body. They make circulation practicable and comfortable.

But even in the country modern improvements—telephones, electric light, roads, and motor cars, not to mention modern plumbing—all cost something and imply an income that will sustain monthly payments; and besides that, they are all included in the scope of that famous observation, "Man cannot live by bread alone." That remark probably includes even the radio. Farmers, as a rule, do not starve. Their clothes may get ragged, but they can and ordinarily do produce food. They can subsist, if they must, with little cash, and for that reason are not likely to die out. But that does not seem to be enough. Their minds need to be fed a little and their souls a good deal, and it is doubtful whether in this last particular their needs are as well met as they were two or three generations ago.

What the country may need more than changes in the tariff or appropriations for farm relief is the incursion of up-to-date first-class settlers from town with enough money to give them leisure to do something besides plow and reap. Farmers need more good thinkers such as make other industries profitable. The best thinkers and the more ambitious and able young people are constantly being drawn away from the farms to the cities. The road back to the farm needs to have more travel on it. And that brings it to mind that the farms do more than provide food for the country. One would like to see them provide wine also, but even that would not be all. They are the great nurseries of the American population. They not only raise grass and grain and pigs and chickens, but they are of vast consequence in their function of raising men and women. If the farms run down, that is bad; but if the farming people run down, which is a natural consequence of the other, that is much worse. If the forests are cut off and the soil they grew on is destroyed by forest fires, as is happening all the time, we know the consequences of this will pinch posterity, and so will the consequences of degeneration of farm life if that goes on. The greatest problem of all is how to raise high-grade human beings. When that gets the attention it deserves and the share of brains and public revenue that it is worth, it will mean better days for all workers whose living comes out of the ground.

And religion, if it sustains a great reinforcement, as seems likely to happen, will help country life; for in the country even more than in the town, people have need to live a good deal in their imaginations, which is one way of saying that they need to cultivate their spiritual side.

Personal and Otherwise

FROM Theodore Roosevelt's Harvard days until his death, ***Owen Wister*** was one of his most intimate friends. During the past year Mr. Wister has been writing what many of his admirers have long hoped he would write: a book on Roosevelt, not a formal biography but a record of friendship. We are privileged to present this month a part of this record: the account of those fateful years when Roosevelt broke with his successor and his party. Next month we shall publish Mr. Wister's recollections of Roosevelt in war-time, closing with the story of their last meeting at Sagamore Hill in 1918. A host of readers know Mr. Wister as the author of that American classic, *The Virginian*, and of *Lin McLean*, *Lady Baltimore*, *The Seven Ages of Washington*, *The Pentecost of Calamity*, and other memorable books.

Roark Bradford's first HARPER story, "Child of God" (an account of a young negro's arrival in Heaven, told as he would have imagined it), won the O. Henry Prize for the best American short story of 1927. Since then Mr. Bradford has written two books of Bible stories told after the manner of the darkies of his native New Orleans: *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun* and *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys*. The former, incidentally, suggested the finest play of the present New York season, Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures."

Everyone wants to see the farmers of the country prosper; but if the Hoover Administration's ambitious plan for Farm Relief is not going to bring about this result, then the sooner we realize it the better. ***Joseph Stagg Lawrence,*** who expresses grave concern over the Farm Board's program, is a former Princeton instructor who is now devoting his time to economic research and writing; he is the author of *Stabilization of Prices* and of *Wall Street and Washington*.

Lee Foster Hartman is an infrequent contributor to HARPER'S, yet as associate editor he has a hand in the shaping of every issue.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, author of *Vain Oblations* and many other volumes of fiction and essays, may always be counted upon to start a lively discussion. She has written articles for us on subjects ranging from prize-fighting to culture; her latest appearance in the Magazine was with a South Sea story, "The Centipede," which came out last August. Mrs. Gerould lives in Princeton, where her husband, Gordon Hall Gerould, is professor of English at the University.

Myron M. Stearns is a free-lance writer who has been connected with the motion-picture business and has written widely on the movies, on aviation, and on other topics, both over his own signature and that of John Amid. During the past year or two he has done much traveling by air and has studied the exploits of the air-mail pilots, of which Eddie Allen's two flights in bad weather over the Rockies are among the most thrilling.

Bertrand Russell is so well known to HARPER readers as man of science, philosopher, and champion of radical opinions, that we need only mention the titles of two of his most recent books: *Education and the Good Life* and *Marriage and Morals*.

A Virginian by birth, ***Letitia Preston Randall*** (Mrs. William C. Randall) now lives in a Long Island suburb of New York. Last August she made the amiable Fred Johnson the central character of a HARPER story called "Jolly Boy"; this month she turns the spotlight on his wife.

As the Western world reverberates with protests against the Soviet Government's campaign against religion, ***Philip S. Bernstein,*** rabbi of Rochester's liberal Jewish synagogue, sets forth impartially the facts of a situation

much clouded by propaganda and counter-propaganda. During a recent two months' visit to Russia, Rabbi Bernstein studied the religious problem closely; he conferred not only with priests and rabbis but with government officials, with the heads of the Society of the Godless, with the editors of the *Atheist Magazine*, and with people on the street and peasants in the village where he stayed for a time. Rabbi Bernstein is a contributor to the *Nation*, the *Menorah Journal*, the *American Hebrew*, etc.

Though he lives not far from New York and spends much of his time in historical research (witness two HARPER articles on the Puritans), ***Brendan Lee*** makes for the northern woods when the ice goes out of the rivers and the trout begin to bite. A year ago we encouraged spring fever among fishermen by printing his essay on "Making Trout Medicine."

Last month ***John Langdon-Davies,*** the young British author of *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Women*, who is now working on a book to be entitled *Man and His Universe*, contributed an article called "Education: Savage and Civilized." This month he looks at the same topic from a more personal point of view, and incidentally tells us something of his own early history.

American women have always looked upon German women as less advanced than themselves; what will they say to ***Genevieve Parkhurst's*** article? Mrs. Parkhurst is a former member of the staff of the *Pictorial Review*. She has written widely on feminist subjects, and has recently made an extended tour of Europe, studying the status of women in politics.

As statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, ***Louis I. Dublin*** has at his disposal a great mass of facts concerning longevity. On these he has based a number of HARPER articles and his book, *Health and Wealth*.

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The one and only poet of this issue is ***Carl Sandburg,*** who has fortified the reputation which his verse has brought him by writing one of the finest of all Lincoln books, *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*.

In the Lion's Mouth appear ***Franklin P. Adams,*** the wise and witty F.P.A. of the New York *World's* "Conning Tower"; ***Lord Dunsany,*** the Irish playwright; and ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** of the editorial staff of HARPER'S.

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Albert Besnard, whose etching is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is one of the most distinguished of contemporary French artists. A winner of the Prix de Rome as far back as 1874, he has made a name for himself not only as an etcher but as a portrait painter and mural painter, and has been President of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He is a member of the French Academy.

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Etymological Item. Mr. Howard McLellan of the New York *Evening World* carries the word "racket" farther back even than the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Gunther, it will be recalled, claimed that "racket" was first used in its present sense some years ago in the Chicago underworld, and in our March issue Mr. J. Willets Outerbridge corrected him by showing that it was used by a character in *The Wrecker* exactly as Scarface Al Capone would use it to-day. But it goes back still farther than that, testifies Mr. McLellan:

> The word is the natural child of crooked politics. It was first used in its present significance just after the Civil War and its place of nativity was New York City. It meant then what it means now—an occupation which produces easy money.
>
> It first came into being as the "dollar chowder racket" and its parents were Tammany Hall district leaders. One purchased a ticket for one dollar and this entitled the holder to attend a chowder feast at one of the outdoor picnic places near New York City. The proceeds were supposed to go to the poor in the leader's district. The chowder and accompanying refreshments as well as transportation and the use of the picnic place were donated through the leader's efforts. You got all the chowder and beer you could eat and drink and you went away quite satisfied.
>
> But there was no evidence that the proceeds ever went to the poor. A few dollars may have gone that way but the main portion of the income went to building up the district leader's power and to fighting election day battles.

Later (about 1870) the "dollar beer racket" grew out of the chowder parties. No chowder was served, but the brewers gave without stint to the cause and for a dollar one got all the beer one could carry; and in the salubrious condition which followed, contributors of a dollar had no desire to inquire what happened to their money. It was a good "racket" for the leader, and in so far as the ticket-buyer was concerned, he had no kick coming. He got his money's worth.

Even to-day, balls, dances, receptions, banquets, and other affairs sponsored by Tammany leaders and all other political leaders are known as "rackets." Their announced purpose, as of old, is charity.

In the underworld, the word "racket" has been in use twenty years at least. It was used among the yeggs of the Northwest and the Far West at least a fifth of a century ago.

It is interesting to note that it was borrowed from crooked politics. Whether this is sufficient evidence to indicate an alliance between crooked politics and the underworld I do not care to say. Possibly it doesn't make any difference. Evidence of that union is to be found elsewhere in abundance.

To-day, of course, anything that yields easy money is a "racket."

We now confidently expect to be assured by someone else that the word really goes back to Chaucer.

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Mr. G. Orrett Whitney of Hamilton, Bermuda, points out some minor errors in Mr. Tunis's "Bermuda and the American Idea."

Our Governor, although a general in the army, is not Governor-General, but merely Governor. Our Chief Justice may be a stout member of the British bar, but he is not Lord Chief Justice, a title reserved for the Lord Chief Justice of England. And although it is correct to address our Bishop, as "my Lord," he is never referred to as the Lord Bishop, but just, the Bishop.

Again, no Bermudian in his right mind would under any circumstances call himself an Englishman. This is not because he dislikes Englishmen, but for the simple reason that he is not an Englishman any more than he is a Canadian or an Australian. He is British and proud of it, he is Bermudian and also proud of that.

Mr. Whitney adds that there *are* such things as telephone directories in Bermuda, but—

I can readily believe that Mr. Tunis never saw them, for although occasionally printed, they usually reach subscribers about the time they are out-of-date. However, Central is most obliging. She generally knows the daily habits of subscribers and not infrequently when the party you require does not answer, she is able to offer such helpful suggestions as, "I think he's gone to St. George's for the day," or, "She's likely to be at her mother's this afternoon; shall I try to get her there?"

As for the general theme of Mr. Tunis's article, Mr. Whitney "whole-heartedly concurs" and believes that many other Bermudians will re-echo Mr. Tunis's sentiments.

The spectacle of an island with an area of less than twenty square miles striving for the superlative in bigness and up-to-dateness is ridiculous when it is not tragic, and to an outsider must recall the fable of the bull and the ambitious frog. Our go-getters have yet to discover that there is a loveliness in littleness and an attractiveness in simplicity worth far more, even in the ultimate cash return, than our present strident efforts to emulate a sort of combination Newport and Coney Island.

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The Reverend Earle V. Pierce, pastor of the Lake Harriet Baptist Church in Minneapolis, not only terminates his subscription but breaks a record in so doing. We have had various epithets flung at us in our time, but Mr. Pierce is the first man who ever called the Magazine a cancer. We print his letter out of sheer astonishment:

I am in receipt of your circular letter addressed to your six-months readers, asking if I will not continue as a subscriber to the Magazine.

I think I will continue in my purpose to cease the subscription and buy at the newsstand such magazines as I want. There is much in your Magazine which is very offensive to me and I believe socially destructive. In the first number which I received in the fall, the first article that my eye fell upon was that artistic uncleanness of the detailed description of four girls bathing. It seems to me we are going to the world and the flesh and thus to the devil rapidly enough without our highest priced magazines helping it on. That was but a part of the manifest apotheosis of nakedness which is becoming one of the dominant elements of our barbarity, as it was of Greece and Rome, before they were chucked into their grave for a decent covering.

Then along came an article the next month by a very erudite Englishman in regard to the social

problems. With one wave of his hand he sets aside very smugly religion as being no longer a basis of morality. That is one of the dominant notes of the day and of your Magazine apparently.

Then comes in last month's issue the bolshevik article on "The Dear Old Constitution." I think I would rather get my atheism and bolshevism directly from some such magazine as the *New Republic*. On your forecast page the thing that you offer as so attractive is "Mary Borden, that wise and witty woman of the world," who writes a "Defense of French Morals." The Magazine simply reeks with paganism, that paganism which will yet pervert American society and prepare us for the judgment of God which is hastening on.

I doubtless will buy a HARPER'S MAGAZINE occasionally as I feel it necessary to keep in touch with the trend, but the study of a cancer is not pleasant and is taken up only as a duty.

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It is good to be reminded that other readers enjoy the Magazine from cover to cover. Here is a special tribute to the travel advertisements:

With a sigh of regret I have just laid down the most recent copy of HARPER'S. The articles, the fiction—both are splendid, but these are not the things over which I have been poring with such absorbed interest. No, I have spent the evening reading the alluring travel advertisements in the last section of the Magazine.

Japan. Hawaii. Bermuda. Southern France. Spain. Names to conjure with, and names with which a young school teacher and his wife may weave a web of romance. My husband and I have never been outside the United States; my husband teaches in the metropolitan district of the East where salaries are high, but living expenses are higher. We have never been able to afford a car, so that even little week-end jaunts into the country are impossible. We have been no farther south than Maryland, no farther west than Pennsylvania, and no farther north than New York. In all probability we shall never be passengers on ships that sail the seven seas.

Still—we cannot complain. At least we can sit cozily in our three-room apartment and make wonderful plans. It costs nothing to plan. While HARPER'S continues to publish idylls of far-away lands, we will read eagerly every single word thereof, and thank whatever gods there be for the travel advertisements in the back of HARPER'S MAGAZINE!

Very truly yours,

A. M. G.

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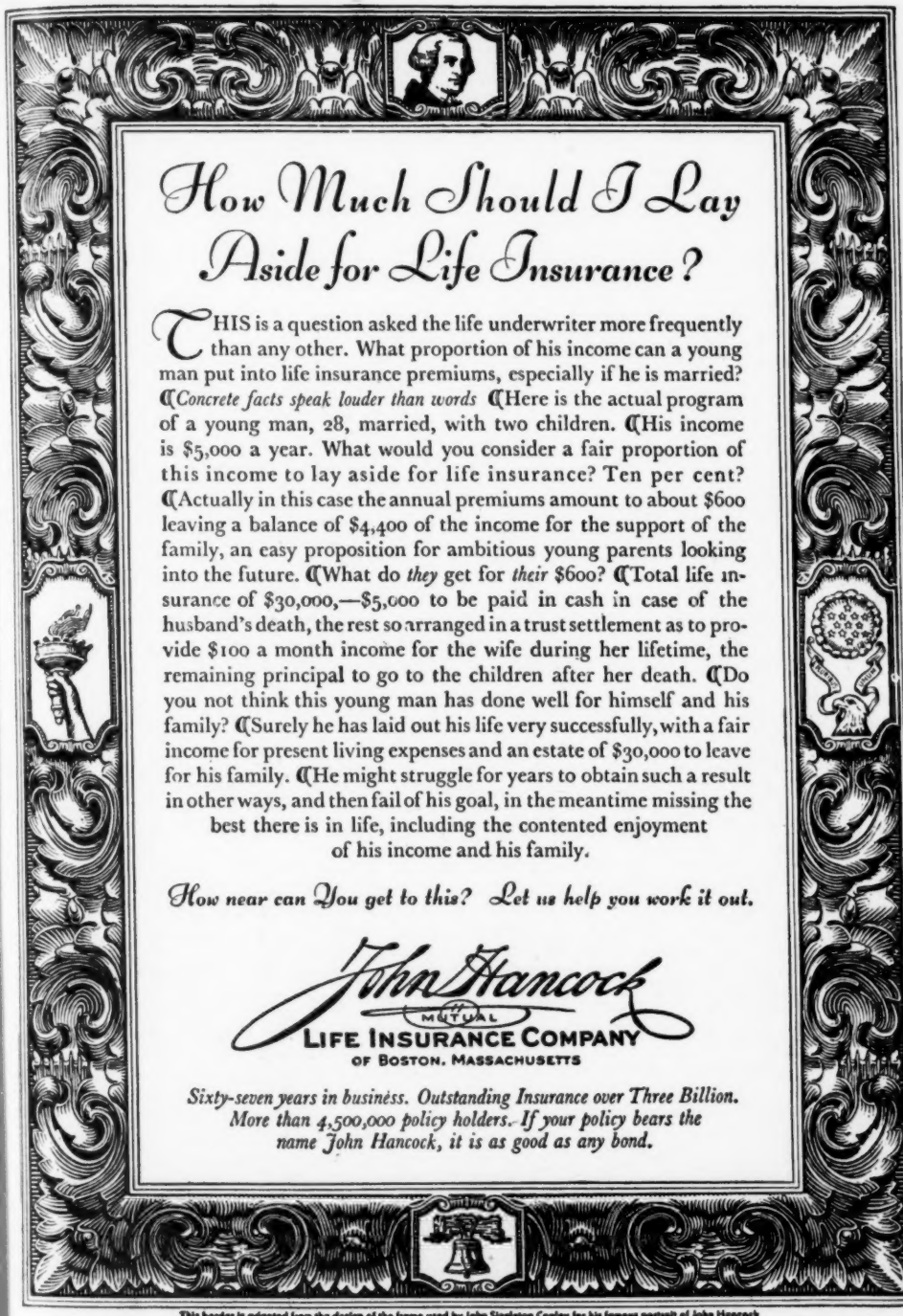
With the present issue—Number 960, as you will note if you glance at the backbone of the Magazine—we bring to a close our eightieth year. Another month and we shall definitely be octogenarians: for it was in June, 1850, that Harper & Brothers brought out Volume I, Number 1 of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

We face the impending birthday with gaiety, realizing that the dismal pronouncements about longevity printed elsewhere in this issue do not apply to magazines. The infant mortality among them is terrific, and few attain to an age such as ours; but no statistician can prove that a magazine which lives to be eighty may not continue to be one hundred and sixty. At any rate, we can say what few octogenarians can: we are growing, and our circulation is virtually twice as good as it was when we were seventy-five.



How Much Should I Lay Aside for Life Insurance?

THIS is a question asked the life underwriter more frequently than any other. What proportion of his income can a young man put into life insurance premiums, especially if he is married? ¶*Concrete facts speak louder than words* ¶Here is the actual program of a young man, 28, married, with two children. ¶His income is $5,000 a year. What would you consider a fair proportion of this income to lay aside for life insurance? Ten per cent? ¶Actually in this case the annual premiums amount to about $600 leaving a balance of $4,400 of the income for the support of the family, an easy proposition for ambitious young parents looking into the future. ¶What do *they* get for *their* $600? ¶Total life insurance of $30,000,—$5,000 to be paid in cash in case of the husband's death, the rest so arranged in a trust settlement as to provide $100 a month income for the wife during her lifetime, the remaining principal to go to the children after her death. ¶Do you not think this young man has done well for himself and his family? ¶Surely he has laid out his life very successfully, with a fair income for present living expenses and an estate of $30,000 to leave for his family. ¶He might struggle for years to obtain such a result in other ways, and then fail of his goal, in the meantime missing the best there is in life, including the contented enjoyment of his income and his family.

How near can You get to this? Let us help you work it out.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Sixty-seven years in business. Outstanding Insurance over Three Billion. More than 4,500,000 policy holders. If your policy bears the name John Hancock, it is as good as any bond.

This border is adapted from the design of the frame used by John Singleton Copley for his famous portrait of John Hancock

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Southeastern Communities Value Advertising

Cities of the South Atlantic and Gulf States Profit by Community Promotion

BY DON E. MOWRY

THE vogue for Charlotte, Asheville, Pinehurst and other objectives below the Mason and Dixie line, along the eastern seaboard, has brought about definite results and opened wide the way for constructive promotional efforts to attract people, wealth and industry.

The initial advertising program for Atlanta brought to light so many possibilities that a three-year program to spend one million dollars was launched, with the result that Atlanta has become one of the outstanding cities of the South in community advertising, and the rival of the two leading advertising communities on the Pacific Coast.

Atlanta and other cities have gone about their advertising by taking the contributors and the public into their full confidence. These cities believe that a city, like a commodity, may be advertised and sold. They have proved that this statement is not a mere conjecture. These forward movements, after three or more years of constructive endeavor, have become a permanent part of the civic machinery. The analysis of results, found in the report of the Forward Atlanta Commission, analyzes in very definite form the flow to Atlanta which may be attributed to natural development, the portion which the Industrial Bureau could have secured unaided, and the portion it has secured with a steady and consistent barrage of advertising to open up the path ahead. This report should be read by students of the movement.

New Orleans, advertising in a modest way at the outset, initiated a constructive, thorough and effective campaign for industry two years ago. During the past two years about $130,000 has been expended for advertising. The booklet on New Orleans is a conclusive argument that the distributors, manufacturers and exporters of the country cannot overlook the rail and water advantages of this port city.

Asheville, North Carolina, during the past three years has expended for advertising $144,000 in a national campaign for tourists and for industry as the primary objectives. Of secondary consideration has been the attraction of residents and agriculture. In previous articles in this section of HARPER'S we have pointed out the very impressive results which have been recorded through advertising copy designed to call you "up to Asheville."

Pinehurst! You wonder why you remember this lovely spot, why you have heard so much about it. The answer is that more than $200,000 has been expended in national campaigns by that community during the past three years.

A new group is beginning to attract attention in South Carolina. Charleston is just beginning to tell of her port and other advantages. Charleston, the old city with many triumphs, plans a new day in a business way. Have you heard of Myrtle Beach? Have you heard of the objectives Spartanburg plans to set forth?

Virginia, through a state commission at Richmond, has expended $175,000 in three campaigns to date. Tourists and industry have been featured to a large extent by the conservation bureau. Richmond, too, has sensed the meaning of advertising her community as a commodity.

A new campaign is to be launched by the Norfolk-Portsmouth district. This is interesting information in view of the fact that this center expended nearly $200,000 during the past three years and is preparing to continue to advertise, in 1930, on an expanded plan.

Starting in a regional way, Roanoke has had faith enough to expend $28,000 during the past two years. Other communities are seeing the advantages of stopping the flow of travel on its course north and south. Power development factors in this area sense the industrial possibilities and have been making strides forward through their affiliations in various communities.

Southeastern communities have had the value of advertising definitely impressed upon them. More communities on the Gulf Coast will follow the lead taken by New Orleans. The result will be that this territory in the South, and east of the Mississippi river, will come into an economic development that will arrest attention and hold it. Potential possibilities are ready for constructive promotional attention.

For your gross profits—and net—Metropolitan New York

Whatever your line, your gross profits are likely to be far bigger in this rich metropolitan territory than in any other local market in the world—for New York has in a hundred-mile radius 8 to 20% of the sales possibilities of the whole United States.

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These successful merchandisers in Metropolitan New York turn over to Bush Distribution Service the entire task of receiving, storing and delivering goods. Bush saves them money on physical distribution—and physical distribution by Bush is so good, so steady, so sure that it's an actual and potent aid to sales, holding old customers and making their accounts constantly more profitable, and helping salesmen and advertising to create new and additionally profitable accounts.

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The Music Defense League is the available instrument for registering the protest of intelligent Americans against debasement of the Art of Music in the Theatre by mechanical exploitation.

Friends of music in every nation of the world have taken steps to prevent destruction of this emotional art. The English, French, Spanish, Italian and Australian *governments* have given notice that music will be protected. In America the Music Defense League offers a democratic method for marshalling the cultural forces of the nation. We know that the registration of a sufficient volume of protest in this way will be heeded by theatrical interests. *The public must be served.*

If you, as a person of discriminating intelligence, value the art of music and would protect it against mechanical corruption, SIGN AND MAIL THE COUPON BELOW.

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Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

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THERE are available many interesting booklets issued by various Communities and Industrial Centers. A list of these booklets is given below. Harpers Magazine offers, through its Community and Industrial Department, to send without charge any or all of these booklets. The coupon below is for your convenience and must be attached to your business letterhead.

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IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Power and Light Preferred

By PAUL TOMLINSON

SINCE the collapse in stock prices last autumn many investors have been heard to declare that they are through with common stocks for all time. This, of course, is a foolish position to take, as foolish as the belief held by many of these same investors before the crash came that any old common stock could be purchased and presently sold at a profit. People go to such extremes; first they are entirely too optimistic, then something happens and they sink to the depths of discouragement—and in spite of the fact that common stocks are probably a better purchase now than they were six months or a year ago, numbers of investors will have none of them. All common stocks—of course they don't discriminate—are speculative, they say. Bonds are all right, but they don't yield enough. What are these people to do?

WELL, preferred stock may offer a solution to the problem. Preferred stock is a safer investment than common but, not being as safe as bonds, returns a somewhat higher yield, and many issues undoubtedly are now attractive from an investment standpoint.

AT the risk of being considered elementary it may prove worth while to consider briefly the nature of preferred stocks. They are not secured by a pledge of property like bonds, and they pay dividends, not interest. In other words, the owners of preferred stocks receive dividends on their shares only in case these dividends are earned and declared. The mere fact that a stock is a 6%, or 7%, or 8% preferred does not mean that the corporation is obliged to distribute dividends at these rates, whether they are earned or not. What it does mean is that the preferred stockholders are entitled to dividends at these rates before the owners of the common stock are entitled to anything at all. Preferred stock has a preference as to dividends over the common, and a preference over the common in any distribution of assets in case of liquidation, but no stock gets dividends unless dividends are earned. If a preferred issue is cumulative that means that unpaid dividends at the rate specified are accumulated from year to year and the total of this accumulation paid off before any distribution is made on the common.

SOUND preferred stocks are a good investment. They can never reach the prices to which outstanding issues of common can aspire, because their dividend rates are fixed and their selling price therefore limited, which does not mean that in addition to satisfactory yield they may not hold out some hope of profit. Not comparable to common stocks in this respect, they do have greater possibilities than most bonds, and have proved most satisfactory for large numbers of investors.

NOW, if preferred stocks are good investments it is pertinent to inquire whether any particular class of preferred stocks is better than others. Generalizations are always dangerous, and in every field of industry there are excellent issues of preferred stocks available, but we doubt if any are more attractive from the investor's standpoint than those of the power and light corporations.

ONE of the New York banks recently published a list of one hundred and three stocks representing twelve different industries; the average price of the stocks in each industry was shown in comparison with the average one year previously. Only one class of stocks showed any appreciation in price, and this class was composed of the public utility corporations, the power and light securities. All the others showed a loss ranging from five to thirty-eight points. This does not mean that the power and light industry is the only one suitable for investors to consider, but it does indicate that when one class of stocks advances against the trend of stocks generally, the industry they represent must be in sound condition. As a matter of fact the trend of the public utilities

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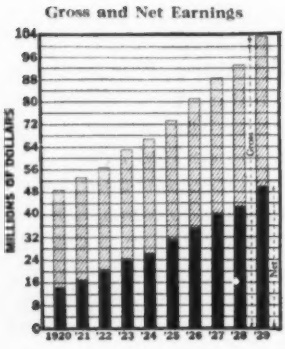

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"We worked along until these orchards showed a profit, in bad years as well as in good."

WHEN this young rancher—let's call him Jack—came to Santa Rosa about ten years ago, he was just out of college.

"His father owned large apple orchards, but they were in a decidedly run-down condition, and he fell into the way of consulting me about how to build up the family property.

"We worked along together until the orchards showed a profit, in bad years as well as in good.

"Then one day about two years ago he came into the bank to talk about investing a few thousand dollars he had accumulated. He wanted to invest it in a highly speculative stock.

" 'Now Jack,' I said to him, 'We can't make a $10 bill out of a $5 bill.'

" 'Oh, but Mr. Doyle, this stock has already gone to almost twice what it was.'

" 'Well, the bubble is sure to burst eventually,' I told him.

"He listened to me and admitted most of my arguments—and yet he couldn't quite resist taking this chance of a quick profit. Finally, he decided to put part of his money in the speculative venture and part in the substantial investments I suggested.

"A few weeks ago he came in and told me rather ruefully the bubble *had* burst. His speculative stock is gone—but his sound investments he still has, with principal intact and interest coming in regularly. Now he puts *all* his surplus in sound securities."

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has been consistently upward, year after year; the demand for their products increases, their revenues increase, their stocks earn increasing amounts, and sell for steadily higher prices. Good public utility bonds are admittedly among the very safest of investments, and public utility common stocks are among the most favored issues on our exchanges. As for the preferred stock issues, let us quote from a recently published record compiled by one of the big investment banking houses specializing in public utilities:

"IN January, 1923, we [the banking house] published an analysis of the dividend records of all electric power and light operating companies in the United States whose output then exceeded 100,000,000 k.w.h. per year, and of all of the larger systems in which traction operation had not been an important element. The original list included 81 companies. From time to time we have added to this list and republished it. It now totals 221 companies including practically every electric power and light operating company with gross earnings of $1,500,000 per year and over, and every electric power and light holding company with gross earnings of $10,000,000 per year and over. The combined capitalization of these companies represents more than 90% of the total capitalization of all electric power and light companies in the United States.

"THIS list includes 221 companies of which 201 have preferred stock and 20 have only common stock outstanding. The results of this analysis are as follows:

"Of the 201 companies having preferred stock:

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187 companies have never deferred a preferred dividend since such stocks were issued.

12 companies had accumulations—now paid off in stock, cash, or both. (Many of the companies included in this analysis conduct some traction operation in addition to their electric power and light business. The main contributing causes of these deferments seem to have been either the high cost of such traction operation, or the heavy expense incurred in initiating hydro-electric enterprises.)

2 companies now have dividends in arrears."

THIS is a truly remarkable record, and in passing it is interesting to note that nineteen of the twenty companies included in this analysis with only common stock outstanding have an unbroken dividend record for fifteen years or more, and the other one for thirteen years.

THE investment banking house publishing this analysis states that in their opinion it "definitely establishes the investment position of preferred stocks of large electric power and light companies." Few people will quarrel with such an opinion. The analysis covers corporations whose combined capitalization represents more than ninety per cent of the whole industry, and ninety per cent of the preferred stocks of these corporations have never missed a dividend since issuance; six per cent more have passed dividends, but subsequently made them up, either in cash or in stock; only two companies have accumulated back dividends unpaid. How does it happen that an industry, and a certain class of securities

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EACH issue contains a resume of recent stock market trends and developments with analytical discussions of leading corporations whose securities are of particular investment interest. In our recent issues we have discussed

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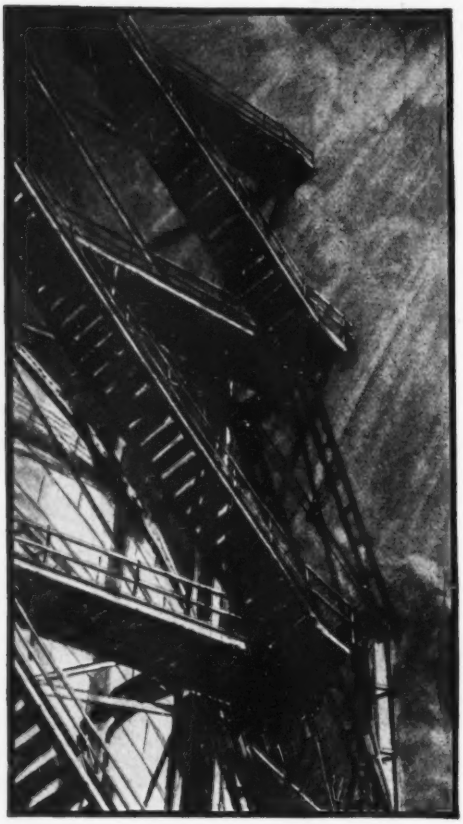

ONE Chicago manufacturer burns as much gas daily as does the whole city of Decatur, Illinois, with 55,000 population. More gas was used in the industrial Chicago territory in 1928 than in the 15 cities in Illinois next in size. Of all the trends in industry, one of the most striking is the present one toward the wider use of gas. We distribute the securities of The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company, serving Chicago with gas, and of other progressive utility companies operating in 31 states. Send for our list of offerings yielding 6% and more.

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issued by that industry, can make such a brave showing?

THE explanation is, of course, that public utilities generally, and power and light companies in particular, are indispensable to this modern world, and an essential industry, well managed, is a happy hunting ground for investors. The power and light industry is just that. These companies, operating under virtual monopolies in their various territories, charging rates which assure fair returns on their capital, and producing light and power by means of efficient modern machinery, are in a position to show satisfactory earnings, as the analysis quoted above proves they do. Moreover, few industries have been so progressively or intelligently managed, and management is the largest single factor in business success. A record of steady growth and steadily increasing earnings has attracted hosts of investors to the utilities, and it is safe to say that the bonds and stocks of these companies are the most popular and most sought after of any of the investments listed on our exchanges today. Past records have been so satisfactory, however, and future prospects are so bright that this state of affairs is not surprising. And in spite of the expansion that has taken place the possibilities of further growth seem almost limitless; it is for this reason that the common stocks of our utilities have sold for so many times present earnings. Investors in these issues have discounted the future, and many investment bankers believe they always will, so that current yields on the common shares of utilities will never be high. At the moment, however, we are concerned with preferred stock.

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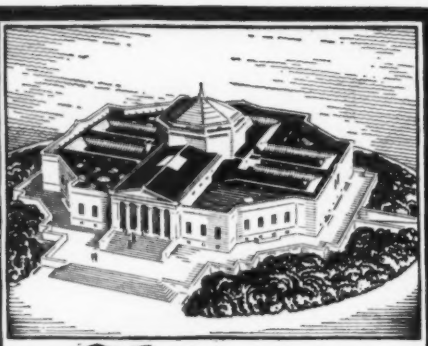

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opens in June the new Shedd Aquarium, containing probably the most comprehensive collection of aquatic life ever exhibited. Visitors to Chicago should see this world's largest aquarium; the $3,000,000 gift of the late John G. Shedd, eminent Chicagoan, to the city. Commonwealth Edison Company provides full electric service.

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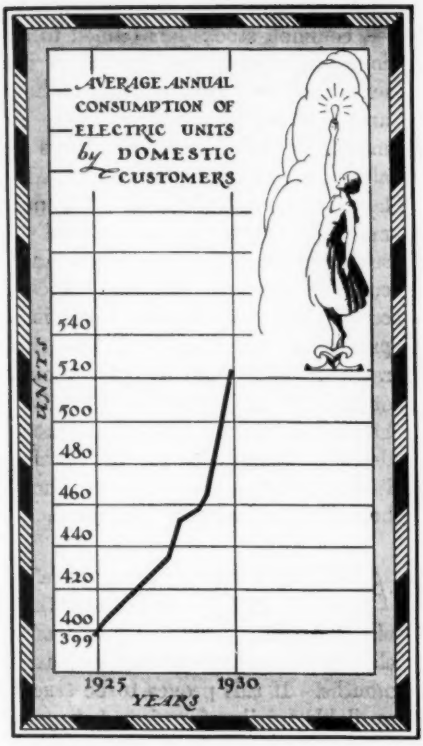
SUPPOSE we choose at random several light and power corporations and, considering their preferred issues from the standpoint of safety, see what earnings have been. The first one, for the last twelve-month period covered by its statement, earned $80.73 a share on 134,000 shares of preferred; the next one earned $10.64 a share for the year; the next $27.72 for a nine-month period; another $46.31 for the year; another $18.44; another $40.22. These figures were secured by running through the earnings section of a financial service bulletin and examining the statements of the first power and light corporations whose names caught the eye; and doubtless the list could be extended indefinitely, and with the same impressive results. Could anyone ask for a greater margin of safety than the most of these statements show?

SO far as yield is concerned, high grade preferred stocks return more to the investor than high grade bonds. Safety and yield have a direct relationship to each other, and when preferred stocks of power and light corporations are earning their dividends by such wide margins the interest requirements on bonds are being earned by margins still wider; as an added factor of safety, bonds are secured by a pledge of property, and as they are safer their yield is lower than the return on the preferred stock. If the preferred is less safe, and still very safe indeed, and it can be bought on a more attractive income basis than bonds, many gentlemen may prefer preferred stocks to bonds. The best power and light preferred issues are selling (as this article is being written) to return about five per cent. Other good ones may be had to return more, depending of course upon earnings and marketability.



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Introduction by C. M. Chester, Jr., President General Foods Corporation

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IN recent years the popularity of common stocks has tended to make investors forget that preferred issues exist and that they, too, can be bought and held on satisfactory terms. As a matter of fact, preferred stocks have always been more or less overlooked by a large percentage of the investing public, many of whom have confined their security purchases to bonds and to common stocks. Preferred stocks of course, like bonds, are fixed income producing securities and low money rates therefore tend to make them sell at high prices. Money so far this year has tended to be "easy," a factor of decided advantage to the preferred issues; if money continues easy they are bound to be favorably influenced.

ANOTHER item in favor of preferred stocks just now is the fact that in all probability few new issues of this class will be offered during the next few months. If this proves to be true, the available supply of preferred shares will be reduced, or at least unchanged, and investors will have to pay higher prices when they buy. The reason few preferred issues are likely to be offered is because investment banking houses will probably hesitate to float stock of new or unseasoned companies for some time yet, and the established corporations will do their financing with bonds for the reason that it will cost them less. With money rates low, corporations favor bonds, which means a smaller supply of preferred issues, and higher prices for those already in circulation.

ONE of our well known financial publications has recently sent out a questionnaire to leading business men asking what securities they are buying. Needless to say, the results have proved exceedingly interesting, and when the results were tabulated and the securities

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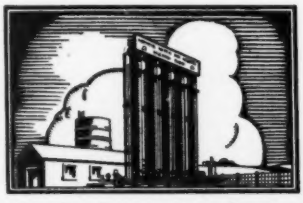

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
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chosen were ranked by groups it was found that public utilities were in first place. This is highly significant, for our business leaders are the men who, of all others, are most closely in touch with what industry is doing, and are best equipped to express an opinion of what it may be expected to do. If these men favor the utilities over all others it is worth while for investors generally to turn their attention in the same direction, and for them, too, to consider the possibilities offered by this group. Certainly power and light are not going to be in less demand five or ten years from now than they are at present. Some investors may like the common stocks of these corporations; perhaps the bonds will have the strongest appeal; but they might do worse than to investigate many of the preferred issues. Any number of them combine the three factors making for successful investments: safety of principal, assured income, and ready marketability.

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of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on investments in stocks and bonds, insurance, banking and trust company service—see list on second page following.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS

SAILINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

American Mail Line
Seattle and Victoria, B. C., to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Round the World. Fortnightly Sailings from Seattle and Victoria, B. C. on Saturdays
PRES. McKINLEY ..... May 3
PRES. GRANT ..... May 17

American Merchant Line **45 Broadway**
New York to London
AMERICAN TRADER ..... May 1
AMERICAN BANKER ..... May 8
AMERICAN SHIPPER ..... May 15
AMERICAN FARMER ..... May 22

Anchor Line **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
New York to Londonderry and Glasgow
CAMERONIA ..... †May 10 July 10
TRANSYLVANIA ..... May 17 June 21
†via Boston

Atlantic Transport **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and London
*MINNETONKA ..... ‡Apr. 26 ‡May 24
MINNEKAHDA ..... †May 3 †May 31
*MINNEWASKA ..... ‡May 10 ‡June 7
†Via Plymouth and Boulogne ‡Via Cherbourg

Canadian Pacific **Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.**
St. John to Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast
*MONTCLARE ..... †May 1 May 29
*MINNEDOSA ..... May 3 May 28
MONTCALM ..... †May 15 June 14
DUCHESS OF YORK ..... May 16 June 13
*MELITA ..... May 17 June 11
MONTROSE ..... May 22 June 19
DUCHESS OF ATHOL ..... May 23 June 20
†To Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg or Antwerp
Quebec to Cherbourg and Southampton
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND ..... May 7 May 28
EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA ..... May 21 June 11
Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Honolulu, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA ..... May 8 June 26
EMPRESS OF ASIA ..... May 29 July 24
EMPRESS OF CANADA ..... June 12 Aug. 7

Clyde-Mallory Lines
N. Y. to Charleston, Jacksonville
MOHAWK ..... Apr. 26
SEMINOLE ..... Apr. 29
N. Y. to Miami and Galveston
HENRY R. MALLORY ..... May 3
New York to Miami
CHEROKEE ..... May 3

Cosulich Line **17 Battery Place, N. Y.**
N. Y. to France, Naples, Greece and Trieste
SATURNIA ..... Apr. 26 May 30
VULCANIA ..... May 15 June 19

Cunard Line **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton
MAURETANIA ..... Apr. 30 May 21
AQUITANIA ..... May 7 May 28
BERENGARIA ..... May 14 June 3
N. Y. to Plymouth, Havre and London
LANCASTRIA ..... May 2 June 28
ALAUNIA ..... May 9 June 6
AUSONIA ..... May 15 June 13
*TUSCANIA ..... May 15 June 13
N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown), Liverpool
ANTONIA ..... May 9 June 6
*SCYTHIA ..... May 15 June 15
Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow
ATHENIA ..... May 2 May 30
ANDANIA ..... May 23 June 20
St. Johns to Londonderry and Glasgow
LETITIA ..... May 15 June 13
Montreal to Plymouth, Havre and London
ASCANIA ..... May 2 May 30
ALAUNIA ..... May 9 June 6

Dollar Steamship Line **604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**
Los Angeles and San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World. Weekly Sailings from Los Angeles on Mondays; San Francisco on Fridays

Dollar Steamship Line (cont.)
PRES. HARRISON ..... May 2
PRES. JEFFERSON ..... May 9
N. Y. to California via Panama. Around the World Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays
PRES. FILLMORE ..... May 8
PRES. WILSON ..... May 22

Eastern S. S. Lines **Pier 25, No. River, N. Y.**
Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk, Va.
Regular Sailings daily except Sunday, in each direction
Boston & Yarmouth S.S. Co. (India Wharf, Boston)
Boston to Yarmouth
Regular Sailings ..... Mondays and Thursdays

French Line **19 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre
PARIS ..... May 2 May 23
ILE DE FRANCE ..... May 15 June 6
*DE GRASSE ..... May 22 June 17
FRANCE ..... May 30 June 17
*LAFAYETTE ..... May 31 June 26
*ROCHAMBEAU ..... June 7 July 5
New York-Vigo-Bordeaux
LA BOURDONNAIS ..... Apr. 26 May 30
*ROUSSILLON ..... May 17 June 21

Furness Bermuda Line **Whitehall St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Bermuda
Regular Sailings ..... Wednesdays and Saturdays

Furness Prince Line
New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires
WESTERN PRINCE ..... Apr. 26 June 21
NORTHERN PRINCE ..... May 10 July 19
EASTERN PRINCE ..... May 24 Aug. 2
SOUTHERN PRINCE ..... June 7 Aug. 16

Grace Line **10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Canal Zone and West Coast, South America via Havana
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line, 39 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg
ALBERT BALLIN ..... May 1
NEW YORK ..... May 8
DEUTSCHLAND ..... June 12 July 10
N. Y. to Boston, Galway, Cherbourg, Hamburg
CLEVELAND ..... May 3 June 7
N. Y. to Cobh, Cherbourg, Hamburg
ST. LOUIS ..... May 14
†MILWAUKEE ..... May 31

Holland-America Line **24 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam
STATENDAM ..... Apr. 26 May 24
ROTTERDAM ..... May 3 May 31
VOLENDAM ..... May 10 June 7
NEW AMSTERDAM ..... May 15 June 14

Italian Line (N. G. I.) **1 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa
AUGUSTUS ..... May 3 June 7
ROMA ..... May 17 June 21

Lloyd Sabaudo Line **3 State St., N. Y.**
New York to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa
CONTE BIANCAMANO ..... May 10 June 14
CONTE GRANDE ..... May 24 June 28

Lamport & Holt Line **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Barbados-Pernambuco-Rio de Janeiro Santos-Montevideo-Buenos Aires
VANDYCK ..... May 8 July 17
VOLTAIRE ..... June 5
VAUBAN ..... June 19

Los Angeles S.S. Co.
Los Angeles to Honolulu
CITY OF LOS ANGELES ..... May 3 May 31
CALAWAII ..... May 10 June 7
CITY OF HONOLULU ..... May 17 June 14

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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

Matson Line
San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, Australia.
San Francisco to Honolulu Service

MATSONIA	May 7	June 4
†VENTURA	May 8	July 10
MANOA	May 14	June 11
MAUI	May 21	June 18
MALOLO	May 24	June 7
†SIERRA	May 29	July 31
†SONOMA	June 19	Aug. 21

†Australian Boats

Morgan Line
Southern Pacific Steamship Lines
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Munson S. S. Lines 67 Wall St., N. Y.
New York to Bermuda, Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo, Buenos Aires
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Fridays
New York to Nassau, Havana, Miami
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Fridays
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New York to Bermuda
Regular sailings from New York ..... Fridays
From Bermuda ..... Mondays

New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co.
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo

SAN LORENZO	May 1
COAMO	May 8

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki Shanghai and Hongkong

MISHIMA MARU	May 13
SIBERIA MARU	May 28

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong

TENYO MARU	May 3
TABENTA MARU	May 17
SHINYO MARU	May 24

North German Lloyd 57 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cobh, Galway, Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg, Boulogne, Bremen

EUROPA	Apr. 26	May 14
*DRESDEN	May 1	May 29
BREMEN	May 3	May 21
COLUMBUS	May 10	June 3
KARLSRUHE	May 10	June 14
STUTTGART	May 15	June 12
BERLIN	May 22	June 19

Norwegian-America Line 22 Whitehall St.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

STAVANGERFJORD	May 2	May 30
BERGENSFJORD	May 16	June 14

Pacific Steam Nav. Co. 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Havana-Panama-Callao-Valparaiso
Regular Sailings ..... Every Four Weeks

Panama Mail S. S. Co. 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.
2 Pine St., San Francisco
N. Y. to San Francisco and return via Panama Canal and Spanish Americas

Sailings from New York	Apr. 26	May 10	May 24
Sailings from San Francisco	May 3	May 17	May 31

Panama-Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to California and return via Havana and Panama Canal

From New York		From San Francisco	
VIRGINIA	May 3	CALIFORNIA	May 10
PENNSYLVANIA	May 17	VIRGINIA	May 24
CALIFORNIA	May 31	PENNSYLVANIA	June 7

Red Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

BELGENLAND	May 3	May 31
PENNLAND	May 9	June 6
LAPLAND	May 15	June 13
WESTERNLAND	May 23	June 20

Royal Mail 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Bermuda

S.S. ARCADIAN	Sails Every Thursday	

N. Y. to the St. Lawrence and Saguenay

S.S. ARAGUAYA	July 5	July 19

Swedish American Line
N. Y. to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Baltic States

*DROTTNINGHOLM	Apr. 26	May 24
GRIPSHOLM	May 2	May 30
KUNGSHOLM	May 10	June 7

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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

United Fruit Line — **17 Battery Place**

N. Y. to Havana, Cuba; Port Antonio, Kingston, Jamaica, Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone and Port Limon, Costa Rica

ULUA	Apr. 26	May 24
CALAMARES	May 3	May 31
TOLOA	May 10	June 7
PASTORES	May 17	June 14

N. Y. to Kingston, Jamaica; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Cartagena, Puerto Colombia and Santa Marta, Colombia

SIXAOLA	Apr. 30	May 28
ZACAPA	May 7	June 4
SANTA MARTA	May 14	June 11
METAPAN	May 21	June 18

N. Y. to Santiago, Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Puerto, Castilla and Tela, Honduras; Puerto Barrios, Guatemala

CARRILLO	Apr. 26	May 24
TIVIVES	May 10	June 7

United States Lines — **45 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	May 3	May 24

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Hamburg

PRES. ROOSEVELT	Apr. 30	May 28
AMERICA	May 7	June 4
REPUBLIC		May 13
PRES. HARDING	May 14	June 14
GEORGE WASHINGTON	May 21	June 18

Ward Line

New York to Havana

SIBONEY	May 3
ORIZABA	May 10

New York to Havana and Mexican Ports

HAVANA	May 1
SAN JACINTO	May 8

White Star Line — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

HOMERIC	May 2	May 23
OLYMPIC	May 9	May 30
MAJESTIC	May 15	June 6

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown)-Liverpool

BALTIC	May 3	June 28
CEDRIC	xMay 10	July 5
ADRIATIC	†June 14	xJuly 19
BRITANNIC		July 12

xVia Boston †Via Glasgow and Belfast

Montreal, Quebec to Liverpool via Glasgow and Belfast

LAURENTIC	May 3
DORIC	May 10
ARABIC	May 17
ALBERTIC	May 24

TOURS and CRUISES

Mediterranean

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgaric — Feb. 14, 1931

Canadian Pacific
Empress of France — Feb. 3, 1931

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Laurentic — Jan. 31, 1931

Frank Tourist Co.
S.S. Scythia — Jan. 28, 1931

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Hamburg — Jan. 31, 1931

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia — Jan. 31, 1931

Round the World

Canadian Pacific
Empress of Australia — Dec. 2, 1930

Dollar Line
Fortnightly Service from N. Y. — Sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Resolute — Jan. 6, 1931

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Columbus — Jan. 21, 1931

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The Statue of Paul Kruger at Pretoria.

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TOURS and CRUISES (Cont.)

West Indies

Canadian Pacific
Duchess of Bedford . . . . . Jan. 9, Feb. 11, 1931

Furness Bermuda Line
S.S. Dominica . . . . . May 15 June 13

Ward Line
Regular Sailings

Mediterranean and Norway

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Lancastria . . . . . June 28

Midnight Sun-North Cape-Europe

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgarie . . . . . June 28

North Cape-Russia

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia . . . . . June 24

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance . . . . . June 28

South American Cruise

Los Angeles S. S. Co.
City of Los Angeles . . . . . Oct. 8

Around Pacific Cruise

Matson Line
S.S. Malolo . . . . . Sept. 20, 1930

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1880 GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR 1930

DAVEY TREE SURGERY

Reproduction from a painting made on the campus of the Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Va., by Frank Swift Chase © The D. T. E. Co., Inc., 1930

Half a century since John Davey originated the science of Tree Surgery

FIFTY YEARS ago John Davey began experimenting with his new theory that trees could be saved by curative processes. Were they not living things? Were they not subject to disease, injury and other ills? And yet to most men they were just trees, destined to die whenever circumstances took them.

Countless millions of people had seen trees die—if they saw trees at all—without ever a thought that they could be saved. John Davey saw sick and injured trees with understanding and sympathy. He conceived the idea that a system of methods and treatment could be devised that would save innumerable trees that were being lost unnecessarily.

What gave him the idea no one knows. John Davey passed away suddenly nearly seven years ago without disclosing the source of his inspiration. He did a comparatively rare thing; he gave the world a new idea.

As with most new ideas, John Davey endured the long and bitter struggle against ridicule and cynicism and inertia and established habits of thinking. He struggled forward with remarkable determination and with sublime courage. He lived long enough to see his new science a proven success both from a practical and a commercial standpoint.

Like most geniuses John Davey did not care much for money. He had a profound love of nature and was not only thoroughly trained in horticulture, but was an eager student of the related sciences. He not only gave to the world a new idea, but he gave a fine philosophy also. To him the whole development became a great ideal of usefulness and constructive service. His spirit impressed itself indelibly and is a living force in the organization that he founded and inspired.

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Every Sunday afternoon, 5 to 6 Eastern time; 4 to 5 Central time; over the Red Network National Broadcasting Company. Featuring the old-time songs that everyone knows and loves. Listen to Chandler Goldthwaite on the Skinner Residence Organ.

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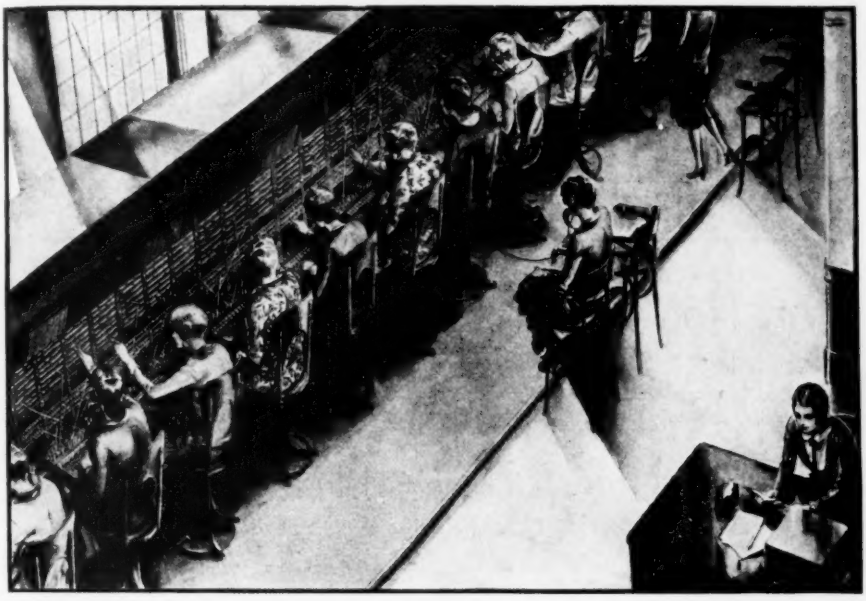

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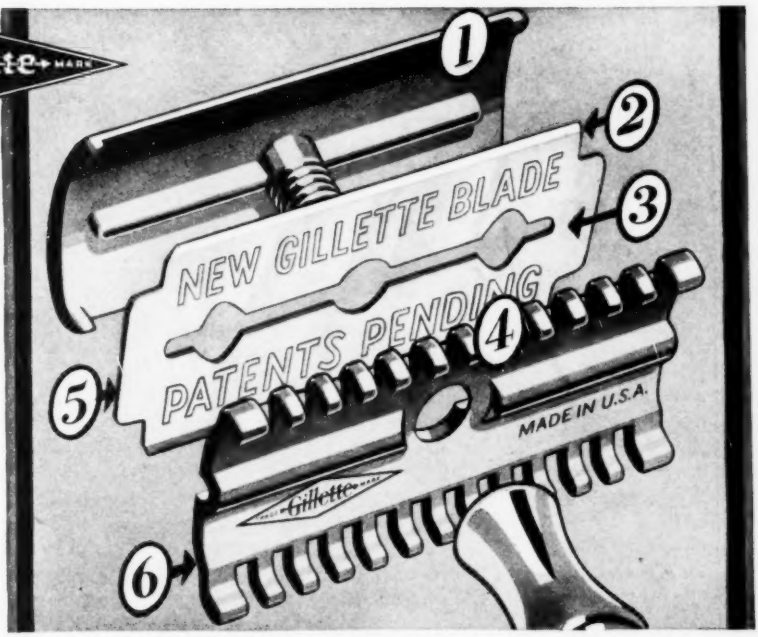

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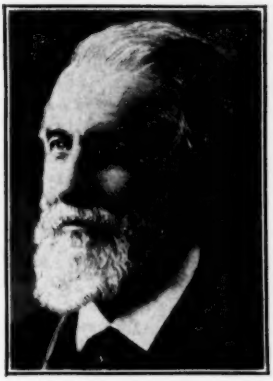

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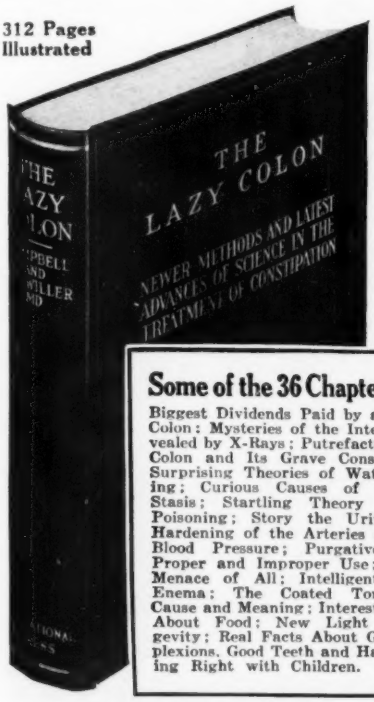

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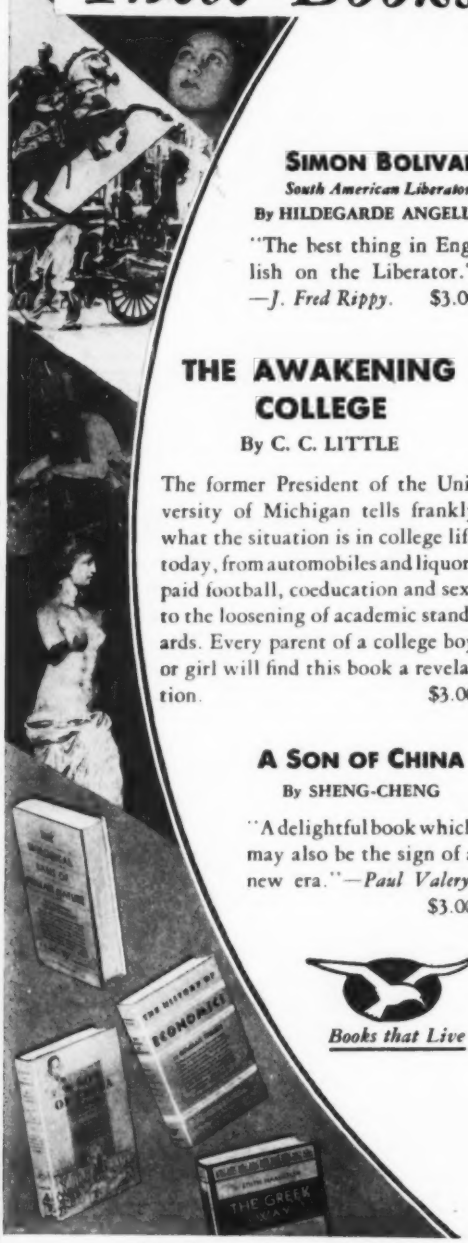

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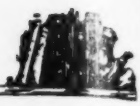

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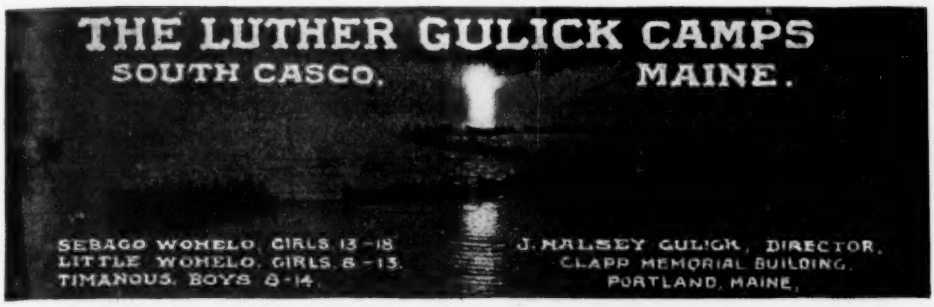

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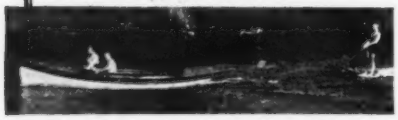

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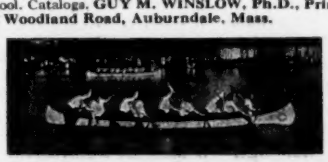

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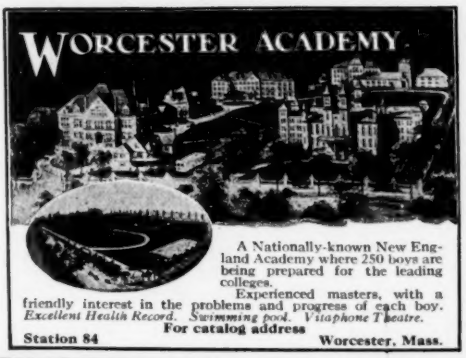

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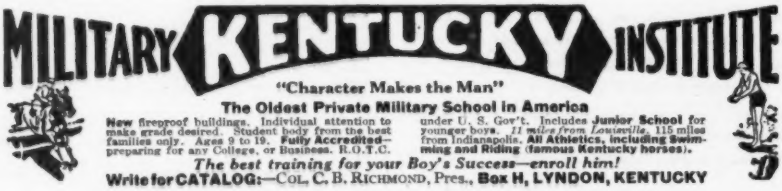
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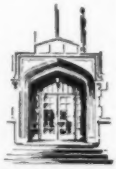

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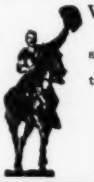

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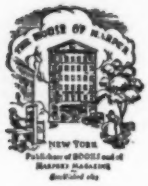

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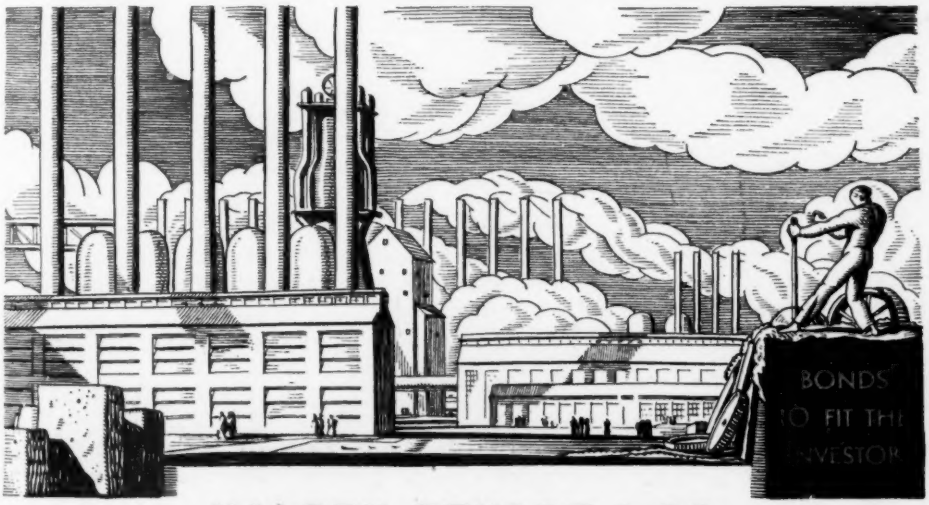

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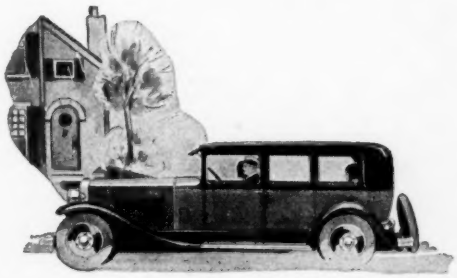

trust imposed in them that the millions to whom they have rendered many services have come to know and believe in them.

It is because of this that you may depend upon them for an accurate and honest opinion and a fair price on their used cars.

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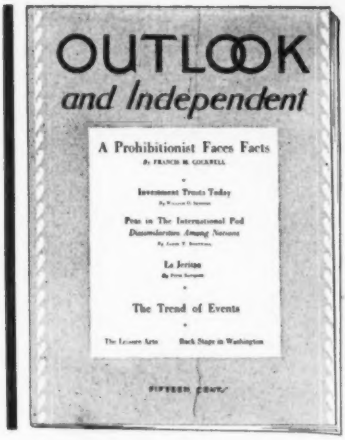

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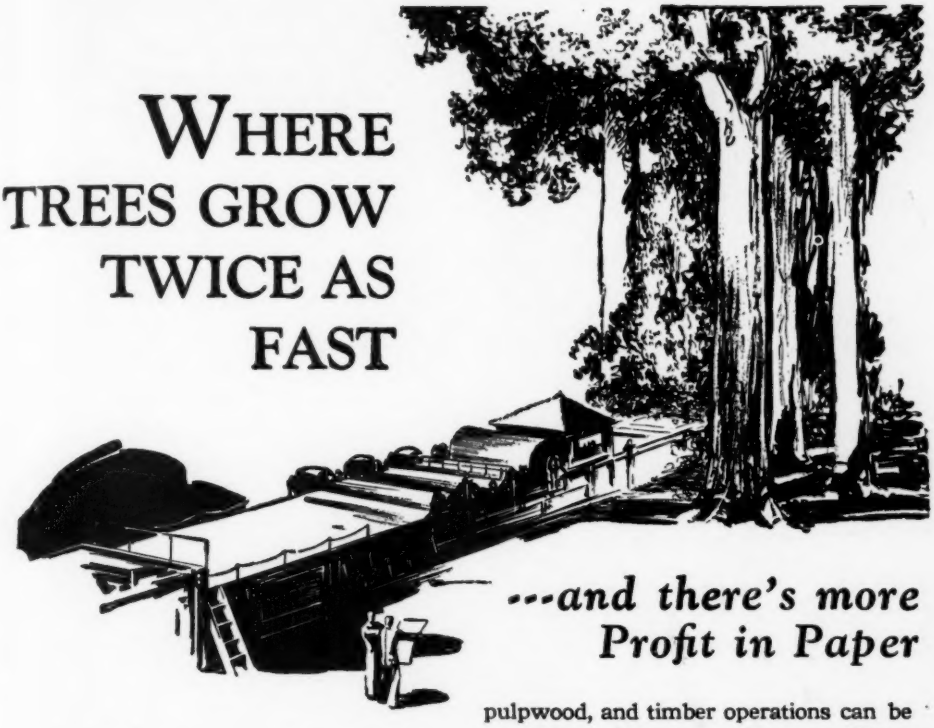

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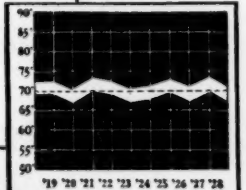

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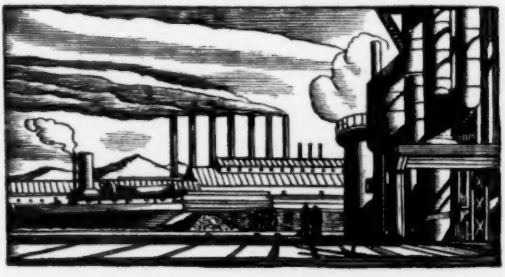

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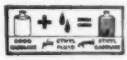

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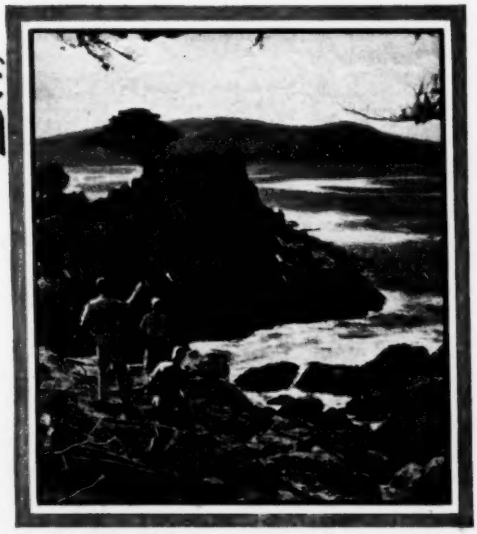

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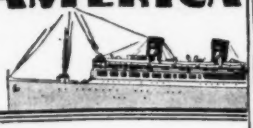

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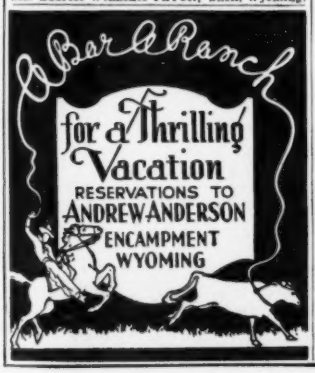

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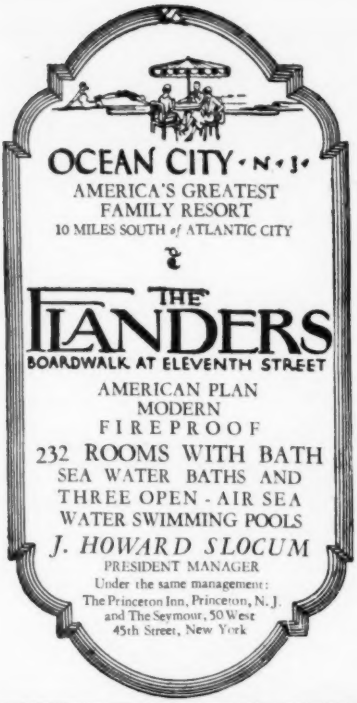

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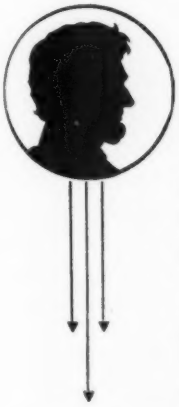

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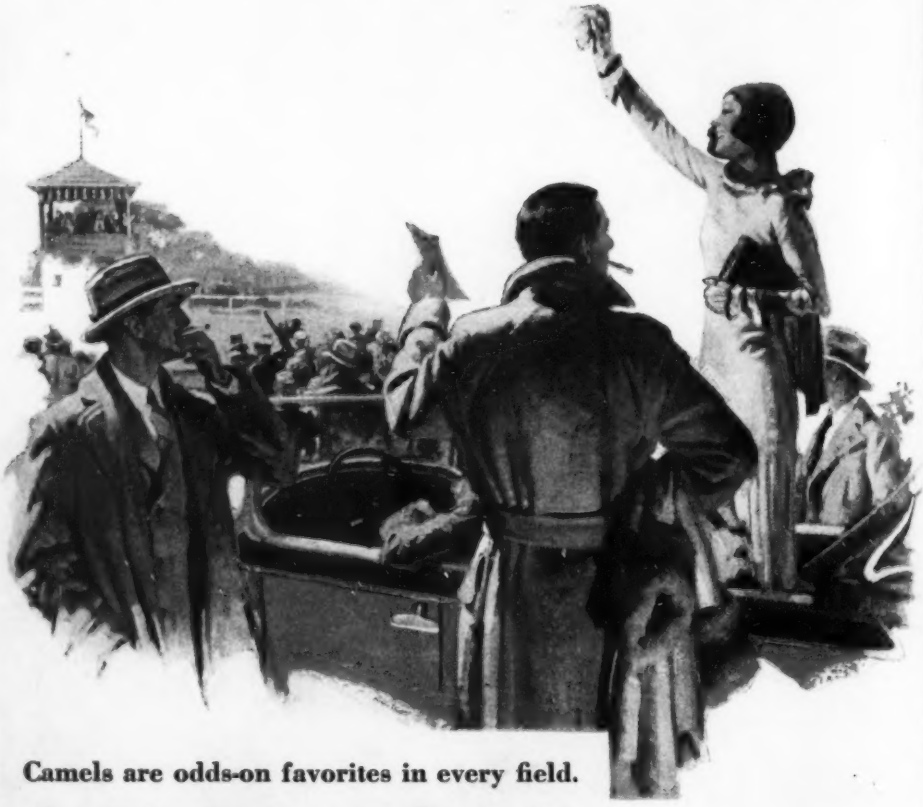

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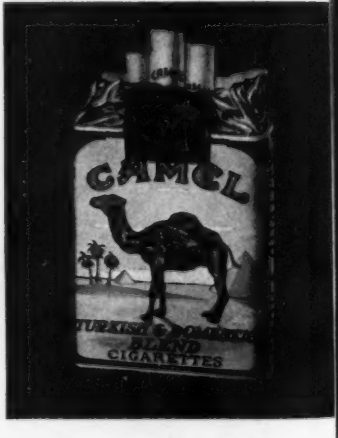

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